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SOUTH-AFRICAN MODE OF TRAVELLING.

To face Title-page.

THE BASUTOS;

OR,

TWENTY-THREE YEARS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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BY THE

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION v

PART I.

JOURNEYS OF EXPLORATION—LABOURS.

CHAPS. I.—VIII. 1

PART II.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE BASUTOS.

CHAP. IX. Villages—Habitations—Utensils—Domestic Occupations 123

X. Means of Existence—Property—The Chase . 153

XI. Social and Domestic Life 179

XII. Nationality—Government 210

XIII. Notions upon the Origin of Things—Religious Ideas 237

XIV. Amulets—Superstitious Practices 270

XV. Moral Ideas 300

XVI. Language 313

XVII. Intellectual Productions—Poetry 328

XVIII. Enigmas and Tales 337

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

South African Mode of Travelling . . . *Frontispiece.*
Moshesh (in 1833) . . . . . P. 15
Antelope Euchore 31
The Gnu 33
Béthulie 38
A Mosuto Warrior 63
Thaba-Bosio 81
The Baptism of Libe 103
A Barolong Village 123
Transversal Section of a Barolong Hut 126
Hut of the Basutos 127
Implement for procuring a Light 129
Boy blowing the Bellows 131
Lance or Assagai, and Hatchet 132
A Knife 133
Spatulas 133
Awls 135
Leathern Shield 136
The Sessiou 137
Baskets 138
Wooden Vessels 139
Spoon 140
Snuff-boxes and Pipe 141
Woman grinding Corn 142
Mosuto Woman 143
Earthenware Vessels 146
Playing the Tumo 149
Personal Ornaments 152
Basutos Digging 163

INTRODUCTION.

NEVER has Africa excited so much interest as at the present time. Every one foresees that it will soon be revealed entirely to our view. This anticipation is not merely the result of the discoveries of such men as Barth and Livingstone; it is connected with the great providential fact of our day—the desire that men feel to draw near to each other, to know one another, and to live a life in common. While Europe is preparing to converse with the New World through the depths of the ocean, might she not blush at the thought that Africa, her old companion on the map of the Ptolemies, is still almost unknown to her?

I love Europe, as we love the land of our birth, and Africa, as we love the land where we have lived. After having sojourned twenty-three years among the descendants of Ham, seeking to do them some good, I return to the land of my fathers, with the desire of still being useful to a race, the misfortunes of which have moved my spirit deeply, and which I believe to be, in spite of its debasement, as highly gifted as our own, with regard to the faculties of the heart and the understanding. I should like to do my part towards making it better

known. Most travellers—occupied from morning till night with the treasures of a fauna or a flora, rich in attractions of every kind—have not time to inquire what may be the ideas or the dreams of the black men who serve them as guides. That portion of the African continent which I, with a few friends, have had the privilege of exploring, and of rendering accessible to Christianity and to commerce, is not large. It does not become me, therefore, to inscribe my name beside, or even underneath those to whom the Geographical Societies are now rendering such well-deserved homage. But though deficient in discoveries in the domain of science, I think I have penetrated pretty deeply into the groundwork of sentiments and ideas which compose the moral life of the people. My aim has been to labour assiduously at the religious and social regeneration of tribes of considerable importance, with which I have, in more than one respect, identified myself.

The African, proud of his independence, rejects equally the pity which he assimilates to contempt, and the curiosity which he suspects. In order to know him and understand him rightly, we must, to a certain degree, cease to attach an idea of misery to the hut he inhabits, and to his mantle of jackal-skin, and become the guest of the black family, sympathise with it, and find pleasure in its midst. As soon as these intimate relations are established, everything becomes simple and easy. The native has no secrets from him whom he sees smiling upon his children, and sleeping peacefully at their side: the missionary also finds a certain charm in

the society of his new friends; if he at first thought them insensible, it was because he did not know the way to their hearts; if they appeared stupid, it was because confidence had not yet unbound their tongues. The progress they make under his care, the questions they address to him, the objections they oppose to his arguments, the opportunities they daily afford him of doing them good, all interest him, and strengthen the bond of attachment; even the trouble they cause him serves to stimulate his love. For these reasons I had learned to look upon Southern Africa as a second home.

It is my purpose in this work to impart to the reader the impressions I received, and to give a detailed account of the manners and customs I observed.

It will be advisable, perhaps, before proceeding any further, to point out, by a few general remarks, the differences which exist among the tribes of South Africa with regard to their nationality.

They belong to two families, perfectly distinct, whose origin is still unknown.

It is ascertained without a doubt, that the Hottentots formerly occupied the lands upon which the Caffre tribes are now dispersed. "As we advanced towards the south," the Caffres invariably say, "we found that the Hottentots had been there before us." It is, in fact, the latter who have given names to most of the rivers and mountains of those countries inhabited by their rivals.

Certain Hottentots pretend to have learnt from tradition that their ancestors arrived in Africa in a *great basket*. It cannot be denied that their position at the

extremity of the promontory very much resembled that of islanders, shut in as they were on three sides by the sea, and on the north by a race with which they had hardly anything in common. But their extreme aversion to the sea, their absolute ignorance of the first rudiments of navigation, make it more than probable that they entered Africa by the north.

The yellow colour of the Hottentot, his high cheek-bones, his half-shut eyes, so wide apart and set obliquely in his head, his lanky limbs, place him in close connexion with the Mongolian race, but he has woolly hair. He is naturally obliging, lively in his social relations, noisy in his pleasures, angry and revengeful when wronged. His greatest faults are idleness and improvidence. If his ugliness is repulsive, we cannot listen without interest to the sallies—sportive, yet full of good sense—which characterise his conversation. He speaks a language of monosyllables, the hard and abrupt sounds of which form a striking contrast to the sonorous words, the rhythmical phrases, which burst, like a flood of music, from the mouth of the Caffre. Nevertheless, in singing, the Hottentot far surpasses him in delicacy of ear, and sweetness and flexibility of voice.

The intercourse of these natives with the white race has been fatal to them from the very beginning.

* Perhaps the legend of the great basket may be traced up to the ark. According to Kolben, who made a stay at the Cape in 1713, the Hottentots of his time asserted that they had sprung from a man called Noh (Noah), who had entered the world by a sort of window, and who had taught his children the art of raising cattle.

Twenty years had not yet elapsed since Diaz had discovered the stormy Cape, when Francisco Almeyda, viceroy of India, cast anchor in Table Bay, and landed some sailors for the purpose of obtaining cattle by means of exchange. The Hottentots repulsed these strangers, being suspicious of their intentions. The incensed governor, in trying to avenge the affront, perished by a poisoned arrow. Shortly afterwards the Portuguese appeared on these shores. Knowing the passion of the natives for copper, they placed in the midst of them a well-polished cannon, and pretended to make them a present of it. While the Hottentots pressed around this instrument of death, and dragged it, unsuspectingly, towards their huts, the Portuguese, who had loaded the piece with grape-shot, discharged it, and caused a frightful carnage. The remembrance of this atrocity is perpetuated to this day among the Korannas, who appear to be the direct descendants of the wretched victims.

One hundred and forty-three years later the Dutch surgeon, Van Riebeek, built a fort in the same locality. The only object in view was, to secure to the East India Company a port where their vessels might take in a fresh stock of provisions; but when did the cupidity of man know any bounds?

The trade was at first very lucrative for the newcomers. A bit of brass-wire, or a few pounds of tobacco, were sufficient to induce the native to part with one of his finest oxen. Nevertheless, Hottentot as he was, he soon understood, upon reflection, that he had

set out on a ruinous path. From that time exchange became a matter of difficulty and rare occurrence, which put strange ideas into the head of the governor, Van Riebeek, as he beguiled away the time by looking over the ramparts of his little fort.

"To-day," he wrote in December, 1652, "the Hottentots have driven thousands of animals close to our gardens to graze. These people will not sell us anything more. We have only been able to obtain from them two cows and seven sheep—they no longer care for our copper. If matters do not change, what harm would there be in taking, by a single *coup de main*, six or eight thousand animals? The thing would be very easy; for two or three men, at most, drive thousands of oxen close to the mouth of our cannon: besides, they are timid, and have the greatest confidence in us. We seek, by kindness and good-treatment, to remove every vestige of fear, in order to revive the exchange, and at the same time ensure the means, as soon as we receive orders to that effect, to capture their herds, without striking a blow, for the profit of the company." A little later we find the *naïve* governor recording, in his note-book, some remarks relative to another kind of spoliation, which the Hottentots regarded with no friendly eye.

"The Hottentots," he wrote in April, 1660, "have dwelt at length upon the fact that we daily take a larger portion of the land, which has, from time immemorial, belonged to them. They ask us 'if, supposing they went to establish themselves in Holland,

they would be permitted to act in the same manner?' 'Still,' they add, 'if you would, content yourselves with the fort; but you come into the interior of the country, and take our best land, without even asking us if we like it or not.' In answer to the observation, which we begged them to make, that there was not enough grass for their cattle and ours, they added: 'Are we not, therefore, quite right in seeking to hinder your having cattle? If you have a great many, you will come and let them graze with ours, and then you will say the land is not large enough for us both!' "

These two extracts from the journal of Van Riebeek will suffice to explain the process by which the enclosure of the little fort was transformed into a colony, the extent of which is more than 22,000 square miles, and the Hottentots, after having been nearly annihilated, found themselves, at the beginning of this century, dispossessed of every inch of territory in the regions which Providence had assigned for their abode.

By a tardy act of justice, the remnant of this unfortunate people have been rescued, since the year 1829, from a condition bordering on slavery, and put in possession of civil rights equal to those of the colonists. The efforts of the Missionaries had rendered this restoration practicable. The Hottentots residing on the government lands of the Cape may be considered as gained over to civilisation. They render important services to the white population as husbandmen, artisans, or domestics.

A regiment of mounted riflemen, remarkable for

their martial bearing, is recruited entirely among them. Most of the asylums where the Missionaries had assembled these helots of modern times with a view to their elevation, have become considerable parishes, in which may be found schoolmasters, catechists, deacons, and readers, who would not be thought lightly of in more highly-favoured communities.

The Great Namaquas and the Korannas, who belong to the same race, still enjoy their independence, thanks to their nomadic habits and their distance from the Cape, and have preserved the use of the national idiom: while the Hottentots of the colony speak, almost without exception, Dutch or English. The number of the Great Namaquas is estimated at 20,000. They occupy the country between the Orange River and the land of the Damaras, along the western coast. The Korannas, originally inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Table Bay, fled towards the north-east after the terrible affair of the Portuguese cannon. They are to be found in 28° S. lat., near the north bank of the river Fal. I know not if they were demoralised by the injury inflicted on them, but it is a fact that they have acquired a sorry renown by their inveterate taste for a vagrant life. They are distinguished from the Hottentots by their high stature, more muscular power, and an air of distrust and cunning. For the last twenty years the Missionaries have succeeded in gaining their attention, and in correcting them, to a certain degree, of their bad habits.

Of all the branches of the Hottentot family that live out of Cape Colony, that of the Griquas is certainly the

most civilised. They are the descendants of the Khirigriquas, whom Kolben, in 1713, placed near the Bay of St. Helena. They left that part of the country for the land of the Namaquas, and at the beginning of this century became attached to some missionaries, who, after having for some time shared their nomadic life, gained sufficient influence over them to induce them to settle in a fertile spot near the banks of the Orange River, in 28° E. long. Their numbers were soon reinforced by some slaves who had been set free, and by a considerable number of natives, who owe their origin to the illegal connexion of the colonists with the Hottentots. These half-castes differ but slightly from their mothers as regards physical conformation, but their habits and manners very much resemble those of the Dutch colonists.

From these various elements are formed, round Griqua-Town and Philippolis, communities professing the Christian religion, and rapidly becoming civilised under the care of pastors and schoolmasters, whom they support and maintain themselves.

The real savage of South Africa, the Bushman or Bosjesman, belongs to the Hottentot race. A more miserable and degraded being cannot be imagined; he subsists entirely by hunting or plunder, either suffering the pangs of hunger, or indulging in excess of gluttony; he has no settled abode, and is constantly exposed to the inclemency of the weather. This kind of life renders him prematurely old; so much so that, from forty years of age, he bears all the marks of decay. Nevertheless, he almost always meets with a tragical end. Wherever he

appears, any deficiency observed in the flocks is, justly or unjustly, always laid to his charge, and both the colonists and the Caffres have no more scruple in sending a ball through the head of a Bushman, than through that of a leopard or a hyena. The precision with which he lets fly his arrows, which, though almost imperceptible, are poisoned at the tip, inspires his enemies with a secret terror, which in their eyes fully justifies the summary manner in which they get rid of this disinherited child of the human family. Frequently, after having slain him in the desert, they seize upon his children and employ them in labours of the roughest and lowest kind.

It has been falsely imagined that the Bushmen were Hottentots, reduced to despair and driven to abandon social life by the oppressive rule of the white men. In 1654, only two years after the foundation of the Colony, one of the officers of the governor Van Riebeek, while making a journey of discovery, observed, about fifty miles from the Cape, certain natives of very small stature, extremely thin, and entirely in a savage state, possessing neither huts nor cattle, and nevertheless clothed like the other Hottentots, and speaking the same language. Thirty years later the Governor, Van der Stell, makes mention in one of his despatches of natives called Souquois,* who were distinguished from the Hottentots, properly so called, by their extreme thinness, having neither house nor home, subsisting on game, bulbs, locusts and caterpillars, and always armed with poisoned

* The Bechuanas gave them the name of Baroa.

arrows. We cannot, therefore, doubt that the Bushman existed in his present state long before the arrival of the Dutch colonists had modified the national economy of the Hottentot tribes.

Moreover, a phenomenon of the same nature appears in an important section of the Caffre race—the Bechuanas. Besides tribes remarkable for their attachment to social life, forming villages, the population of which sometimes amounts to eight or ten thousand souls, are found the Balalas, belonging to the same family, having the same groundwork of ideas, but wandering at random in the deserts, subsisting on game and wild fruits. Like the Bushmen, they have considerably degenerated in their physical development. Everything leads us to believe that they are the remains of tribes dispossessed of their lands by war, and preferring a life of vagrancy to the humiliation of seeing themselves amalgamated with victorious nations.

We are convinced that the stunted growth and the hideous features of the Bushmen are solely the result of misery. A Mochuana chief, somewhat of a philanthropist, had succeeded in assembling a certain number of these savages, given them some cattle, and induced them to cultivate the ground. After two or three generations they were completely changed, in nowise differing as regards stature and muscular contour from Hottentots of the finest build. This fact came under our own personal observation. The moral and intellectual improvement of the Bushmen may, perhaps, be more difficult, but it is not impossible. They learn

Dutch with ease, and I have known some who were able to read and write that language tolerably well.

The Caffre race is entirely distinct from that of the Hottentots, and, save the colour of the skin and the texture of the hair, bear a strong resemblance to the Caucasian type, both as regards the features and the form of the skull. A fine specimen of this race, by his noble and dignified bearing, the symmetry of his limbs, added to his state of nudity and the colour of his skin, might be taken for a beautiful bronze statue come down from its pedestal. It has been supposed that a mixture of Arab and Negro blood runs in their veins, which is probably true. Among the same tribes, and often in the same families, individuals are found who are only tawny-coloured, whilst others are nearly black. This race is subdivided into two large families: the Caffres proper, and the Bechuanas. The former inhabit the coast of the Indian Ocean, from the frontiers of Cape Colony as far as Mozambique. In 1688, the Dutch vessel *Stavenisse* was wrecked on the coast of Caffraria, and part of the crew remained some time among the inhabitants of the country. On reaching Cape Town, these sailors gave some information about the tribes they had observed. They mentioned the *Maponte* (Amapontos, as the natives say, or Amapondas, as our maps have it), the *Matembe* (Amatembus, or Tembukis), the *Mageryga* (Amagalekas), and the *Magoshe* (Amakosas). These tribes still inhabit Caffraria. We must add to these the Zulus of Natal, whose territory extends to the frontiers of the Mozambique. There is not the smallest

doubt that the Caffres, as well as the Bechuanas, came from the northern parts of Africa by successive migrations. They say so themselves; and in burying the dead, the Basutos are careful to turn the face of the deceased towards the north-east, stating as their reason for this custom, that the children must always look towards the regions from which their ancestors proceeded. The Caffres hold the sea in still greater aversion than the Hottentots do.

They are gifted with much intelligence, and great strength of character. When, in the presence of strangers, their features wear the expression of a reserve bordering on disdain. Sedentary occupations are distasteful to them; the fatigues and emotions of the chase or of contest are essential to their athletic constitutions, and their lively imaginations. The wrestling that generally follows public debates has a great charm for them, and on these occasions they display great eloquence and skill. Every attempt that has been made to subjugate them by force of arms has failed, hardly serving even to humiliate them. When a Caffre is wounded by a ball, he picks a few blades of grass and makes a kind of plug, which he introduces into the wound; then turning to his enemy, he cries: *Leuka!* Never! Never!"

Unfortunately, they are extremely superstitious, and allow themselves to be led blindly by their diviners, who oppose with all their might the introduction of Christianity and civilisation. The tribe of the Amakosas has just been broken up in consequence of a

famine caused by the bad counsels of these impostors.

The Caffres who have renounced paganism evince great perseverance and devotedness; many of them are preparing themselves for teaching in the normal schools which have been founded on the frontiers of their country.

The Bechuanas, though they belong to the same race as the Caffres, are generally inferior to them in feature and symmetry of form. Being less warlike, and not so passionately fond of hunting and violent exercises, they lead a more sedentary life, and their constitution has suffered the natural consequences. They make up for this physical inferiority by great facility of mind, remarkably social habits, and a decided taste for all lucrative employment.

The Basutos are one of the most considerable subdivisions of this great family. Scattered along the western side of the Malutis, a high chain of mountains which separates the country of the Bechuanas from the land of Natal, this tribe appears to be composed of the various branches of the Caffre race, and is, perhaps, for that reason, the most complete type of their character, manners, and institutions. When we entered their country, they had never had any intercourse with tribes of a different origin to their own. They had preserved their customs and their ideas in all their primitive freshness, and delighted in expressing them with that poetical enthusiasm, and that tenacity of attachment, which is always remarkable in the inhabitants of

mountains. It is in their midst that the observations regarding manners and customs have been made which will be found in this work; but they may be considered as applicable, for the most part, to all the Caffre and Bechuana tribes. The same foundation of ideas sometimes takes different forms among different tribes, and the influence of certain customs is not everywhere felt with the same intensity. We will be careful to point out the most remarkable points of difference.

The chief, Sebetoane, in 1824, led a powerful colony of Basutos to the shores of the Zambesi. These are the Makololos, who gave so hearty a welcome to Dr. Livingstone, and whose friendship will be helpful to him in fresh discoveries. They carried with them their customs and their national ideas, and have caused them to be adopted by the tribes they have subjugated. Thus it is that, in describing the Basutos, properly so called, we shall make the reader acquainted, in a social and intellectual point of view, with the tribes living in 18° S. lat.

We will, however, first relate the principal incidents connected with our arrival and settlement among the tribes we desire to make known.

PART I.

JOURNEYS OF EXPLORATION—LABOURS.

CHAPTER I.

THIRTY years have elapsed since the first delegates of the Evangelical Missionary Society of Paris—Messrs. Rolland, Lemue, and Bisseux—embarked for the Cape of Good Hope. They were welcomed with delight by the descendants of the French refugees, whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had forced to seek an asylum in these distant latitudes. Families bearing the illustrious names of Duplessis, Daillé, Roux, Malan, de Villiers, Malherbe, contended for the honour of receiving under their roofs co-religionists, who had not been brought to them by the storms of persecution, but who had voluntarily exiled themselves to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the heathen.

At this time, slavery still existed at the Cape. The refugees possessed a great number of black men, imported by the slave-traders or born on their estates; they earnestly entreated that one of the Missionaries would undertake the education of these degraded beings. Mr.

Bisseux responded to this appeal, and took up his abode at Waggonmaker's Valley (la Vallée du Charron), near the Paarl. His colleagues, wishing to publish the good tidings of salvation where they had not yet been heard, journeyed through the whole of Cape Colony, and crossed the northern boundary. Another fellow-worker, Mr. Pellissier, was soon added to their number. Then, advancing towards the tropics, they pitched their tent at Mosiga, in the country of the Baharutsis, in 26° S. lat., 24° E. long.

This region is extremely beautiful. Nature, in all its pristine freshness, seemed to smile on the enterprise of the Missionaries, and to offer to them spontaneously the means of providing the natives with the advantages of an enlightened civilisation, while they imparted to them the blessings of the Gospel. They had at their disposal vast forests; valleys covered with luxuriant vegetation; streams that a few clods of earth sufficed to turn out of their course; and mountains, rich in iron and copper ore. One would seek in vain, wrote Mr. Lemue, a scene so beautiful, in all the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. To the north rise the mountains of Kurrichane and Lohorutsi; to the east lies the valley of Magamé, covered with fields of millet; and to the south, hills carpeted with verdure beautify the landscape by the variety of their forms. The population, the exact number of which has never been ascertained, but which is considerable, belongs to that great sub-division of the Caffre race designated by the name of Bechuanas, and distinguished by their gentle manners. The Baharutsis

received the Missionaries with eagerness. Report had made known to them all the advantages that more privileged tribes had derived from the teaching and counsels of such men. Thus it was that Mokatla, who governed these countries, hastened to place at their disposal all the ground that was needful for their establishment. A few days after their arrival he assembled his subjects, and addressed to them the following harangue:—"We have long been expecting Missionaries: now that we see them, our hearts are filled with joy. If you wish them not to leave us, you must come and listen to their words, or else they will say, 'No one gives ear to our discourse, let us depart.'"

But these encouragements were of no avail, unless they had the sanction of Moselekatsi, a fierce warrior, whose name alone spread terror throughout these countries.

Born on the borders of the Indian Ocean, in the country of Natal, intestine revolutions had obliged him to expatriate himself, with some thousands of warriors attached to his fortunes. Devastation had marked his every step towards the centre of the continent. To make up for the losses that he sustained, he spared the lives of the young men, and incorporated them into the ranks of his warriors. The virgins that were carried away captive belonged to him, and he distributed them, according to his fancy, among the men, who, by their age or their exploits, were foremost in the ranks. Recruits, conducted by chiefs in whom he had perfect confidence, and to whom he gave the power of life and death, went more

than a hundred miles from his camp, to rob inoffensive tribes of all the riches they possessed. Such was the man who, for some months past, had fixed his residence a few days' journey from the beautiful land of the Baharutsis.

Hardly had the Missionaries begun to collect materials for constructing a shelter for themselves, when delegates appeared from this tyrant. Their athletic forms, their entire want of clothing, with the exception of a few panthers' tails, carelessly worn around the loins, their formidable spears, the enormous shield, with which they covered the whole body, rendered these Caffres easily distinguishable from the Baharutsis. They brought a command to the Missionaries to appear forthwith before Moselekatsi.

Prudence forbidding their all answering this summons, Mr. Pellissier offered to go alone. The natives, who witnessed his departure, declared that he would never return. His waggon, surrounded by assagais, disappeared in the thick forests of mimosas, and our friend found himself entirely at the mercy of the Matebeles. Every evening the chief of the escort sent an express to inform his master of the place where they had halted, and they were obliged to await the return of the messenger before daring to resume their march. The interview of our colleague with Moselekatsi was, however, more favourable than could have been hoped. The wily destroyer—wishing, perhaps, to calm the fears of the Baharutsis, and to inspire them with a fatal security—received Mr. Pellissier with affability, detained

him for some days, asked him to come and reside near him, and put no obstacle in the way of his return.

Hardly had our friend recovered from the fatigues of the journey, when messengers from Moselekatsi again arrived at Mosiga. They had received orders to conduct the three Missionaries to him, and not to appear in his presence again without bringing them and their carriages. Mokatla, frightened at this message, went in search of his benefactors, and entreated them to depart without delay, expecting that, if the despot were to suspect him of detaining them, he would instantly send him a sentence of death. Just at this time, men arriving from different places came to the Missionaries secretly, and warned them that the chief of the Matebeles had decided upon their ruin. What was to be done at such a crisis? They must either trust to the mercy of a sanguinary tyrant, or take flight in order to escape his barbarity. This last and wisest plan was also found to be the most practicable. Not one of those who followed the Missionaries would consent to accompany them to Moselekatsi; they decided, therefore, on taking refuge at Litaku. Some weeks later, Mr. Lemue wrote from thence:— "Africa is ringing with the diabolical exploits of the Matebeles: the Barolongs are defeated; the Bakuenas are dispersed; the Baharutsis have taken flight; while the blood of the other tribes is hardly cold."

Although our friends had passed but a short time with the Baharutsis, they were warmly attached to this people, and resolved to re-assemble those of them who were dispersed through the country. To accomplish

this it was necessary to undertake another journey, still more fatiguing than any of the preceding ones. After a march of eight days towards the east, often over rocks and mountains, they discovered the fugitives in a small forest, not far from the banks of the Kolong, and were at once surrounded by the unfortunate people, who clamorously demanded food. They had happily brought with them a certain number of cattle, and every day an ox was killed and distributed amongst the starving multitude. When the women and children had sufficiently recovered strength, the Missionaries gave the signal of departure, and marching by short journeys, they conducted all those who wished to follow them to a place of perfect safety, near Litaku. Such was the origin of Motito, the first of our settlements in South Africa.

The commencement of this station was an arduous undertaking, as our friends could receive but little aid from an indigent and dispirited population. They were even obliged, for some time, to undertake the task of purveying for others; and every Saturday they rode into the desert to hunt the eland, the quagga, the gnu, and other large animals, destined to satisfy the hunger of the natives during the week.

At the time these events were transpiring, the author of this work, and two other missionaries, Messrs. Arbousset and Gossellin, were sailing towards the Cape, expecting to find those who had preceded them actively engaged in the country of the Baharutsis.

Deep were the emotions that we were to experience

on landing. Under any circumstances, the approach to the extreme boundary of the mysterious land of Ham produces a thrilling impression on the mind. Contrasts of the most extraordinary nature there present themselves to the eye. One almost doubts the reality of those beacon-lights, those cathedral spires, those well-made roads at the foot of a mountain, the sombre and savage aspect of which paralysed with fear such men as Bartholomew Diaz and Vasco de Gama, and which appeared to rise from the depths of the ocean to oppose an insurmountable barrier to our race. But civilisation has prevailed. The songs of mariners from all parts of the world have succeeded to the clamour of the penguin and the petrel. Here lies at anchor a noble fleet of three-masted vessels; there, graceful boats float past each other; and as they rise with the waves, present by turns the pyramidical hat of the Malay, the golden epaulette of the naval officer, and the gaily-coloured handkerchief, with which the negro boatman loves to adorn his head. On shore, the same transformation has taken place; broad streets, fine shops, an Observatory and an Exchange, now grace the former haunts of the jackal and the hyena. But the impression produced upon us by this extraordinary spectacle was but slight, compared with the grief that we experienced on learning the misfortunes of our predecessors. Novices as yet in the struggle of life, it appeared to us that our career was blighted; and, almost stunned, we asked ourselves, whither should we direct our steps, now that the only known path to the central parts of the continent was closed to

us. We little thought that Providence had appointed us to open a new one.

Up to that time, none of the travellers who had been led by views of evangelisation or commerce beyond the Orange River, had deviated from the route marked out by the Rev. J. Campbell, to whom we are indebted for the discovery of Litaku. The indefatigable Schmelen had explored the country of the Little and the Great Namaquas; and Messrs. Anderson and Moffat had succeeded in establishing communications between these desolate regions and the country of the Bechuanas. The east remained still unknown, though considerable streams of water seemed to denote the existence of an elevated and well-watered region in that direction, fertile, and very probably inhabited.

This fact had not escaped the notice of the Korannas and the Griquas, Hottentot hordes, whom a thirst for plunder had unceasingly driven in search of new victims. Ascending the river Caledon, they had discovered numerous tribes, which they had devastated with impunity, thanks to the terror which their muskets caused among a people hitherto unacquainted with these terrible arms. These enterprises were conducted with the most profound secrecy; nothing, however, can hinder the Almighty from accomplishing His designs. In their despair, some of the Basutos* (such is the name

* In order that the reader may rightly understand the orthography of this word, we will observe, that in speaking of a single individual they say, *Mosuto;* of many, *Basuto;* of the country, *Lesuto;* and of the language, *Sesuto.*

of the people who had been ravaged by the Korannas), tracking the footsteps of their persecutors through vast solitudes, resolved to die near the flocks of which they had been despoiled. To their great surprise, they found among the tribes to which their enemies belonged men who were touched by the recital of their woes, and who treated them with generosity. Some time afterwards, one of their benefactors having gone to hunt on the confines of their country, the chief of the Basutos was informed of it, and sent a deputation imploring him to visit the place where such great crimes were committed. This man had had the advantage of receiving instruction from several English missionaries, and he did not hesitate to declare to the despairing chief that the Christian religion alone could give peace and prosperity to his people. He was believed, although not understood; God himself, doubtless, overruled this conference, and inclined the hearts of the natives to receive with joy the advice thus given them by the mouth of a stranger. Before returning to his own country, they obtained a promise from him that he would use every effort to send missionaries to them. Some time after, the chief, fearing that he had forgotten his promise, or that he had not been able to fulfil it, sent him some oxen, with the *naïve* request that he would procure him in exchange a man of prayer.

The news of this incident reached Cape Town at the time of our landing. It was brought there by a distinguished philanthropist and an eminent missionary—one to whom the Hottentots owe their deliverance, and

who may be styled, without hesitation, the Las Casas of the aborigines of Southern Africa. Dr. Philip had just returned from the interior, where he had been to give his pastoral counsel and encouragement to the neophytes of the London Missionary Society. We had been recommended to him, and from the first he evinced a paternal affection for us. Seeing our perplexity, he related to us the extraordinary incident, the report of which had reached his ears from a region as yet unexplored. We, therefore, resolved to seek, on the banks of the Orange River, the Hottentot whom Providence seemed to have appointed the herald of our coming. We found him without any difficulty, and he related to us the particulars of his interview with *Moshesh*, or the *Chief of the Mountain*, as he was then called, and offered to conduct us to him. A way was clearly opened for us, and we had but to walk in it.

Six months after our departure from Paris we had penetrated two hundred leagues from the Cape into the country of the Basutos, and our eyes rested with admiring wonder on the majestic chain of the Malutis, which separates the land of the Bechuanas from Natal. Down the sides of these mountains, as from a common source, flow the finest rivers of South Africa—the Orange, the Caledon, the Fal, and the Lekoa, taking their course westward; the Mosinyati (or Buffalo River), the Tongela, the Umzimkulu, and the Umzimvubu, falling into the Indian Ocean.

For a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles of the chain our waggon had not met with any serious obstacle.

Drawn by twelve oxen, and driven by a patient native, it advanced a few leagues every day across interminable plains, while we amused ourselves with hunting the numerous antelopes, elands, and zebras that came across our path. But when we were within two days of our journey's end, the character of the scenery entirely changed. Solitary mountains, from 1500 to 1800 feet high, and several leagues in circumference, appeared on all sides like so many fortifications thrown up to defend the approach to the rugged ramparts that we had been able for some time to distinguish in the distant horizon. These mountains have nearly all the form of table-land; the plain at their summit is surrounded by a regular crown of gray rocks, the horizontal strata of which lie one above the other with the most beautiful regularity. Here and there a cleft in the rock, worn away by the water, exposed to view the projecting masses of basalt, of which the interior of these gigantic constructions is composed. The base is surrounded by enormous blocks of sandstone, some of which are covered with the wild vine and other creeping plants, while others are piled one above another in rude and fantastic confusion. Here an obelisk, without the aid of the engineer, has partly taken its stand on a quadrangular base. There a block, looking as though it had been rounded by the aid of the compasses, perfectly balanced on a rude pivot, presents the appearance of a gigantic mushroom. In other places are seen rocks of a prismatic form, so arranged as to resemble an immense vase, which time has filled with rich mould, and over which patriarchal olive-trees

wave their evergreen branches. These rocks originally belonged to the masses towering above them, and indeed the traces of the most recent landslips are still perceptible. Surround these ruins with knotted shrubs, raspberry bushes, and wild convolvuli, and on the tufted grass which covers the mountain-side plant here and there an aloe and a group of everlastings; picture to yourself the gray and the fawn-coloured gazelle, and the timid jerboa, sporting on this variegated carpet, and baboons of all sizes and ages running along the edges of the precipices; and you will be able to form some idea of the scene which presented itself to our view on entering the country of the Basutos. In some places the valleys present the appearance of vast circles, but more generally they resemble long avenues, terminating in narrow alleys. The depth of the vegetable earth is considerable, as may be seen in the excavations formed by the descent of the mountain-torrents; consequently the soil is exceedingly fertile. Nearly everywhere a foundation of clay is found, covered with a blackish soil of the richest nature, of two or three feet in depth. The grass reaches such a height that it is necessary to destroy it every winter by means of fire; and it is perhaps to these annual conflagrations that we must ascribe the remarkable scarcity of trees. These are hardly ever to be found, except on the banks of rivers and in high mountain-passes. The streams of water, that meet one at almost every step, generally run over beds of basalt, and wash down a great quantity of opaque or crystalised quartz, agates, and cornelians. Limestone is

extremely rare. Of the malleable minerals, iron was the only one that we observed; this, however, is found in large quantities. Having had the misfortune to break our barometer, we were not able precisely to determine the elevation of the chain of the Malutis; but it is at least 9000 feet above the level of the sea.

That which struck us most particularly on arriving was the solitary and desolate aspect of the country. Vainly did our eyes wander in search of the hamlets, the groups of labourers, so naturally associated in the mind with the idea of a fertile and variegated soil. Human bones, whitening in the sun and rain, appeared on all sides; and more than once we were obliged to turn out of our way in order that the wheels of our waggon might not pass over these sad remains. When we asked our guides where the proprietors of this country lived, they pointed to a few miserable huts at the top of some of the steepest mountains. When from time to time we chanced to meet a hunter, the unfortunate creature no sooner perceived our caravan than he would throw himself on the ground and hide in the grass.

However, as we approached the residence of the chief, the general aspect of things changed in a very encouraging manner. We began to meet with considerable flocks, grazing under the care of well-armed shepherds, and we observed fields apparently cultivated with care. A messenger, whom we had sent before us, had spread the news of our speedy arrival; and the inhabitants of the hamlets that lay in our path ventured

out to look at these extraordinary white men, who, it was said, would repair all past disasters. When we encamped in the evening they brought us some beautiful pumpkins, some milk, and a kind of sugar-cane; while we distributed amongst them handfuls of salt, which always gave them the greatest pleasure. Our interpreter, a lad, who was very fond of talking on any but religious subjects, tried to prove by many long explanations that we were made of flesh and bones, like other mortals. At times, lively altercations would arise, owing to his reasonings not being sufficiently powerful to dissipate their doubts. Then he would seize upon the most incredulous, drag them in a state of trembling amazement into our presence, and recommence his demonstrations on our persons. At one time it was our shoes that upset the notions of these good people. It was hard to prove to them that real toes were to be found under the smooth black leather. At another time our long straight hair suggested to our hosts the idea of monkeys rather than men. It was necessary, therefore, for the honour of our race, to allow them a minute inspection, in order that they might judge for themselves how far superior were our silken locks to the wool which covered their own heads.

We found that it was not without reason that they had given the name of CHIEF OF THE MOUNTAIN to the sovereign of the Basutos. His principal town was, and is still, situated on the table-land of Thaba-Bosio, a mountain in the form of a pentagon, and completely fortified by nature. We were welcomed with every demonstra-

MOSHESH (in 1883).

tion of joy; and the first few days were devoted to explaining to our new acquaintances the object that we had in view. It was no easy matter to make these heathen—absorbed as they were with material things—feel the benefit they would derive, in a temporal point of view, from the diffusion of Christian doctrines. To increase our difficulties, our interpreter's acquaintance with Dutch, the language which we used, did not exceed the commonest phrases of every-day life; and we have since learned that, owing to this deficiency, endless absurdities were circulated in our name. No obstacle, however, can frustrate the purposes of the Almighty. He inspired the Basutos and their chief with perfect confidence in our good intentions. This unhappy people, who had been for so many years a prey to misfortune, welcomed with delight the first ray of hope that dawned upon them.

My readers will, perhaps, be as well pleased if, before going further, we make a short halt at Thaba-Bosio, to make the acquaintance of the man who had invited us thither, and to learn the principal events that had preceded our arrival.

Moshesh has an agreeable and interesting countenance, his deportment is noble and dignified, his features bespeak habits of reflection and of command, and a benevolent smile plays upon his lips. At the time of his birth, the country of the Basutos was, it seems, extremely populous. The tribe presented, on a small scale, the aspect of France in the feudal times. The supremacy of the house of Monahing was acknowledged, of which

house Moshesh is a representative; but the chief of each town was continually striving to gain as much independence as possible. Disputes arose from time to time between the various communities, but generally little blood was shed, and no more disastrous consequences ensued than the abduction of a few flocks and herds.

This state of things lasted until the year 1820; Moshesh was then living at his native place, to the north of Thaba-Bosio, and at a distance of two days' journey from that town. The green pastures of Butabute, and the steep hills where the son of Mokachane hunted the elk and the wild boar with his companions, are still celebrated in the national songs of these tribes. At a moment when it was least expected, these favourite sports were suddenly interrupted by a disastrous invasion from Natal, whence we have already seen issue the terrible Moselekatsi. The people of this country were groaning under an iron yoke. Chaka, a chief as clever as he was cruel, had subdued them, and held them in subjection, by putting to death, without mercy, any one who would not submit to his authority. One of the most influential vassals of this despot, Matcoane by name, weary of this tyranny, secretly quitted the country, leading with him some thousands of warriors devoted to his person. On his route he met Pakalita, chief of the Fingoes, whom, after several combats, he put to flight. Pakalita, hotly pursued, crossed the chain of the Malutis, and fell upon the Mantatis, whom he found near the sources of the Fal. These latter, favoured by their knowledge of the localities, plunged

into the mountain passes, advanced rapidly southward, and carried desolation into the peaceful valleys of Lesuto (as the Basutos call their country). From that time this land became the scene of continual slaughter. Mateoane, thinking himself at a safe distance from Chaka, settled on the banks of the Caledon. Pakalita also took up his abode in the same quarter. The two tribes did not cease to harass each other, and to make the Mantatis and the Basutos, who were always at war with each other, feel the terrible consequences of having them as such near neighbours. This state of things lasted for some years; the fields remained uncultivated, and the horrors of famine were added to those of war. Whole tribes were entirely ruined by this twofold scourge. The ties of kindred and friendship were broken, and were at last entirely forgotten. All gave themselves up to murder and to pillage. At length, associations of cannibals were formed in the mountains, who, belonging to no particular party, went everywhere in search of victims. We have frequently visited the caves where these wretches lived. The ground is thickly strewed with half-roasted skulls, shoulder-blades, and broken bones. Large red spots are still perceptible in the most retired parts of these dens, where the flesh was deposited; the blood has penetrated so deep into the rock, that the trace of it will never be effaced.

Nearly all the influential men in the country were carried away by the tide of war. Moshesh breasted the stream. Being of a very observant disposition, and endowed with great strength of character, he knew how

to resist and how to yield at the right moment; procured himself allies, even among the invaders of his territory; set his enemies at variance with each other, and by various acts of kindness secured the respect of those even who had sworn his ruin. The profound knowledge of the human heart, which is the prominent trait in his character, was once the means of saving his life. He found himself, after a defeat, with four or five of his warriors, completely hemmed in by the enemy. A distance of a few yards only separated them from a hedge of javelins. The Zulus, sure of their prey, struck their shields and rent the air with their hisses, as it is their custom to do at the moment of triumph. Moshesh sat down, and ordered his men to follow his example. After a moment's silence he got up, saying: "Come, follow me; it is not thus that kings are slain!" then, walking proudly towards the enemy, he shouted: "Turn aside — make room!" The Zulus, yielding without reflection to the ascendancy thus gained over them, opened their ranks, and let him pass.

During the height of the struggle he took refuge at the top of Thaba-Bosio, where the steep rocks secured him from being surprised by the enemy. By degrees his adversaries lost ground; Pakalitâ died; Mateoane carried his arms into Caffraria, and there sustained a defeat, which he never recovered. Only the Mantatis now remained, and with them Moshesh endeavoured to come to terms. Two well-concerted expeditions had greatly increased the number of his flocks, so that at the end of the struggle his resources enabled him to rally

around him those who were entirely destitute. Thousands of Basutos had taken refuge in the Cape Colony; peace alone was wanting to induce them to return. Moshesh, therefore, endeavoured to restore tranquillity; his first care was to suppress cannibalism. Those of his subjects who were innocent of this horrible practice were disposed to treat the guilty with rigour. Moshesh saw that this would incur all the horrors of a civil war, and tend to depopulate still more a land already almost destitute of inhabitants. He knew also that cannibalism, not being the result of national customs and traditions, must in reality be repugnant to those even who indulged in it. He therefore answered, that men-eaters were living sepulchres, and that one could not fight with sepulchres. These words were sufficient to rescue the wretches whom he wished to bring to repentance. They saw in the clemency of their chief an unhoped-for means of restoration to their former position, and resolved to avail themselves of it. From that time cannibalism was gradually discontinued. There are critical moments in the fate of nations, when a word suffices to introduce a new era.

In order to give the reader some idea of the horrors to which Moshesh had put an end, at so little cost, we will here transcribe an incident related to us by Mapike, one of the most veracious of the Basutos we have ever known:—

"Some time before your arrival I was deputed by Makara, the chief of my native village, to ransom one of his wives, who had fallen into the hands of the cannibals.

Six oxen were the price of the ransom. We set off at dawn of day, and reached our destination as the shadows of the mountains were lengthening on the plain. The cannibals, with whom we had to do, had formed their dwellings in an immense cavern, surrounded by thorny bushes and fallen pieces of rock. We entered into conversation with some women, who were returning from the fields, bearing baskets full of roots upon their heads. They informed us that the young person whom we desired to restore to her family was still living, and assured us that our oxen would be taken in exchange. These words gave us a little courage. We immediately climbed the steep ascent that led to the cave of the anthropophagi. But hardly had we reached it when our legs began to tremble, and a thrill of horror ran through our veins: nothing was to be seen but skulls and broken bones. A woman uncovered a pot that stood upon the hearth, and we saw in it a hand swollen by cooking. The men, they said, were gone a-hunting. It was not long before we understood what that meant, for they soon arrived, armed with clubs and javelins, bringing a captive with them, and shouting, 'Wah! wah!' as the Basutos do when they drive a herd of oxen. This captive was a tall, well-formed, and handsome young man; he entered with a firm step, and was ordered to sit down in the centre of the cavern. He heard us explain the object of our visit, but seemed not to heed what we said. A few moments afterwards a cord was put round his neck, and he was strangled. I hid my face in my cloak, but when I supposed that the

poor young man was dead I looked up again, in order not to offend my hosts. The cutting-up was performed just as if it had been an ox. We wished to depart immediately, at the risk of losing our way during the night, but they told us we must wait till next day. We were, therefore, obliged to comply; and taking a few handfuls of baked flour from our haversacks, and a little water, we wrapped ourselves up in our cloaks, and lay down as near as possible to each other. Long before the cock crew we were awakened by a frightful noise: a woman was struggling with her husband; several cannibals had come to the spot, and the unfortunate creature was beseeching them to have mercy on her. I heard these words repeated several times—'She is incorrigible—we must eat her!' 'My lords, my fathers!' she cried, 'do not kill me! I will do all you wish.' After a long consultation as to whether she should be spared or not, they set her at liberty; and I could not help thinking, that the abundance of food the wretches had in store contributed not a little to soften their hearts at this time.

"The next day, after much parleying, our friend was given up to us; the cannibals informed us that it was a great favour, as six oxen were not equal in value to the young woman.

"Makara was delighted to see his wife once more, but she soon escaped from him, and returned of her own accord to the den from which we had rescued her. She had found friends there, and had acquired a taste for human flesh."

Such are the abominable excesses into which unexpected revolutions may lead people of a naturally gentle disposition, when they are not restrained by the fear of God.*

Cannibalism was now nearly at an end; those who had never been guilty of it were becoming the stronger party. Moshesh was beginning to breathe again, when he was attacked by other enemies. These were, on one side, the terrible hosts of Moselekatsi, and on the other, the Korannas, well-mounted, and armed with muskets. The former came from the north, the latter from the west; and they arrived simultaneously, as if they had concerted to swallow up a people already weakened by a succession of misfortunes.

At a little distance from Thaba-Bosio is a charming little river, winding its way among willow-trees. On the borders of the stream the troops of Moselekatsi halted, to recover from the fatigues of a march of more than a hundred leagues. From the top of the mountain they might frequently be seen bathing, arranging their military ornaments, sharpening their javelins, and, towards evening, executing war-dances. The Basutos, on their side, did not remain idle. They carefully barricaded

* A French traveller, Monsieur Delegorgue, has denied that cannibalism has ever existed in South Africa, and has attributed what we have said to the desire of giving a dramatic interest to our recital. It is a pity that this gentleman has not visited the land of the Basutos; he might have gained information on this point in thirty or forty villages, the entire population of which is composed of those who were formerly cannibals, and who make no secret of their past life.

the breaches that time had made in their gigantic citadel. The assault was made simultaneously upon two opposite points, and was at first terrific. Nothing seemed able to arrest the rush of the enemy. Accustomed to victory, the Zulus advanced in serried ranks, not appearing to observe the masses of basalt, which came rolling down with a tremendous noise from the top of the mountain. But soon there was a general crush—an irresistible avalanche of stones, accompanied by a shower of javelins, sent back the assailants with more rapidity than they had advanced. The chiefs might then be seen rallying the fugitives; and snatching away the plumes with which their heads were decorated, and trampling them under foot in a rage, would lead their men again towards the formidable rampart. This desperate attempt succeeded no better than the former one. The blow was decisive. The next day the Zulus resumed their march, and returned home to their sovereign. At the moment of their departure a Mosutò, driving some fat oxen, stopped before the first rank, and gave them this message—"Moshesh salutes you. Supposing that hunger has brought you into this country, he sends you these cattle, that you may eat them on your way home."

Some years after, being at Cape Town, I saw there some deputies from Moselekatsi. On asking them if they knew the chief of the Basutos, they replied quickly, "Know him? yes! That is the man who, after having rolled down rocks on our heads, sent us oxen for food—

we will never attack him again!" And they have kept their word.

The struggle with the Koraṇnas was of longer duration, and was not quite at an end when Providence led us among the Basutos. The preceding details will explain to the reader the state of desolation in which the country was at the time, and will give an idea of the man who had invited us thither.

CHAPTER II.

NEITHER Thaba-Bosio, nor its immediate neighbourhood, appeared to us suitable for the settlement that we were about to form. The river running at the foot of the mountain was too deeply embanked to be turned out of its course; and for our purpose of building and agriculture it was necessary to have abundance of water, which might be easily directed to any desirable point. The chief understood this, and set out with us in search of a more favourable locality. Our choice fell on one of the most beautiful valleys in the country, which, though at a distance of only eight leagues from Thaba-Bosio, was entirely uninhabited. It bore the name of Makoarane, but we substituted that of Moriah, which expressed our gratitude to God for past mercies, and our confidence in him for the future. Moshesh put some young men under our command, and led us to hope that he would soon come himself with a number of his subjects, and settle near us.

We had halted, and unyoked our beasts near a stream in a forest of shrubs. A few strokes with the axe and the spade were sufficient to level and clear a space where we might form a hearth, and set up the blocks of sand-

stone which were henceforth to serve us as seats. There we deposited the large saucepan, the frying-pan, the gridiron, and kettle, and glad were we to be delivered from the noise that these kitchen utensils had made for the last two months at every jolt of the waggon. Letsaba, the most indefatigable of our companions, was already returning from the neighbouring mountain, laden with an enormous bundle of olive-branches. The fire was soon lighted, and we sat chatting gaily by the crackling flame. Nothing is more cheerful than a group of African travellers, squatting like gipsies round a blazing fire. Under the arch of heaven, the sight of a fire replaces all possible elements of comfort. A faint bleating that fell upon our ears admonished us to think of supper. Some unfortunate sheep were every evening, after a weary march, offered as victims to our cruel appetites. Let us turn our thoughts from this deed of darkness, which was performed in a remote corner of the scene. Dear reader, you do not know how much you are indebted to the butcher in your neighbourhood. At the end of half an hour, at the most, savoury morsels were hissing on the embers; and those of our party who had lingered behind were warned by the odour that supper was ready, and needed no further call. However closely the circle was formed, in the twinkling of an eye they found places, elbowing their way with a pressure that triumphed over all obstacles. We supped first, as was but proper; those pieces which were least besprinkled with ashes were presented to us on the end of two sticks. At this in-

teresting moment there was a profound silence, and we availed ourselves of it to utter the adorable name of Him who provided for all our need. The Basutos looked on in amazement, and mechanically repeated *Amen* after us.

When every one had supped, we set about adding a few new words to our little vocabulary. With pencil in hand, and head inclined towards the fire, we pointed to the object, the name of which was still unknown to us, repeating several times, in the most classical accent, "*King!*" (What is it?) ... Precious monosyllable, which ought to figure in golden letters in the dictionary of the language of the Basutos! Our men, after laughing a great deal at our ignorance, soon grew weary of this employment, and found it more agreeable to sing.

The invasion of the Zulus being still fresh in their minds, they were never weary of repeating the song of those warriors to their sanguinary chief: "*Ako si nike ilizue*," &c.! (Oh king, give us nations to devour!") The music was in harmony with the ferocity of the words. It would be impossible to imagine anything more savage, and yet we listened not unwillingly to sounds the discordance of which might have been mistaken for the result of art. Perhaps we found a certain charm in these sensations, which enabled us to estimate the evils which we were called to remedy. The future was unknown to us; but we had come into these dark regions at the express command of our Saviour, and everything we observed around us proved the necessity of this command. Those scenes which grieved us most

enhanced, in our eyes, the value of the Gospel, and the importance of our charge. The name of God seemed to us sweeter, and more sacred, now that we uttered it in places where it had never before been heard.

The next day we began to think about constructing some kind of shelter. The box of tools that we had brought from Europe was opened, and my two fellow-workers and myself took each of us a hatchet and a saw. Plenty of fine trees were to be seen at a little distance from the place of our encampment. Sounds of all kinds proceeding from the forest warned us to act with prudence; we, therefore, took care not to forget our guns. The fear of thorns and thistles made us think of the strong leathern trowsers which the settlers had recommended for our use. This Robinson Crusoe kind of accoutrement was not without interest to the former frequenters of the garden of the Luxembourg, and we set about our work cheerfully and courageously. Unfortunately, my long journeys had only accustomed me to walking; after giving a few vigorous strokes with the axe I was seized with dizziness, a cloud came before my eyes, and I was nearly falling backwards. A little rest soon restored me, but this first failure made a deep impression on my mind. I foresaw that there would be more drawbacks to the charms of a rural life, and that the *Fortunatos nimiùm* so much admired at college, would run a great risk of soon proving to me nothing else but a signal deception. It was well for us that one of our number had learnt in a village the value of a good pair of arms. Our excellent friend, Mr. Gossellin,

who had joined us in the capacity of a missionary artisan, handled with equal skill the hammer of the stone-cutter and the mattock of the husbandman. By a few encouraging words he raised my spirits, and prevented Mr. Arbousset from losing heart—he taught us to husband our strength, and to direct our blows better. The result was that in the evening, aided by our men, we carried to our encampment an almost sufficient quantity of stakes and laths for the construction of the modest dwelling, the erection of which we had planned.

It was to be nothing more than a cabin, a little larger than the huts of the natives, and in a few days it was completed. Some reeds, placed upon four props driven into the ground, received our mattresses, and an old table and some trunks completed the furniture. The guns and the implements of husbandry were suspended like trophies from certain projecting points, which our primitive columns presented at very irregular intervals. It was so long since we had seen anything resembling a human habitation, that this poor cabin threw us into an ecstasy of admiration. We determined to allow ourselves the luxury of a candle without delay. It will hardly be credited that, of all the products of our industry, this article was the most surprising to the natives. They were never weary of coming in the evening to contemplate this charming little tongue of fire, which was sufficient to light our apartment. What an improvement on the bundle of straw which these poor creatures burnt, at the risk of being suffocated,

whenever they went to fetch anything from the dark recesses of their huts!

Not being able to foresee what would be the result of our visit to Moshesh, we had left a waggon, containing the greater part of our baggage, in a village named Philippolis, situated on the borders of the colony, and inhabited by half-bred Hottentots.

It was decided that I should go and fetch it as soon as we were a little settled in our new abode. It was with feelings of deep emotion that I bid my companions adieu. I was leaving them in a country that was exposed to frequent invasions, with only five or six natives, whose language they did not understand. The vehicle in which we had travelled, and the servants who had accompanied us, were returning with me. It is in such moments as these that the name of the God of Jacob is a strong refuge. Our first day's march brought us near to a mountain standing alone, where some poor Basutos lived, who subsisted almost entirely by hunting. The most influential man among them, who was named Machusa, received us very kindly. "I know," said he, "that you are come to do us good. As soon as Moshesh has fixed his residence near you, I will come down from this mountain. At present I cannot do so; the Korannas are so terrible that I dare not stir from here; they have reduced us to the last extremity. We know not what to do to escape their guns. We cannot ascend to heaven, neither can we sink into the earth."

Poor Machusa shed tears as he uttered these words. I tried to comfort him, and held out to him the hope of

better days. He was so grateful for this mark of sympathy on my part, that he gave me two baskets of native wheat.

The wild beasts caused me much uneasiness during this journey. I found the borders of the Caledon infested with lions, and one of my best draught oxen was carried off by them. As we slowly proceeded, I was never weary of admiring the gambols and evolutions of

ANTELOPE EUCHORE.

the antelopes, with which the country abounded. Upon that animal, called by the Dutch the *Springbok*, science has bestowed a name, which is in perfect harmony with the grace of its movements. It is, indeed, the *antelope euchore*, and dances to perfection. When this beautiful animal performs the bounds peculiar to it, the back forms a complete curve; the fawn-coloured hair, that covers the croup, opens, and discovers an under-coat

of down, of the most dazzling white. The head is slightly turned to one side, with an air of defiance and disdainful coquetry; the legs elongate, and the feet, joining together, form a kind of elastic pivot, which touches the ground from time to time, the animal rebounding to the height of three yards. These bounds succeed each other without interruption, like a pebble on the water, and with such rapidity that it is impossible for the most practised eye to follow the movement of the animal's feet when it takes its spring. The Basutos call this antelope *tsepe*, a name which reminds us of *tsebi*, which the Hebrews gave to the gazelle *dorcas*. It is extremely timid; and we are assured that thunder produces upon this animal the effect of which David speaks in Ps. xxix. 9. The *antelope eleotragus* is not so light in its movements; but it has beautiful black eyes, expressive of extreme gentleness. It is covered with ash-coloured hair, of a woolly and curly texture, and the horns are bent forward in the form of hooks.

The *blesbok* (or white-faced antelope) is as large as a full-sized ass; the hair is short, and shot with different colours, and the horns are curved backwards like sickles.

Of all the animals of South Africa the *gnu* has the most extraordinary form: it has the eyes, nostrils, and colour of the buffalo, the feet of the antelope, the mane and body of the ass, the neck and shoulders of the horse, which it resembles also in its movements. The horns bend downwards perpendicularly to the level of the eyes; and then forming nearly a right angle, sweep

suddenly forwards in the most formidable manner. The habits of the animal are no less singular than its appearance; there is an air of threatening in its movements, and it brandishes its tail violently, in the same manner as the lion. When it is taken by surprise, it turns suddenly round and stops, advances a few steps towards the object of its alarm, and then darts forward again with terrible force and rapidity.

THE GNU.

Herds of gnus may often be seen to form a circle, and amuse themselves by chasing each other, without breaking through the ring: they seem to delight in the whirlwinds of dust raised in the air by their antics.

The flesh of all these antelopes is esteemed as food, though we preferred that of the *orcas* or *eland*, which somewhat resembles beef in taste. It is about the size of an ox; and when it is fat, falls an easy prey to a well-mounted hunter.

The lions hunt here with so much success, that they generally content themselves with selecting the prime parts of their victims. I once found lying across my path a magnificent antelope, still warm, the entrails only having been devoured by one of these dainty hunters, who had opened the body of the unfortunate animal in a masterly manner with one stroke of his claw. I did not scruple to carry off the delicate morsels that he had left in disdain.

I was privileged to see one of these potentates of the desert at his repast. He was stretched at his ease over his prey, which he seemed to find to his taste, while a crowd of hyenas and jackals stealthily approached, and watched, with envious eye, the rapid movements of his jaws. Slate-coloured vultures, too, came whirling down from the clouds; and with folded wings, stretching out their bare necks and uttering piercing cries, jumped in a most ridiculous manner towards the object of their greedy desire. As long as the ignoble herd kept at a respectful distance, the lion allowed them to scream and growl, and make as much noise as they liked; but the hungry circle drawing nearer and nearer, and the inner ranks yielding to the pressure of those-outside, the movement, timid at first, became more and more impetuous, and threatened to turn into a regular assault. Then *his majesty*, justly incensed, casting a side-glance at his parasites, leaped with a single bound into the midst of the most daring, striking right and left with his terrible *fist*. A scene of general confusion ensued; the jackals escaped first; the hyenas, heavier in their

movements, made the best of their way after them, causing great disorder among the vultures, too slow to take a hasty flight. The lion stopped a moment, as if to recover from the emotion that the audacity of this miserable rabble had caused him, and then returned slowly to his dinner.

Their feline majesties, however, know how to divide the spoil when it suits them. One of my friends, who was a traveller, related to me the following incident. He was resting in the shade of a few shrubs, watching a troop of zebras quietly feeding, when suddenly a lion appeared, pounced on the finest of the herd, and brought it to the ground. This done, he contemplated his victim with satisfaction; and, turning round, commenced rubbing his body against it. After some time, however, he seemed to be in deep thought, looked steadfastly in a certain direction, and roared repeatedly. At length he seemed to perceive, in the distance, some object of interest; and, advancing towards it, soon returned, followed by a lioness and two cubs, whom he led courteously to the feast he had prepared for them, laying himself down at some little distance. The lioness and her young ones needed no pressing, and took their time over their banquet, the father of the family looking on with the utmost good humour, as if he himself had no appetite at all; till, suddenly raising his head with an air of determination, he examined what still remained of the zebra, and leaping up with a roar, sent away his partner, with her little ones, and lay quietly down to enjoy his meal.

The country we were travelling over was almost as new to my men as it was to myself. We went straight on as mariners do, simply taking care not to lose sight of that point in the horizon which we wished to reach. This hazardous journey was, as may be supposed, accompanied by fatigues and adventures of every kind. Now it was a rocky ascent, that it was absolutely necessary to climb, at the risk of breaking our wheels; now a deep ravine arrested our progress in the most unexpected manner. There was one in particular, where we were obliged to stop, and, standing at the edge, we looked down with feelings of terror into the depth we had to cross. I stopped the waggon, to see if there were no means of getting round the obstacle, but in vain; after having wandered about a long time, we were forced to acknowledge the uselessness of our search, and to set about crossing in the best manner possible. I hoped that the oxen, aided by the impetus acquired in the descent, would manage to get up the other side; but the poor animals, fatigued with their long journey, refused to move, and the two hindermost fell down under their yokes. To increase our difficulties we had not a single tool, for we had left them all behind with my friends, who had intended to get through a great deal of work during my absence. My men unyoked the oxen, in order that the poor enfeebled animals might at least profit by the delay; then, arming ourselves with pointed staves and sharp stones, we set about making a road. As there were but four of us, this was a work of time, and it was not till towards evening that we gained the

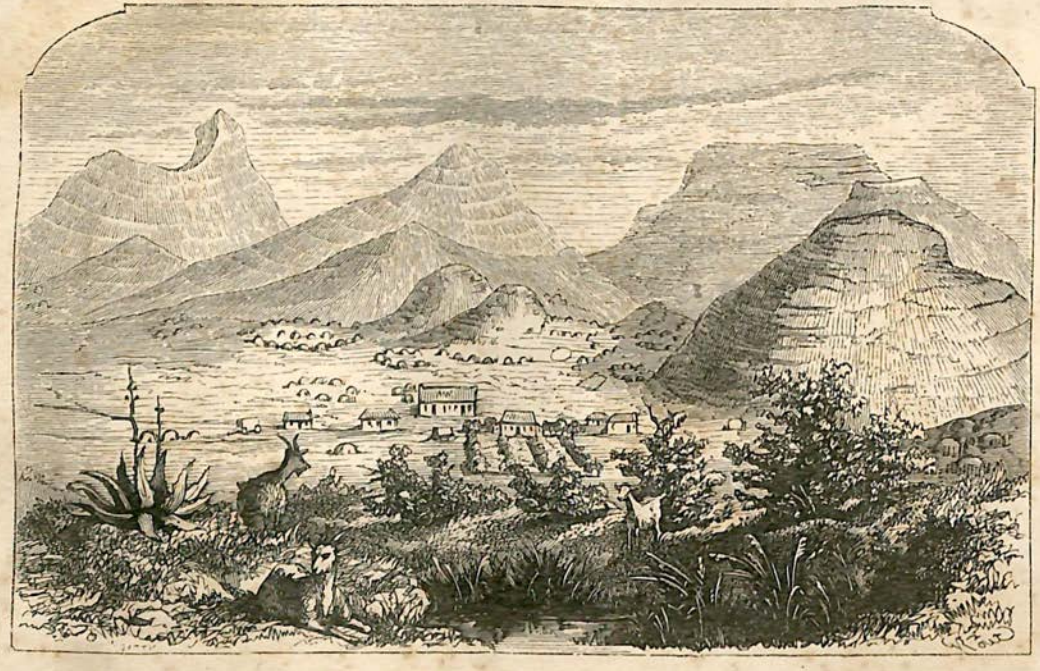
other side of the ravine, where, to our dismay, a still more serious evil awaited us. The natives, towards the end of the winter, are accustomed to burn the dry and tufted grass which covers the country, in order that their flocks may find abundant pasturage as soon as spring sets in. The lightest breeze is sufficient to spread the flames; they climb the heights, descend into the depths, follow all the irregularities of the soil, and at night paint upon the dark canvas of the sky mountains and valleys which seem not of this world. On issuing from our unfortunate ravine, we found ourselves hemmed in by one of these lines of fire, and as to return was out of the question, we were absolutely compelled to force a passage through the flames. This was done without hesitation by the natives who accompanied me. Perceiving a place where the flames burned with less intensity, they rushed into it, and laying about them on all sides with their ample mantles of skins, they had soon extinguished a space sufficient for us to pass without danger.

The country through which we were travelling showed no signs of being inhabited: the only people who passed through it were the Korannas—those Bedouins of South Africa who had done so much injury to the Basutos. One evening, before we had halted for the night, and while we were still on our march, the chief of these brigands, accompanied only by a boy, passed my waggon, without seeming to notice us, and was immediately recognised by my men; one of them darted towards my gun, and would have fired

upon the enemy of his tribe, if I had not prevented him. This incident made more impression on me than any that occurred during this adventurous journey, proving that man is often more savage than the brute.

I arrived at Philippolis a week after my departure from Moriah, but soon quitted it again to visit Mr. Pellissier, who was residing at fifteen leagues distance. The station of Motito not furnishing sufficient employment for the activity of three missionaries; he had left his colleagues, Messrs. Lemue and Rolland, to evangelise the Bechuanas, who had been driven by fear of Moselekatsi to take refuge on the borders of the Cape Colony. These scattered remnants of divers tribes had assembled at the call of our friend, and under his directions had formed a town, containing three or four thousand inhabitants, which afterwards received the name of *Béthulie*. Thus, while we were forming a settlement at Moriah, not far from the sources of the Caledon, another station was springing up at fifty-two leagues distance, near the spot where that river falls into the Orange. I spent several days at this settlement, and it was beautiful to see the activity of the Bechuanas. In a few weeks they had constructed their cabins and cleared a vast extent of ground. More than three hundred of them were present at divine service every sabbath; and if the building had been sufficiently large, the number of the audience would have been doubled immediately.

One day, as I was walking with my friend, we saw at some distance a troop of horsemen advancing rapidly towards us. They were Korannas, returning from one



BETHULIE. P. 38.

of their marauding expeditions, and bringing with them a number of cattle. They were soon close to us, and as if to show us how little they cared for our disapproval, they unsaddled their horses and exposed to our view the fruits of their expedition. We could not restrain our indignation, and exclaimed in Dutch, which language they perfectly understood, "Wretches! from whom have you taken these cattle?"—"From the Tembukis," answered the chief of the band, coolly.—"And, doubtless, you have imbrued your hands in innocent blood?"—"We have killed several Caffres."—"If you do not fear their assagais, do you not fear the judgment of God?" At this a young man advanced, shaking his riding-whip at me furiously, and said, "We know that you are going to reside near Moshesh; go and tell him, that as soon as our horses are rested we are coming to attack him."

The moment of departure was at hand; I took with me, besides the baggage that I had come in search of, some cereals, the culture of which we wished to introduce, a quantity of vine-shoots, and fruit-trees of different kinds. Adam, the same half-caste Hottentot who had acted as our guide on the first journey, had determined to come and reside at Moriah, and his little caravan now joined mine. He did not conceal from me that he was seriously uneasy about our safety, having heard reports of certain plans formed by the Korannas to hinder my returning into the land of the Basutos. I therefore decided upon hiring several armed men as an escort.

Our route leading us near the residence of one of

the allies of our adversaries, Adam went to gain what information he could on the subject, and returned with news which quite dissipated all our fears. The Korannas having committed depredations on the government lands of the Cape, a number of colonists had taken the field against them, and forced them to flee towards the north. Thus I was enabled to continue my journey without fear of being attacked, and returning thanks to God, dismissed my escort with a slight reward.

CHAPTER III.

I REACHED Moriah in safety, after an absence of seven weeks. No sooner did the Bäsutos perceive the waggons approaching than they ran to meet us; every one of them insisted on shaking hands with me, and their countenances showed the joy they felt at seeing me again. My colleagues awaited my arrival at the scene of labour: I found them perched upon the top of their hut, which they were busily engaged in covering with a layer of mortar. They had none but joyful news to communicate; Moshesh continued to show the kind feeling he had at first manifested, and his eldest son had come with a numerous retinue to take up his abode at Moriah.

And now began in earnest our apprenticeship to a missionary life in a savage country.

The beasts of prey, attracted by some cattle that I had brought from Philippolis, seemed to appoint a general place of meeting around our rising hamlet. First came the lions and strangled our poor Tobit—a pretty little pony that was a favourite with us all—which they devoured two or three hundred steps from our door; they next attacked a mare, upon which, like the woman in the fable, we had founded hopes of a very fine stud.

The hyenas did not attempt to attack such large animals, but our sheep seemed to suit their fancy very well. The poor things were shut up every night in an enclosure, consisting of four walls, which we had hastily set up. Hardly were they in the fold when howlings on all sides announced a general assault. At first we set up a mock-man to defend our property, thinking that the hyenas of this country had not yet had an opportunity of studying our race closely enough to enable them to distinguish between a living white man and one without life, especially when the latter stood before them in gigantic proportions, the body leaning forward, the eyes concealed by an old broad-brimmed hat, and the hand raised and armed with a formidable club.

I do not know what they thought of this man of straw, but they continued their robberies under his very nose. We next determined to fix a large lantern to the door of the fold, but still our flock continued to diminish; and one very dark night the number of the victims amounted to twelve. It was now absolutely necessary for us to make resistance in person. There being three of us, the night was necessarily divided into three watches, during which each of us mounted guard in turn. We now had ample means of studying the tactics of our savage rivals; dreading our guns much less than our dogs, it seemed to be their chief aim to disable the latter for combat by excessive fatigue, and to this end they commenced, as soon as night set in, an interminable series of marches and countermarches, approaches and retreats, accompanied by the most threatening yells.

The dogs exerted themselves to the utmost, not resting a moment for hours together, till, with the approach of dawn, the howlings were heard at longer intervals, seeming to grow more distant, and calm was gradually restored. The dogs, thinking the danger was over, lay themselves down to rest, when all at once the silence was broken by a dreadful uproar,—the sheep were thrown into terrible confusion, dogs and masters jumped up, shouting and barking at the thief. It was too late. This treacherous plan rarely failed. The assault was so unexpected, and made with such rapidity, that, even while we stood sentinels in the fold ready for any emergency, the hyena entered, seized his prey and carried it off, before we had time to take aim and fire our guns.

Finding open war so unfavourable, we had recourse to snares and poison, in which we were much more successful.

The lions appeared as little disposed as the hyenas to abandon to us their ancient dwelling-place; they worried our flocks unceasingly, and at times watched us with an audacity that foreboded no good to ourselves; we therefore came to the resolution of turning them out of their strongholds. Ten of our party were hunters; my friend Gossellin and myself, Adam and some of his relations. The first thing to be done was to beat the plain, to find the tracks of our adversaries, and we soon discovered some quite recent, which led us to the top of a mountain, situated about a quarter of a league from the station. On arriving there we separated into two parties, in order

better to explore the table-land. I left Gossellin and proceeded towards the left, followed by three men; we had hardly advanced a few steps when a magnificent lion appeared; he belonged to that variety designated by the Cape Colonists under the name of *zwart leeuw* (black lion), on account of the blackish hue of his mane, and is distinguished from the common species by his extreme ferocity. I estimated the length of this animal to be not less than seven feet from the nose to the root of the tail. He stopped an instant to look at us, but we urged our horses into a gallop, and he took refuge behind a rock; on arriving about fifty paces from him we alighted and fired, but, protected by the rampart he had chosen, no ball seemed to touch him, though the detonation irritated him; he bristled up his mane and uttered a hollow roar. We were preparing to fire a second time, when he quitted his retreat, and we continued to pursue him till he reached a bush, where he waited our arrival: he seemed resolved not to stir from here, and from his posture we judged that he was preparing to spring upon one of us. Our position now became very dangerous; all the dogs had followed the other party. I had three men with me, one of whom threatened flight, and another was so deaf he could hardly hear the orders, or the counsels that were mutually given. We therefore decided to go in search of the rest of our party, and on reaching them found them engaged with a lioness; as she made a good deal of resistance, we were obliged to leave the lion for a few moments and join the party. The lioness, after having made several attempts to spring upon us, retired into the

clefts of a rock; in order to dislodge her, we excited the dogs, and she very soon left her retreat: a good-sized bullet hit her in the abdomen, and made such a wound that a part of the entrails trailed upon the ground. She now became mad with rage, and the rapidity of her movements prevented our aiming with precision at a vital part.

It was well for us that we had good dogs; these admirable creatures returned again and again to the charge, and even ventured to bite the legs of our terrible enemy, suddenly arresting her at the moment she was about to spring upon us; they received many scratches in the combat, and one of them was left dead on the battle-field. At length, after half an-hour's struggle, the lioness was killed by a ball through the neck; it was her fourteenth wound. We soon set off in search of the male, but he had wisely descended the mountain, and we did not find him again.

The news of what had happened must have circulated rapidly among the lions of the country, for, since that hunt, they never appeared again at the station.

The plants that I had brought succeeded wonderfully; but the culture of the cereals was attended with great difficulty. We had with much labour cleared and sown a fine piece of ground, which ought to have been enclosed by a wall or a strong fence. Alas! we ourselves lacked sufficient protection from the inclemency of the weather, and invasions of every kind with which we were threatened. Our wheat came up admirably, and grew in the most satisfactory manner

as long as it escaped the observation of the cattle at the station; but, one unlucky day, some cows happened to crop a few mouthfuls of this corn. From that time we had no more rest: one would have thought that these indiscreet creatures had communicated their discovery to all the horned population of the place. While the approach of a hyena made us rush toward the sheepfold, we were warned by loud bellowings that other ravages were being committed; and quickly throwing down the guns, we armed ourselves with long whips, with which we lacerated without mercy the hides of the depredators. But it was labour lost; the struggle was becoming more and more desperate, when, fortunately for our health, it was terminated by a visit from Moshesh. This worthy sovereign did us the honour of coming to see us in great pomp, at the head of a numerous cavalcade. This incident so diverted our minds from their habitual pre-occupations, that, for a whole night, the horses of our guests ravaged the fields which had not yet been invaded by the oxen.

Fortunately, a few bushels for seed were still left; but we were obliged to resolve to eat no more bread, and we felt the privation so much the more, as we had no more salt. Every one knows what a hash of mutton is without vegetables or seasoning. For the sake of a little change we tried the food which formed the sustenance of our neighbours, and soon came to consider as dainties roasted locusts, ostrich eggs, and slices of zebra and eland; we have even gone so far as to taste lions' flesh, and found it very like veal in flavour.

Our cooking was generally performed in the open air, and was intrusted to the care of a Mossuto, who was kind enough to officiate as cook. It would have been impossible to find what we call a servant in all the country; honest Enkasi had heroically risen above the national prejudice, which stigmatises with the name of *woman* whoever draws water, lights a fire, or has the charge of the saucepans. But if he had sacrificed the vanity of his sex, he had by no means given up his liberty, and provided he took care (*grosso modo*) that we did not starve, his conscience was satisfied: thus, it frequently happened that a hunting-party, a dance, or any other event of equal importance, robbed us of our Vatel in the most unexpected manner. In such a case we generally had recourse to extreme means,—seized the first-comer by the collar, and installed him, *nolens volens*, at the hearth, which always excited loud shouts of laughter from the rest of the party. The supplementary cook did not fail to exhort Enkasi, on his return, to be more mindful of the requirements of the white men of Moshesh.

All these minor miseries were easy enough to bear as long as the season was favourable. At twenty-five years of age, in the enjoyment of good health, and blessed with the approving smile of a Heavenly Father, one does not much mind a few privations. Indeed, in what path of life are we not exposed to them? But an unexpected change in the state of the atmosphere unfortunately had a most depressing effect upon our spirits.

We had arrived among the Basutos in the winter,

which is in this country the driest season in the year. One fine day succeeded another without interruption. We had heard so much of the scorching climate of Africa, and had been so earnestly recommended to fix our abode near streams adapted to the purpose of irrigation, that we never imagined we should experience any inconvenience from rain. There could surely be no more than passing showers. The roof of our cabin had been made under the influence of these ideas, and consisted of a thin layer of reeds, bound rather loosely to the rafters which formed their support; the rafters themselves were not sufficiently slanting to cause the water to run off quickly, and the consequence was, the first heavy shower we had produced upon us the effect of a shower-bath. This amused us very much—it was, doubtless, an accidental occurrence. But week after week these shower-baths became more frequent and more copious, and we at length determined to give the entire surface of our roof a coat of mortar. The remedy aggravated the evil; the rafters gave way under the weight, and soon, instead of an umbrella, we had a funnel over our heads. The rains of that country are wild, like everything else. From the month of November to April, the north wind blows over from the swamps of Mozambique masses of cloud, which sweep heavily over the earth, darkening the sky, and preceded in their course by dreadful peals of thunder. On reaching the high land, the aërial lake is shut in by the mountains of the Malutis; a rapid condensation takes place, which destroys the equilibrium, and a veri-

table deluge ensues. In a few moments cataracts rush from the mountain heights, the smallest rivulets are transformed into torrents, and the rivers overflowing their banks cover the plains; this sometimes lasts for days together. During these inundations we literally did not know where to put ourselves: we generally remained lying down, heaping upon our miserable beds all the impermeable objects we could lay hands on. The natives, huddled together in their huts, took care not to come and make any inquiries about us; being gifted themselves with the extraordinary faculty of laying in a store of food, as the camel does of water, they thought it quite natural to await the return of the fine weather before lighting the fires.

During these hours of inactivity and of compulsory fasting we devised the plan of a solid stone house, twenty-four feet by eighteen, which was to contain five rooms and a large kitchen.

The first stone was laid with great ceremony. One may judge of the serious nature of this undertaking by the reflections which it suggested to my companion, Mr. Arbousset. The day the stone was laid he wrote as follows:—"Without adopting the opinion of an author of much celebrity, and without applying to the evangelical Missionary what that writer has said of the priest, '*That around him mystery should reign, and that he should not often appear among men,*' we nevertheless believe that he ought, in some way, to command respect; and experience has proved that a grave demeanour, a *spacious dwelling*, order in the domestic arrangements,

and cleanliness in everything, are at least some of the means which favourably prepossess the simple and uninstructed mind."

Alas! how matter-of-fact we become as we grow old! Now, my friend would say that he built the house for the preservation of his health.

Ours were evidently in great danger. Colds, rheumatism, and fevers of all kinds, would have been the natural results of our almost aquatic life, and yet we had nothing of the kind; we had never been better in our lives; a loving and all-powerful Father was watching over us, and He did not permit us to suffer the natural consequences of our inexperience.

We laboured for six months, without any relaxation, at our new dwelling, and were in such a hurry to enter it, that we installed ourselves before the roof was completed, or a single door put up. The Basutos watched our proceedings, and asked each other why, if we wanted a cavern, we did not go and inhabit one of those which abound in the Malutis?

In the meantime, some Methodist Missionaries, who had been driven from the borders of the Fal by prolonged droughts, and by the fear of Moselekatsi, emigrated with their converts into the country of the Basutos, and obtained permission of Moshesh to settle at Thabanchu, Umpukani, and Platberg—the nearest of these stations being about thirty-five miles from Moriah. The arrival of these missionaries reminded us that we belonged to a civilised race, and we hastened to go and welcome them. The bonds of Christian brotherhood were soon formed

between us; and it was arranged that we should see one another and correspond as often as possible. Our new friends were married, and I still blush at the remembrance of the extreme awkwardness and shyness with which we responded to the civilities shown us by their ladies. It is sad to say, that though we had selected from our wearing-apparel what was most presentable, our toilet was not of a nature to inspire us with any confidence; we ought, however, to have guessed that this would only be another recommendation to the benevolence of the ladies. A few days after our return a horseman alighted at our door, bringing us a basketful of biscuits, and a very kind letter, requesting that those articles of our wardrobe which stood most in need of repair might be forwarded immediately.

This little incident corrected, in some measure, the shade of stoical roughness that our characters had already acquired.

The study of the language of the Basutos supplied us with a mental exercise, which produced a favourable reaction on our hearts. There are in the idioms of this language words magical, on account of their poetry, metaphors, sometimes *naïve*, sometimes brilliant or full of fire, the discovery of which completely charmed us. We visited Moshesh very frequently, and to him we were in a great measure indebted for our rapid progress. He contrived, by means of an ingenious pantomime, to explain to us some very delicate points of similarity between words, and sometimes even abstract ideas.

In these primitive languages there exists, almost

invariably, in addition to the proper term, a figurative and picturesque expression, which greatly facilitates research. It is by the help of poetry that we arrive at prose.

If the ear be at all sensitive, one finds a powerful aid in the observation of the sounds themselves. Such words as, *lilelo* (tears), *elela* (to flow), *leseli* (light), *naleli* (star), *serotoli* (drop), *molelo* (fire), *leleme* (tongue), *lelakabe* (flame), are to the ear what a picture would be to the eye. These harmonious combinations of liquid consonants can only represent bodies of a light, fluid, sparkling nature. The *t* and *th* are reserved for the clash of resisting bodies: *thata* (hard), *tea* (to strike), *tua* (to pound). There are words whose every syllable seems to have been cleverly put together to form a perfect onomatopœia. Such is *phefumuluah* (to breathe). Mark the sound: *phe*, the lips open with a slight noise; *fu*, the breath escapes by the mouth; *mu*, by the nose; *luah*, the chest dilates, and the air is discharged. Again: analyse *boroko* (sleep); the respiration stops for an instant, as is the case with a person in a profound sleep, and then recommences with a sort of explosion (*bo*), then a slight rattle is heard (*ro*), and the last effort of the diaphragm to free the lungs entirely causes the uvula to emit a slight cracking sound (*ko*). The vowel does not change, for nothing is so monotonous as the breathing of a sleeper.

There had appeared to us, at first, little resemblance between the language of the Basutos and that of the Bechuanas of the north-west; but it soon became

evident to us that the differences chiefly arose from certain changes of letters, and that these changes were subject to fixed rules. From that time forward we were able to use some little attempts at translation, which had just been made by Mr. Moffat, of Kuruman, and we also availed ourselves of a paradigm arranged by our colleagues at Motito.

CHAPTER IV.

After a year's sojourn at Moriah I was called to Bethulie, Mr. Rolland being there on a visit, and desiring to speak to me about an important project. Mounted on an excellent pony, and guided by a man who was perfectly acquainted with the country, I performed the journey in two days, and had nothing to complain of but the cock of the rifle I carried with a shoulder-belt, and which, beating time most unmercifully to the gallop of my horse, ended by seriously damaging first my coat, and then my back. It is true we had the pleasure of sending some shot at some hyenas, which were stretched luxuriously under the shade of a solitary olive-tree. They saw us pass with the most perfect indifference, and without doing us the honour of rising at our appearance.

Bethulie had made much more rapid progress than Moriah. The chief of the locality, named Lepuy, was a man of no great intelligence, but docile, and desirous of instruction. Four hundred natives constantly attended public worship, the women taking their little children with them, in order not to be deprived of the privilege of being present. Mr. and Mrs. Pellissier kept a day-school, which was very well attended, and it was interesting to

see a large number of girls assembled round my friend's wife, endeavouring to manufacture for themselves becoming and decent clothing.

There I saw for the first time our elder brother, Mr. Rolland. He was returning from the colony, where he had married an English lady, to whom Cape Town and its dependencies are indebted for the introduction of Infant Schools.

These friends were about to return soon to Motito, and purposed going from that place on a mission to Moselekatsi; they expressed a wish to have me as a co-labourer, but, after having examined the question in all its aspects, I did not consider that I could conscientiously leave the field of labour in which the Lord had placed me and my friends, Arbousset and Gossellin.

When the time for my departure arrived, I found that the native who had accompanied me thither was no longer at my disposal, and I was compelled to set off on my journey with some of the inhabitants of Bethulie, who had never visited the country of the Basutos.

Our first day's march, or rather gallop, was cheerful enough; the localities were familiar to my travelling companions, who remembered to have hunted there more than once. We halted for the night in a little grotto carpeted with moss, near to a spring of fresh and limpid water, which appeared to us delightful. The next day found us wandering over interminable plains, where the eye sought in vain for some object on which to fix. Myriads of antelopes darkened our horizon by the clouds of dust they raised in their precipitous flight.

Having no compass, I regulated our march by the sun's course, and endeavoured to free my mind from every preoccupation which might make me lose sight of the point to which our steps should be directed. My travelling companions were rendered uneasy by my silence; they concluded that I was leading them on haphazard; and towards nightfall burst forth into reproaches and exclamations of regret because I could not tell them exactly how many hours' journey we were from Moriah. Night surprised us on the top of an arid hill, where we sought in vain for some brushwood to light a fire; and hardly had we unsaddled our horses when we were warned, by distant roarings, that the night would not be passed without danger. It was a winter night of fourteen hours. Worn out with fatigue, hunger, and thirst, we had hardly strength enough left to speak to each other.

Having recommended ourselves to God, we lay down upon the rock, taking care to load our guns and place them near us. And thus, with palpitating hearts, we listened in silence to the lugubrious sounds wafted to us by the winds of the desert. Alarm reigned around us; for hollow roars continued to resound in the distance. Multitudes of antelopes were bounding over the plain below, uttering from time to time little plaintive cries, intermingled with a sort of sneeze, which seemed to denote petulance as well as timidity; and we heard distinctly the stamp of the gnu in the low ground, and the gallop of the quaggas, bounding to the heights in order better to snuff the air, and to determine by the scent

from which side came the enemy whose terrible voice they had heard. The screaming of the jackal rose above the tumult, and seemed like an infernal laugh preluding the horrors of the carnage. At times all these sounds ceased, as if by magic, and we heard nothing but the noise made by our horses in eating, or the light rustling of a few blades of grass shaken by the wind. These terrible pauses increased our horror; the thickest darkness reigned around us, and we saw, in imagination, the inexorable lion approaching with stealthy step towards us. I endeavoured to drive this picture from my mind, and to substitute the promises that the Lord has made to His children.

Our position soon became extremely dangerous, three lions were prowling about not far off; seeming sometimes to advance in our direction, then to remain stationary; returning to their former spot only to approach us again. While one of these monsters would make the desert echo with the majestic sounds of his voice, the others answered him in short and abrupt roars, the sharpness of which seemed to have in them something almost metallic. I regretted being unable to enjoy this concert in a tranquil frame of mind; but I confess that fear overcame every other feeling, and I was only kept calm by recalling the words which a tender mother had taught me to repeat in my infancy:—

"God, who sustains my faith,
Is ever near to me,
And He doth never sleep."

Truly He slept not, but preserved us from all evil. After several long hours of anguish and perplexity, we had the happiness of seeing the morning star rise in the horizon; and soon the first glimmering of dawn enabled us to perceive that our horses had escaped the danger as well as ourselves. My Bechuanas, relieved from their fears, wrapped themselves up in their sheepskins, and were soon asleep, while I went to the top of a neighbouring mountain to discover, if possible, where we were. I know not if Balboa, when he discovered the Pacific Ocean, uttered a more heartfelt cry of joy than that with which I saluted the peak which overlooks the station at Moriah. We had still a ride of four hours before us, which we had to make fasting; but, after the horrors of the night, anything would have seemed easy to bear.

The population of Moriah increased from day to day, and gathered around the young chiefs Letsie and Molapo, who had been placed with us by Moshesh, their father. This was a great encouragement to us; and we redoubled those efforts which should enable us to preach the Gospel to the Basutos in their own language.

Towards the middle of the second year of our sojourn among these people we succeeded in making some short compositions, which, though still very defective, were at least clear, intelligible, and free from that verbosity which always accompanies a laborious translation. The subject of our little essays was generally furnished by some simple and interesting Bible narrative, from which

we deduced two or three lessons suited to the capacity of our auditors. To facilitate the matter, we did not confine ourselves to a literal translation of Holy Scripture, but were satisfied if we gave the general meaning; and on Saturday we submitted these feeble productions of the week to each other's inspection, as much for suggesting any improvement to be made in them, as for our common instruction and benefit.

At the commencement of the year 1835, my two colleagues were obliged to absent themselves for some length of time. Mr. Arbousset departed for Cape Town, and Mr. Gossellin went to lend the aid of his vigorous arm to Mr. Pellissier, our friend at Bethulie. This was the most trying season of my whole sojourn in Africa; for several months, in addition to the irksomeness of solitude, I was harassed with doubts as to the stability of the work we had undertaken.

About the beginning of the month of February I was rendered very uneasy by alarming rumours from all sides. The Korannas, it was said, would soon attack Moshesh; their spies had been seen prowling about the country. These reports seemed to me at bottom so little deserving of credit, that I had nearly forgotten them, when a messenger from Moshesh came to announce to me that the Korannas were not far off, and that it was most probable they would first attack Moriah. This message reached me about eight o'clock in the evening; and although it was so late, I thought it my duty to set off immediately for Bosio, to assure myself of the accuracy of the report. I reached Moshesh at two o'clock

in the morning; our chief was in great consternation, and busy in making defensive preparations. He seemed pleased to see me. I asked him to give me proofs of the veracity of those persons who had given him the information, and after some inquiries on the subject, it was discovered that they could not found their assertions on any positive fact. I returned to Moriah greatly relieved.

Two days afterwards, I was suddenly awakened in the middle of the night by Matete, one of the counsellors of Letsie. "Open the door," cried he. "Light a candle quickly; the Korannas are upon us, and this time we are dead men if we do not defend ourselves." I opened the door, and asked him where the Korannas had been seen. "They have not been seen," he replied; "but the *Linohe* have spoken, and all that they foretell will cer tainly happen."—"What are the *Linohe?*"—"They are our diviners; two of them declared yesterday with tears that we should all be massacred."—"If that is all, we may lie down again without fear; your diviners are mistaken, or they seek to deceive you."—"What! you do not believe our diviners, and yet we believe all that you say about God!" This answer astonished me; nevertheless, I tried to explain to my interlocutor that we had solid grounds for our faith in God, while for his superstitions he had none at all. He quitted me, less astonished at my incredulity, and said as he went away, "We have remarked ourselves that our diviners are often mistaken, we shall see how it will be this time; meanwhile pray to Jehovah in our favour."

Till now, all these alarms had not ended in anything serious, but real trials were soon to follow; the Basutos were preparing, in their turn, to carry death and devastation among their enemies.

The inhabitants of the station informed me one day that they were all going to hunt on the morrow, and some of them asked leave to sharpen their spears on our grindstone, in order that they might strike a larger number of antelopes. I saw others preparing sandals, and I remarked that they had painted their faces as they do when they go to war. At ten o'clock next morning Moshesh arrived, with a troop of horsemen; he dismounted at my door, and, without giving himself time to salute me, he asked, in a hollow voice, what I had done with his children. I coolly replied, that they were gone a-hunting. "What! gone a-hunting? They are gone against the Korannas. My sons have deceived me; let us go after them: I hope we shall be able to stop them. Come with me; you are their father; they will obey you, and you will bring them back by gentle means." He informed me at the same time that a body of three or four hundred men were expected, and that if Letsie and Molapo would not desist from their project, they would be compelled to do so by force of arms. These words decided me to go with him; it was important to prove to Moshesh that I was in no wise a partaker in the ambitious designs of his sons, and I thought also that I might act the part of peacemaker on this occasion. After a march of a day and a half we came to a hill, about ten or twelve leagues from the village of the

Korannas. Letsie, Molapo, and their troop, were encamped behind a mass of rocks which crowned the hill, waiting the approach of night to resume their march. Their spies had returned: all was in readiness; a few hours more, and the Korannas would be hemmed in on all sides.

When we were within two gun-shots of the troop we dismounted near a running brook, and two men were sent to Letsie, desiring him to return to us immediately: at the same instant the scouts arrived, and seated themselves quietly at our side, with that air of indifference which the Mochuana knows so well how to assume on the most critical occasions. Moshesh was quenching his thirst at the brook; presently, he came also, and throwing himself listlessly on the grass, asked Nau, his chief officer, what these men were saying: then, without waiting a reply, he rose, and with eyes flashing with rage, fired a pistol point-blank at one of the spies. Happily, it missed fire. Nau rushed upon Moshesh, and, holding him in his arms, entreated him to be appeased, and gave the spies time to escape. Moshesh called for the horses: they were all unsaddled except mine, which I had taken the precaution to keep near me; he begged me to lend it to him; I refused, unless he would leave his weapons in my hands, and promise me to do the unfortunate fugitives no harm. I obtained this promise, and for this time the chief satisfied his vengeance with two or three strokes of the whip. Meanwhile Letsie had obeyed his father's summons; and, after much altercation and resistance, he was obliged to submit, and order his

A MOSUTO WARRIOR P. 63.

men to return to the station. They came down the hill in battle array, forming a column of three ranks, all armed with assagais, clubs, and shields, their shoulders covered with a panther's skin, and their head adorned with plumes of many-coloured feathers.

The conduct of Moshesh on this occasion rejoiced me exceedingly, but I soon discovered that he had disapproved less of the expedition itself, than of the manner in which it had been undertaken; which was, he imagined, wanting in respect to himself.

These events were transpiring at a time when the Colonial Government was at war with the Caffres. "What would you think," said Moshesh to me, as we entered Moriah once more, "if I were to aid the king of the white men to reduce the Caffres to subjection? My sons have as yet no renown; they wish to distinguish themselves in war; and it seems to me that present circumstances afford an excellent opportunity of insuring to myself the friendship of the white people, and of gratifying the desire of my sons." I tried to dissuade him from this idea, but in vain; his resolution was already taken, and on reaching Bosio he received tidings which served to strengthen him in it. Mapela, one of his vassals, who lived beyond the Orange River, had made an invasion on the Tembukis, and had taken a large number of cattle; but the Tembukis, following close on his heels, had recovered their cattle, and at the same time carried off some of the herds of Moshesh. From that time I considered war as inevitable; and, indeed, a few weeks afterwards our chief took his departure, with two thousand men, a hundred beasts of burden

laden with provisions, and the same number of oxen for food. Only women, children, and four or five shepherds, remained behind at the station. How shall I describe the sorrow I felt at these events? "These are," thought I, "the Basutos, who lately, reduced to extremities by their enemies, groaned for peace — and now they rekindle the flames of war! Past lessons are forgotten, and two years' gospel-preaching has left no trace in their hearts!"

Moshesh sustained a humiliating defeat. He had been betrayed: the Caffres expected him; they allowed him to ravage six or eight villages, and take from three to four thousand head of cattle; but as soon as the Basutos began to withdraw with their spoil the enemy burst upon them on all sides. A furious conflict ensued: Moshesh was obliged to dismount, and fight at the head of his troops; Ralisaoane, his brother, was killed. The horses, being only in the way, many of them were killed, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Caffres. Most of the cattle, also, which had been carried away, were necessarily left behind; and from eight to nine hundred horned beasts were the only fruit of this unfortunate enterprise. The result proved to us that this incident had been permitted by Providence for a wise purpose. Moshesh frankly acknowledged the fault he had committed, and from that time diligently applied himself to the propagation of the principles of peace among his people, and that forgetfulness of the past, which we constantly inculcated. From that moment the most perfect tranquillity reigned, for many years, in the central parts of the country.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE the events related in the preceding chapter were transpiring, Mr. Rolland was founding, half-way between Bethulie and Moriah, a new station, which was destined by Providence to exert great influence over the whole country. The interminable wars of Moselekatsi, putting out of all question the idea of forming any settlement near that chief, and the population of Motito being too inconsiderable to suffice for the activity of two Missionaries, our friend had decided on settling near the borders of the river Caledon.

All being ready for his departure, he took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Lemue, and directed his steps towards Bethulie. A few days' journey brought him to the banks of the river Fal, which he found so swollen by the recent rains that he was obliged to wait three weeks before he could venture to cross.

Such contrarieties are experienced by every traveller in Africa. One day follows another with overwhelming monotony. The immobility of the scene before one, the silence which reigns around during the heat of the day, the wearisome repetition of the cries of wild beasts in the cool of the morning and evening, the hopeless sere-

nity of the heavens, end by causing the head to swim. From time to time the poor traveller, yielding to a feverish impatience, descends the declivity which separates him from the inexorable torrent, to consult a slip of wood which he has driven into the sand, at the extreme edge of the water. He clasps his hands, and jumps for joy like a child, at the first indication of a lower level; and from that time, taking as a basis the fraction of an inch that the river may have fallen, he gives himself up to calculations, which, if they do not hasten his deliverance, enable him, at least, to await it more patiently than before.

After three weeks spent in these alternations of hope and despondency, Mr. Rolland, finding the water reduced to a depth of four feet and a half, determined to attempt crossing. A dozen Bushmen offered their services on the occasion, the only reward they asked being a few glass beads.

The waggon containing the baggage went over first; the natives, swimming by the side of the oxen, shouting and striking the water to urge the animals forward and prevent their stopping in the middle of the stream.

The vehicle that followed contained the most valuable property my friend had in the world—his wife and a little girl of eight months old. God sometimes permits that on which we bestow most care to be exposed to the greatest danger; and it was so on this occasion. The cumbrous machine now rolling along, now upborne by the water, left the ford, and struck against the large root of a willow-tree. The Bushmen ran to the rescue,

took the child, and had soon deposited it in safety on the opposite bank, and a few moments after the mother was by its side. Mr. Rolland was obliged to labour incessantly for three hours, to extricate the waggon and set the team in order. In such an emergency the oxen never fail to entangle themselves in their harness, and get into the most desperate confusion; some breaking their yokes, others backing at random, until they find themselves between the pair that followed them: the leaders, refusing all service, are suddenly and mysteriously transported among those that bring up the rear. In short, nothing is soon to be distinguished but a confused mass, bristling with horns, and from which proceed bellowings of the most lamentable kind.

Our friends, happy to find themselves, by God's help, safely through this difficulty, continued their journey tranquilly, and soon had the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Pellissier at Bethulie.

After having a little recovered from their fatigue, they went to take up their abode on the north bank of the Caledon, between Bethulie and Moriah, about eighteen leagues from the former and twenty from the latter of these stations.

The chief, Moshesh, approved of the foundation of the new settlement, which received the name of *Beersheba*. Portions of the tribe of the Barolongs, who had been dispersed by Moselekatsi, came first to seek a refuge there; but previous to the enjoyment of repose, they, as well as their spiritual guide, had to pass through a season of agitation and alarm.

The surrounding country was uninhabited; but at a distance of six or seven leagues from the station were the head-quarters of those formidable Korannas whose incursions had proved so fatal to the Basutos. They lived on the sides of a magnificent mountain, which an industrious people would soon have converted into a delightful place of residence. As for them, like the vultures that had built their eyries on its lofty ridges, they only saw in it a fortress whence they might conveniently spy out and surprise their victims.

These wretches tried at first, by threats and secret plotting, to terrify and dishearten the Missionary; and for several months there was a succession of insolent messages, alarms, and armed visitors. Sometimes a herald in rags, but mounted on an excellent horse, came to proclaim the imprescriptible rights of a Fortao or a Vittefoet, modern Tidals, kings of nations, before whom everything must bow; sometimes a messenger, puffed up with the importance of his mission, interrupted our friend in the midst of his labours, in order to place in his hand a long stick, which was the exact measure of the roll of tobacco his master required.

Mr. Rolland bore all this with fortitude. He took the precaution to cover in his house with a terrace, instead of an ordinary roof, in order to be safe from fire, and to secure a refuge for his family in case of a *coup-de-main*. Knowing that the Korannas were as cowardly as they were boasting and cruel, he did not scruple to display, in proper time and place, the weapons in his possession. His people, having as yet had no good

harvest, subsisted principally by the chase, and thus acquired much skill in handling the musket.

A terrible act of justice on the part of the Basutos soon convinced the Korannas that their reign was over; some Amakosa Caffres had recently come to settle near the Basutos, and the chief of these strangers, named Yalusa, had promised the most perfect loyalty to Moshesh. Shortly afterwards, however, struck with the apparent weakness of the people who had afforded him hospitality, he began to intercept travellers, lay violent hands on them, and enrich himself with the booty; but, at a time when they least expected it, the guilty horde were surrounded by some thousands of men, commanded by two of the sons of Moshesh, and cut in pieces: the smoke of the burning villages was seen from Beersheba.

Mr. Rolland took advantage of this opportunity to teach the natives, that though Christianity does not forbid people to assert their rights, it never allows them to act cruelly towards the vanquished.

A number of cattle that had been left in the fields by the Caffres, had fallen into the hands of the inhabitants of the station. The Missionary assembled the people, and besought them to have pity on those poor creatures who had escaped slaughter, and send them back their cattle. This proposal appeared at first very singular, and excited great discontent; but the power of the Gospel soon became manifest. Mr. Rolland and some of the most influential men mounted their horses, and went in search of the fugitives, whom they found a prey to hunger and despair, and thus saved their lives.

In the midst of the cares and anxieties of this critical moment a little incident occurred, which touchingly reminded us of the care that God continually exercises over His children.

He had recently blessed me with a helpmate; the journey that our union had rendered necessary was nearly over, but before returning to Moriah we thought it our duty to devote a few days to the friendship that united us to Mr. and Mrs. Rolland. The new-comer, being passionately fond of nature, sometimes ventured into the country beyond the bounds of prudence; and, while the Basutos were sacrificing to their vengeance the Caffres of Yalusa, she amused herself with gathering flowers on the banks of the Caledon. All at once piercing cries rent the air, and there stood before her a number of savage-looking warriors,—enemies of the people to whom she had devoted her existence. Ignorant of the extent of the danger she had incurred, she returned to the station, where she learned with amazement the great alarm which her absence had created.

The Korannas, surprised at the daring blow that had just been struck by Moshesh, at so short a distance from their abode, and seeing the assurance of the inhabitants of Beersheba increase from day to day, ended by quitting the country altogether.

About the same time, circumstances unforeseen by Mr. Rolland concurred in a most providential manner to increase the importance of the settlement, and ensure to it a great influence over the destiny of the whole population.

During the wars that had ravaged their country, more than two-thirds of the Basutos had taken refuge in the Cape Colony. Stripped of everything, and weary of war, they desired nothing better than to repair their fortunes by the labour of their hands, and from the first showed themselves tractable, and even grateful to those who received them; while the latter welcomed with delight skilful shepherds and excellent workmen, who were satisfied with very humble remuneration. Large communities of Basutos were thus formed from the banks of the Orange River to Algoa Bay.

But, in the meantime, war had broken out between the Colonial Government and the Amakosa Caffres, and the struggle was long and expensive. The general-in-chief, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, came off conqueror, though not without difficulty; and his first care after the war was over was to devise means to prevent a second insurrection. Mistrusting the Basutos, of whose history he was entirely ignorant, he commanded them to return to their own country. Great was the perplexity of these poor fugitives, who trembled at the thought of returning to those scenes of bloodshed they had left behind. Besides, they began to value the advantages of civilisation, and many of them had gained some idea of religion, which they feared they might lose in a heathen country.

Lastly, and this was the most important point in their eyes, there were among them several representatives of families who had formerly governed in Lesuto,

and who had often been led by rivalry into hostilities with Moshesh. These fallen chiefs had every reason to believe that their reappearance might awaken by-gone feuds. They could no longer claim seigneurial rights upon a territory which they had abandoned. At this seasonable moment two circumstances happened which removed all difficulties. The first was the proclamation of a general amnesty, a complete forgetfulness of the past — an act proving both the benevolence and the ability of the chief Moshesh; the second, the existence of the station of Beersheba.

The surrounding country being depopulated, offered abundant pasturage for the cattle which the refugees had gained in the colony. While the most influential families settled near the Missionary, others formed villages at no great distance; and the disinherited chiefs, while they acknowledged the sovereignty of Moshesh, were able, thanks to the distance that separated them from him, to settle without difficulty all the little details of the relations that existed between them.

Thus had Mr. and Mrs. Rolland, under the guidance of God, opened the door by which thousands of exiles were to return to the land of their fathers, having their minds instilled on the way with the principles of the Gospel. After two or three years of dangers and assaults, our friends found themselves surrounded by a considerable population; the desolate places flourished round them, and the journey from Beersheba to Moriah, which formerly we could not perform without exposing our-

selves to be devoured by lions, or stripped of everything by brigands, now lay through hamlets scattered here and there along the road.

To the north of the Caledon, toward the centre of the country comprised between that river and the Fal, another tribe, that had long been a prey to misfortune, awakened our sympathies. The *Bataungs* closely resembled the subjects of Moshesh in features, manners, and language, but they had a distinct government; their chief town was called Entikoa, and there resided their chief Makoana, and his nephew, Moletsane, an enterprising man, who enjoyed great renown among the warriors of that country.

The invasion of the Zulus of Natal had been no less disastrous to the Bataungs than to those dwelling on the banks of the Orange and Caledon. Moletsane finding himself ruined, invaded the territory of the Barolongs, and advanced to the banks of the Merikoa, conquering all that lay in his way. Sebetoane, chief of the Bapatsa, was in alliance with him, when an unexpected attack from Moselekatsi obliged them both to flee. Sebetoane continued his march northward, till he reached the shores of the Zambesi, where Livingstone found him enjoying great prosperity. Moletsane fled in an opposite direction, and for the time settled on the Fal, whence he contrived, by means of a few fortunate expeditions, to take vengeance for the defeat he had sustained. But he soon found that his adversary was too strong for him. The tyrant of the Zulus sent a formidable armed body against him, who committed dreadful slaughter among

the Bataungs, and Moletsane, much enfeebled, withdrew to the Modder, where fresh disasters awaited him. The Griquas robbed him of almost everything still in his possession; and from that time this chief, whose name had been almost as famous as that of Moselekatsi, lived in oblivion on the confines of the Cape Colony. Makoana had not been more fortunate in the land of his fathers; most of his subjects, wearied with reverses of every kind, had deserted him and sought refuge near the Caledon, in the mountains of the country of Moshesh. The privilege of labouring at the restoration of this unfortunate tribe was reserved for Mr. and Mrs. Daumas; they commenced the work about the time that Beersheba had reached that state of prosperity which has been described above.

Our new companion had sojourned for some time at this station to learn the language of the natives, and, accompanied by Mr. Arbousset, had visited the country of the Bataungs, and was convinced that it did not afford sufficient security to a people intimidated by a succession of disasters. With the consent of Moshesh, the seat of the new mission was placed at Mekuatling, in the northern part of the country belonging to this chief, where a great number of Bataungs were already to be found living among the Basutos, there being still room for some thousands more of inhabitants. Makoana was first invited to come and see the place which the Missionary had chosen.

Many eloquent speeches were made on this occasion, which we will take the liberty of submitting to the

reader, as a specimen of African rhetoric. "My lords," said the chief on his arrival, "when you passed through Entikoa in the moon of May, and assured me that you intended to instruct me, I said to myself, 'These white men may lie as well as ourselves,' and I did not believe you, especially when I saw you depart soon afterwards. Now I think otherwise. This place shall be mine—it is good—I will remove to it with all my family."—"Makoana," answered the white men, whose veracity was thus acknowledged, "our hearts are rejoiced to see you, for we are attached to you and your subjects. We acknowledge you as the eldest son of Taung, the king of the tribe of the Bataungs."—"Ah!" interrupted the chief with emotion, "every one knows that I am the son of Taung, but seeing me poor, my subjects no longer rally around me!"—"You live," continued the Missionaries, "three days' journey from here, in a fertile country, it is true, abounding in game, but exposed to the attacks of numerous enemies. When we passed through your towns you said to us, 'I will go and build on the river Tikuane, and live there in peace.' We did not oblige you to speak thus; we believed you, and you see we are come ourselves to build near the river you mentioned; the place is already peopled with many of your subjects, who come daily to seek a refuge from hunger and the attacks of their enemies. Look at the beautiful fields they have cleared! Is not this a spacious and fertile valley? In these mountains wood for fuel may be found in great abundance. This is, besides, a retired corner, sheltered from those unexpected attacks

which are so formidable to men buried in sleep; from whichever side the enemy may come, we shall have warning of his approach. We are on the territory of King Moshesh, who wishes well to the Missionaries." An old man, in the suite of Makoana, addressed the company in his turn, and ended with this exclamation, worthy of a counsellor of the shepherd-kings: "I have carefully examined the country, and have seen that it is a land of rain and of corn. We will come and dwell here when we have got in the harvest. Why am I not a young man? I would be shepherd to the white men."

Immediately after this important meeting heralds were sent in all directions to announce that the following day was called *the day of God*, and that the inhabitants of the country, old and young, were invited to prayer. The next day the natives assembled in great numbers, and listened with profound attention to some remarks on those words of the forerunner of Christ: "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." By dint of attention and goodwill they managed to follow, without many digressions, the modulations of the voices of the Missionaries in singing a hymn, the first verse of which commenced with these words, "*Chaba tsotle tsa lefatse, li thla thla Sioneng*" (All nations of the earth shall come to Sion).

These prophetic words were not to be realised concerning poor Makoana. In spite of the promises he had made in such fine language, he feared to lose a measure of his independence by approaching Moshesh,

and preferred vegetating in a country almost uninhabited.

Moletsane, wiser than he, did not hesitate to accept the shelter offered to his tribe. He established himself near Mekuatling, with some thousands of Bataungs, amongst whom Mr. and Mrs. Daumas have, from that time, continued to propagate the cause of Christianity and civilisation.

CHAPTER VI.

The reader will perhaps remember, that when we founded the station of Moriah we flattered ourselves that we should one day see the supreme chief of the country take up his abode with us; but after four years of expectation this hope had not been realised. The knowledge we had gained of the national history and manners did not allow us to advise the abandonment of a natural fortress, to which the principal families of the tribe owed their preservation. "This mountain is my mother," said Moshesh to us often, in speaking of Thaba-Bosio: "had it not been for her, you would have found this country entirely without inhabitants. You think that war is at an end; I do not believe it: this is a rod that God has not yet broken."

The extreme interest with which this man listened to our preaching, whenever we visited him, and the influence that he exerted over the whole country, made it our duty to enlighten him as much as possible; it was, therefore, decided that I should go and live near him.

Mr. Gossellin, with the help of some of the natives, had soon constructed the house which was to afford me

shelter at the very foot of the citadel of Moshesh; and, as soon as it was finished, I withdrew to my new post with my wife, and a little boy with which God had recently blessed us. The friend who had prepared our domicile was to return to Mr. Arbousset at Moriah. It was with feelings of deep emotion that I considered the prospect of living apart from my two fellow-workers, whose society had become in some measure indispensable to me; five years' experience in common had led us to a conformity of views and of plans which greatly enhanced the value of our daily intercourse. My wife, also, found no less congeniality in the society of a friend of her childhood, who had some time ago become the partner of Mr. Arbousset. I was also obliged to bid adieu to the flock whom I had, by degrees, become accustomed to consider as my family. The vocation of the Missionary seems to forbid his forming any deep attachments. Having quitted his country and his kindred, should he not feel a stranger everywhere? The heart is not, like the reason, subject to a rigorous law of principle; it follows everywhere its natural bent, at the risk of being inconsistent. Perhaps, in this case, it is not so much the effect of its weakness, as a compensation granted it by Providence. I doubt if the Missionary can be happy, if he finds nothing more in his work than the accomplishment of a duty, and especially I doubt his success.

Some time after the departure of Mr. Gossellin, Providence gave me a very valuable co-labourer in the person of my brother-in-law, Mr. Dyke.

If my frequent visits had not already given me the right of citizenship at Thaba-Bosio, this right would have been freely granted me, now that I brought to the capital the first little white child born in the country of the Basutos. People came from all parts to see him. The chief and his counsellors forgot their affairs, as soon as they had access to this new kind of citizen. The care lavished upon him, the smallest details relative to his toilet, gave rise to the most *naïve* remarks. The mothers hastened to bring their own babies to compare them with ours, and to ask us by what means we preserved him in the good health he seemed to enjoy. It is right that the reader should know that, as long as we remained bachelors, the Basutos had found something singular and suspicious in our mode of existence. There were often whisperings around us about the matter; the interpretations were very various, but all unfavourable. "Ah!" said the profound thinkers, "their hearts are not the hearts of men. How can we hope that they should understand us, or that they should make themselves intelligible to us?" Others supposed that we were too poor, or of too mean extraction, to be able to find wives according to our taste. A third party more charitably explained our appearance in the country, as the result of a curiosity which would soon be satisfied. "These young men," said they, "will soon return home and settle. Of what use is it to listen to what they teach us?" The women, accustomed to see themselves excluded from the public assemblies, burst out laughing when we invited them to come and

THABA-BOSIO. P. 81.

listen to our instructions. "What have you to do with us?" they answered. "You are men; go and teach men." The aspect of everything was changed since these female servants of Christ had come to reassure the minds of the natives as to the permanence of our work, enhance the dignity of the pastoral character, and set an example of diligent attention to religious services. The natives soon perceived that the Missionaries' wives also knew how to read, write, and speak to the point on any subject; and this observation had stirred up the men to jealousy, and powerfully encouraged the other sex.

New sympathies now sprang up with the rising generation; and this point of union was so much the more valuable, as the chief of the Basutos possessed, amongst other qualities, a great love for children. We have often seen him, in the midst of the most important business, while warriors, or delegates from distant tribes, were haranguing him, take the youngest of his sons on his knee, and amuse himself by feeding him.

As soon as experience had proved to him the efficiency of our medical advice, there was no end to the practice he procured us.

If this mark of confidence was encouraging to us, the chief, on his side, was no less sensible to the offer that we made him, to take his meals at our table every Sunday.

Ever since our arrival at Thaba-Bosio we had had nearly four hundred regular auditors. At ten o'clock Moshesh came down with his followers, and Divine service was immediately commenced; and as it would

have been too fatiguing to ascend the mountain and return to a second meeting, which was held in the afternoon, the congregation spent the day around our dwelling. The time which intervened between the services was not lost. Men and women, old and young, diligently applied themselves to learning to read, by means of spelling-exercises and a little catechism, that we had had printed in the colony. These good people at first set to work with extreme reluctance, protesting that it was ridiculous to hope that a black man would ever be clever enough *to make the paper speak.* But our entreaties prevailed, and they resolved to try: a slight improvement soon became visible, in spite of all that had been said to the contrary, and each meeting gave promise of still greater success.

At length the grand problem was solved. One fine morning, ten or twelve of our scholars discovered that they could, without any help, make out the meaning of several phrases which they had never read before.

This circumstance caused a tremendous sensation. The diviners declared that we must have *transformed the hearts* of their countrymen by means of some potent charm; but their resistance had no effect whatever.

The father of Moshesh was still living; he was a scoffing and sceptical old man, and would have nothing to do with us at all. Sugar was, in his opinion, the only good thing we had brought into the country. When we tried to speak a few words to him he would turn his back upon us, taunting us with our youth, and recommending us to send for our fathers to come and instruct

him. If at any time he yielded to our entreaties, he would listen with a bantering air, or, just at the most touching part of our appeal, amuse himself by pinching our noses and ears.

The fame of the wonders performed in our school did not fail to reach the ears of Mokachane; he laughed at this, as he did at everything else, till Moshesh at length became indignant at so much incredulity; and seizing an opportunity when we were all together, his father also being present, he turned the conversation on the subject of reading. "Lies! lies!" cried the stubborn old man. "I will never believe that words can become visible." "Ah! do you not yet believe it?" answered his son; "well, we will prove it to you." With these words, he desired one of our best readers to withdraw. "Now," said he, "think of something, and tell it to this white man; he will draw some marks on the sand, and you will see." The marks being made, the village scholar was called, and very soon made public the thoughts of his sovereign; the latter, more than stupefied, covered his mouth with his hand, and looked from one to another of those present, as if to assure himself that he had not been transported to an ideal world. At length, after having exhausted all the interjections of his language, he burst forth into a torrent of invectives against his subjects and his family, for not having informed him of the miracles which were being performed in his country. "What!" said he to his son, "are you not eyes and ears to me? and you conceal such things from me!" In vain Moshesh protested that he had repeatedly told him of

these things—the refractory old man was not to be reasoned with.

The taste for instruction manifested at Thaba-Bosio was still more remarkable at the other stations. At Bethulie, Mr. Pellissier, even with the aid of a co-labourer from France, Mr. Lauga, could hardly satisfy all the demands made upon him, so eager were the people to learn. Besides the day-school, the care of which rested entirely with the Missionaries, four religious services were held there every Sunday.

At Beersheba, Mr. Rolland tried by every means to remedy the evil arising from the smallness of the building where the natives assembled to learn to read. The younger scholars running great risk of being stifled by the adults, it was found necessary to send to the infant-school, under the direction of Mrs. Rolland, children who were too far advanced to continue their attendance there; and as it would have been impossible to persuade them to take this step backward, it was necessary to use compulsory means. To this end the Missionary placed a bar, in a horizontal position, before the school-room door, at a height of about three feet and a half from the ground, and turned out all the scholars who could pass under it without stooping. The number thus dismissed amounted to eighty-six, and those who remained had more room for the next two days, but on the third the place was as full as it had been before.

Mr. Daumas found himself placed in a similar dilemma at Mekuatling, with two hundred scholars in a tumble-down shed, which stood at the mercy of the wind

and rain. Our friend availed himself of the aid of monitors, while he was engaged in superintending and directing the natives in the construction of a more solid and commodious building.

At Moriah, the ten first Basutos who had learned to read fluently received, with transports of delight, the first book printed in their language, as a reward for their perseverance, the name of the *laureate* being written on the cover, with a line of encouragement, such as the following:—"Sepitla likes reading and singing." "Monyakatela receives a book, in which he is going to seek a better heart." These tokens of satisfaction were productive of excellent effects.

The knowledge of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity was now spreading fast; our preaching was listened to with the greatest interest, and we were often surprised to hear what we had said repeated in language full of force and freshness. On one occasion, one of us having explained these words of the prophet-king—"Righteousness and peace have kissed each other," a Mosuto asked if God could not have shown mercy to sinners without requiring satisfaction for their offences? to which his companion replied—"No more than I should pardon you, if you had had the impertinence to spit in my face." A second answered more reasonably—"When a mantle is torn, do we say to the two pieces, 'Join yourselves together again?' No, but we get some kind of thread, which serves to sew them together. Adam was at first at peace with his Creator, because he was just and pure, like Him who had made him in His image; but after-

wards, what happened? Satan put sin between Adam and Jehovah—thus war was kindled. Now, if Jesus has appeared and taken away sin, He has taken away the disagreement, and peace returns to its former place. Does not Jesus thus become the thread which unites the pieces of the torn mantle? In Him, the justice which says, 'Strike the guilty,' and the love which cries, 'Spare the man,' have kissed each other, like two old enemies that have become reconciled." "All that is very beautiful," added he who had put the question; "but then, why do our hearts refuse to obey?" And he covered his face with his hands, and breathed a sorrowful sigh.

"My heart," said another native, "is like the bed of the river, that has been dried up by turning its waters into a different channel; the former bed is filled with sand, grass, and brushwood. Now God will turn the river into its old course, but what difficulties are there to be surmounted? The waters of His teachings run but slowly with me, and as soon as they enter are lost in a heap of rubbish."

"God has said to the sun, 'Give light to men,' and the sun has obeyed; He has said to the rivers, 'Flow,' and they have flowed; to the grass, 'Grow,' and it has grown; to the animals, 'Be under the dominion of man,' and they have respected His command; He has said to man, 'Love me,' and man has refused to obey Him."

The expression of feelings such as these seemed to announce, that the time of the first religious awakening was at hand; the chief of the Batlapi at Bethulie, with several others, had already declared themselves disciples

of Jesus Christ, and towards the end of the same year a shout of joy burst forth from Beersheba, and re-echoed through all our stations.

Twenty-seven converts, the first-fruits of the mission to the Basutos, were baptized, and forty-two other adults soon followed them into the church.

About the same time Moshesh was led, by means of domestic trials, to make some important concessions to Christianity.

Tseniei, a sister of the first convert at Thaba-Bosio, was attacked by a dangerous illness; her brother took her to his home, and would not allow recourse to be had to the usual ceremonies for curing the sick. "God alone," said he, "opened the door of life to my sister; He alone can open the door of death: to God alone will we pray." Neither the blame of the greater number, nor the flatteries and caresses of men skilled in the art of persuading, could shake his resolution. Watching day and night by his sister's side, he urged her to look solely to the merits of the Saviour; and the name of Jesus was the last sound that fell upon the ear of the dying Tseniei.

As soon as she was dead, her brother came to tell me that he desired to have her buried in a Christian manner: or rather, to use his own expression, "To lay her by for the day of her resurrection." This was no small undertaking, as it was flying in the face of the idolatry of the country. The tomb and the cradle, in presence of which it is so difficult to be atheistical, are the altars on which the Mosuto sacrifices; and it is of the formidable shades of his ancestors that he supplicates

calm repose for the cold remains of a beloved parent, and happy days for the infant on whose eyes the light has just dawned. As soon as a person has expired, he is supposed to have taken his place among the family gods; his remains are deposited in the cattle-pen, which is looked upon as a sacred spot by these pastoral tribes. A victim is immolated at the tomb—the first oblation made to the new divinity, and at the same time an act of intercession in his favour, intended to insure him a happy reception in the subterranean regions inhabited by the *barimos*.

I advised the brother of the deceased to go and inform Moshesh of his intentions. He did so, and was kindly received by the chief, who answered him in the following words:—"I have seen the change which has taken place in you, and have said to myself, 'The word which renews a man in this manner is the word of truth.' So far from offending me by well-doing, you may be sure of my approbation. Come, I will show you myself the spot where we will build the city of the dead; your sister will be the first inhabitant, but we will all follow her thither." The next morning more than five hundred persons accompanied the remains of Tseniei to the new cemetery. The procession, preceded by four bearers, advanced in the most profound silence. I conducted the funeral service according to the rites of the Protestant Church, after which the crowd retired, evidently touched by the beauty of that hope that faith gives to the Christian.

We now began to feel the first approach of the

measles, which at this time was ravaging the whole of South Africa; a few days after the interment of Tseniei, our little girl was carried off by the disease. God gave us this opportunity of glorifying Himself; it was well for the Basutos to see Christian parents mourning a dearly beloved child, but sustained by the firm conviction that they should meet it again in regions of glory and bliss. The chief wished to see the body of our little one before the coffin was fastened down, and was touched to behold the care that the mother had taken to adorn the innocent remains of her child. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "Christians only are happy; they weep, but their tears are not like ours. We see that you believe that Emma will rise again, and that death is but a stream that man crosses to go to God."

Moshesh was himself on the eve of losing one whom he tenderly loved: Mantsane, one of his principal wives, in a fit of delirium occasioned by the measles, threw herself from the top of one of the steepest points of the mountain. The chief, on informing me of this sad event, begged me not to leave him, as this day of mourning would probably be a day of strife also. Mantsane, belonging to a powerful family, and, unfortunately, one remarkable for its opposition to Christianity, the great question touching the worship of ancestors was about to be discussed afresh. The funeral of a rich person generally attracts a crowd; many sacrifices are offered, and the flesh of the victims goes to feed a herd of shameless parasites, who form the court of the petty sovereigns of Africa. This greedy crew, as might have been expected,

ranged themselves on the side of the kindred of Mantsane, to maintain the ancient customs.

About the middle of the day I went to the chief, and found him absorbed in the deepest grief; it was time, indeed, that I came to his aid. Nearly a thousand oxen had been assembled at the principal place in the town, and a grave in the pen was just completed. "Do you consent to perform the service over this grave?" asked Moshesh. "No," I answered, without hesitation: "you have a cemetery, I can only speak there. These cattle prove that you are tempted to pray to my God and to your *barimos* as well. I should be unfaithful to my Master if I acceded to your desires." "I told you so," exclaimed Moshesh, turning to the crowd: "it cannot be." His words were received with a murmur of discontent; the brother of the deceased protested against any deviation from the national customs. "On what are these customs founded?" answered the chief; "I should like to see the book where they are enjoined: the Missionaries give us the reason for all they do. Man dies, because he has received in Adam the seed of death; the dead should be buried in the same place, because it is a beautiful thought that they lie together in the long sleep of death. Man is only alone as long as he remains in his mother's womb; when he sees the light of day he clings to the breast of her who has given him birth, and from that time he lives in the society of his fellows. You say we must sacrifice to our ancestors, but they were only men like ourselves. You, also, when you are dead, will be turned into gods;

would you like us to worship you now? But how are we to worship men? And if you are but men now, will you be more powerful when death shall have reaped the half of you?" Here Ratsiu, the chief opponent, bitterly replied: "We are silent, because we will not yield." Another answered, "What the Missionaries say would be excellent, if we believed it; but I, for my part, do not believe it."—"Nevertheless, it is the truth," replied the chief.—"Yes, the truth! the truth!" cried a voice from the midst of the assembly.—"Courage, my master: do what is right; you will not repent of it." I now began to speak, and, addressing myself to the most influential persons, I said: "Great men of Thaba-Bosio, aged men whom we all respect, I hate harsh words. Moshesh has told you the reasons why the worship of your ancestors should be discontinued. Refute the truths that I declare to you: here I am, speak: I listen."—"And I also listen," said the chief; "speak!" A long silence followed these words.—"We will speak," said some one at length, "when the Missionary is gone." —"Yes, you will conquer when there is no longer an adversary; speak now!" exclaimed Moshesh, a little irritated by such obstinate opposition.—"Why do you hang your heads? I said in my heart, there are around me men who have words of wisdom, but I now see that they have but words of vanity. Let this pit be refilled immediately, and the cattle be driven to the fields." Then, turning to me, he added, "You have conquered: the wife I mourn shall go and sleep with Tseniei, and I, also, will one day rest with them."

Scenes of a similar kind transpired in all our stations. People came from a distance to question us concerning the astounding doctrines we had introduced; many hearts were opened to embrace new hopes, many consciences were awakened, and churches were formed around, over which God has never ceased to exercise His watchful care.

The bounds that we are obliged to give to this historical sketch do not allow us to trace the progressive growth of each of these little Christian communities. Foregoing, with regret, the recital of facts of the most touching nature, we will, at least, give the reader an idea of the people among whom our flocks were gathered, by a description of the principal incidents of the life and conversion of two of our neophytes.

CHAPTER VII.

The childhood of Entuta was passed in the midst of the wars that had desolated the country of the Basutos. He was hardly twelve years old when he lost his father, and his family were obliged to exile themselves to go and seek sustenance among the cruel vassals of Dingan. During the journey he had to endure extreme hunger and fatigue; the poor emigrants, conducted by Cheu (a man of years and experience), climbed, with difficulty, the mountains of the Malutis which separate the country of the Bechuanas from the province of Natal. On the frontiers of the land of the Zulus a haughty-looking chief arrested the travellers, with the intention of seizing Entuta for his slave, and was already carrying the child off, when Cheu ran to the help of his young friend, and, taking him by the arm, tried to drag him away. An obstinate struggle ensued; the child, violently pulled about, screamed with pain and terror. The Zulu, finding himself the weaker of the two, became furious, and, raising his javelin, cried, with a furious glare at Cheu, "This child shall be neither yours nor mine; see, this steel shall pierce his brain!" At this moment Entlaloe, the boy's elder brother, rushed to the murderer, and,

arresting his arm, cried, " O Cheu, my father, do not resist any more: let Entuta be a slave; perhaps some day he will return to us!"

These words were verified; for, after the lapse of a few months, the poor captive rejoined his family, whom he found settled a day's journey from Mokokotlofe, the usual residence of Dingan. A considerable number of Basutos, brought together by common misfortune, had obtained permission from the Zulu monarch to found a village, which very soon became flourishing. By means of the communication they kept up with their countrymen of Lesuto, these emigrants procured ostrich feathers, cranes' wings, and panthers' tails, which they sold advantageously to the Zulus, such objects constituting the chief military ornaments of that people. The little community were soon in possession of some flocks, and already looked forward to the day when these acquisitions should enable them to return to their own land; but, alas! the source of their prosperity became the cause of their ruin. Some friends of Cheu were allured, by a more advantageous bargain, to go and offer their merchandise to the Baraputsas, a neighbouring tribe, at enmity with Dingan. This was enough to kindle the wrath of the despot. One dark night the village of the Basutos was completely surrounded by some hundreds of warriors, and a general massacre took place. Entlaloe and his young wife, dangerously wounded, were left as dead under a heap of corpses; the hut of Entuta was pillaged and burnt. As for himself, thanks to an intervening Providence! he had

set out the evening before on a journey with his protector, Cheu. As soon as Entlaloe and his wife were sufficiently recovered from their wounds, they and their brother quitted the inhospitable land of Natal, and, being reduced to a state of entire destitution, they were compelled to join a band of hunters on the banks of the Caledon, who lived on the flesh of hippopotami and wild boars. In the course of this adventurous life Entuta was often exposed to great dangers; he was one day pursued by a hippopotamus, infuriated by the number of wounds it had received. The young hunter, worn out with fatigue, was near being torn in pieces; but God, who watched over him, directed his flight towards a deep ravine, where the animal dared not follow. A few months afterwards, Entuta and his friend Taele were surprised by a leopard while hunting rock rabbits; they attacked the animal without hesitation, and wounded it, irritating it to such a degree that it sprang upon Taele, brought him to the ground, and was about to tear him in pieces, when Entuta delivered his friend by laying the ferocious beast dead at his feet with a blow of his club. The skin of the leopard belonged to the victor, but on this occasion he manifested a most laudable generosity. Having conducted Taele in safety to his parents, he brought the precious trophy, and spreading it out before his companion he said, "Take it; it is yours: you have run the greatest danger."

After several years of agitation and suffering the exiled family returned to Thaba-Bosio, and found there

peace and plenty, and, what is of infinitely more value, the words of eternal life.

From the first Entuta paid great attention to the preaching of the Gospel, and Christian principles were insensibly developed in his heart, before it became perceptible to those around him. He opened his mind to me a few days after he had heard a discourse on those words of Joshua: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." "I have felt," said he to me, "that I should not be able long to conceal the change that God has wrought in me. Jesus Christ must be served openly; my conscience was awakened some months ago, when the Lord said to me: 'Entuta, how will you escape my wrath?' I tried at first to deceive Him and deceive myself, and answered: 'I am so young, what harm can I have done? My assagai has never pierced a man. I eat the fruit of my own labour.' But the book of God convicted me of a lie: it says, 'Thou shalt not covet.' Then I understood that sin was in my soul. It says also, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and Him only shalt thou serve.' I was convinced that, all my life, I had only loved myself; and as I wept in the bitterness of my soul, Jesus said: 'Come to me, thou who art weary and heavy laden, and thou shalt find the rest that thou seekest.' O, my shepherd, lay the yoke of Christ upon me; I will bear it publicly."

He was baptized soon afterwards, and took the name of Manoah.

A few years after he was taken from us by a very

rapid illness: he was very near his end before we had any idea that he was in danger. From the first he evinced entire resignation, and a few days before his death he said to his brother: "Perhaps I shall remain with you, perhaps I shall depart: may God choose for me."—"Do you suffer much?" asked Entlaloe.—"Yes, a great deal; but the Lord sustains me. When He took me into His service, He did not promise me that I should be free from suffering." A friend, who was present, remarked that Manoah had been famous for his strength. "It is true," replied the poor invalid, "that I have been vigorous for many years; but strength is a snare—the Lord has done well to take from me what I was proud of." The next morning, his brother was so struck by the progress of the disease that he fell on his knees and burst into tears. "Why do you weep?" asked Manoah.—"I see the Lord is about to chasten me, and how can I help weeping?"—"Listen to me," answered the sick man: "I do not wish to deceive myself. I know that I am in great danger, but let us both be submissive to the will of God; all that He does is well. Above all, let us never forsake our Saviour." The 23d Psalm was then read: Manoah, after listening to it, said in a low voice, and as if speaking to himself: "I should like to know if David, when he wrote this psalm, was in my situation; it is so comforting; the comparison is so beautiful. During the following night he waked his old mother, who was sleeping near him, and asked her when she was going

to cook the Sunday bread.* "The day after to-morrow, my son—this is the night of the fifth day."—"On Sunday I shall be no longer with you, the Lord has sent for me." These words alarmed his family extremely. I was sent for, and could not but confirm the judgment of the invalid as to his condition.

After having administered a restorative, I begged him to tell me all his thoughts and feelings. "Oh!" exclaimed he, with difficulty, "my dear pastor, I should have much to say to you if I could speak. Do you remember the day when I told you that, like Joshua, I would serve the Lord? Since then I have been happy. I believe in Jesus Christ, and find in Him pardon for all my sins. He will not leave me now that death is near." During this day, which was Friday, he grew weaker and weaker; every symptom told of a speedy dissolution. I hastened, therefore, the next morning to his bedside, and found him still conscious, though he spoke with difficulty. On seeing me he repeated twice, in broken accents: "I am happy in Jesus!" Soon after he said to his brother, who was supporting him in his arms, "*Kia otsela*—I am going to sleep."

Entlaloe laid him on his bed of skins, closed his eyes, and all the bystanders withdrew sobbing.

I could not so soon leave the remains of the first Mosuto Christian that I had seen die: I was absorbed

* In our stations the converted Basutos had spontaneously adopted the custom of preparing on Saturday their food for Sunday, in order to be more at leisure on the Lord's day.

in the thought of the change that one short moment had wrought for this happy being. A hut of reeds was the only dwelling that Manoah had ever possessed; a few deer-skins, the most valuable garment he had ever worn; his flocks, the only riches he knew. I remembered that, quite lately, in trying to depict to him the bliss and glory of heaven, I regretted that he could have but a very imperfect idea, even of the earthly objects, to which the Holy Spirit has compared the blessings to come. But one moment had sufficed to transport him into the midst of ineffable splendours, of which the golden harp of the seraphim, the sea of crystal, and gates of pearl, are, doubtless, very imperfect images. Oh, mighty power of faith, by whose aid Manoah took hold of the promise of endless happiness, though he understood so little of its nature! But what do I say? He had comprehended this happiness, for with him it consisted entirely in living near to God! What need had he of allegorical descriptions? It was enough for Manoah to see his Saviour, to worship and serve Him, and throughout all eternity to tell Him how much he loved Him; and it is enough for all the redeemed of Jesus Christ!

I pass on to the second fact, which made a great impression on me during my ministry. Libe, an uncle of Moshesh, had witnessed with the greatest displeasure the arrival of the Missionaries. "Why are these strangers not driven away?" said he one day to his friend, Khoabane, a prudent and influential man.—"Why should they be driven away?" said he. "They

do us no harm; let us listen to what they have to say—no one obliges us to believe them."—"That is what Moshesh and you are always repeating: you will find out your mistake when it is too late." Libe was nearly eighty years of age when he spoke in this manner.

Was this aged heathen clear-sighted enough to discern the power of the doctrines that we preached? or rather, did not his conscience tremble already under the sting of Divine truth?

However this might be, some time after, taking advantage of the peace which reigned in the plain, Libe quitted the arid heights of Thaba-Bosio for the smiling valleys of Korokoro; and chose a hill of considerable elevation as the site of his village, whence the eye wandered over the imposing chain of the Malutis, and the rich table-land which separates the station where I resided from that of Moriah. It was not, however, the beauty of the site which guided him in his choice; the sole desire of the old chief was to procure good pastures for his flocks, and to escape from our wearisome preaching.

He soon saw with vexation that we had found our way to his dwelling. How could we abandon him—a man on the brink of the tomb? Already the deep wrinkles which furrowed his whole body, the terrible state of emaciation to which he was reduced, his dull and haggard eyes, and other indications, still more repulsive, of a speedy dissolution, made even his nearest relations avoid him. He was generally to be found, covered with disgusting rags, squatted near the door of his hut,

endeavouring to lessen the tedium of solitude by plaiting rushes.

One would have thought that Libe, forsaken by every one, would have received with joy the consoling promises of the only religion which can dispel the terrors of death. But no; at the first sound of our voices a smile of hatred and scorn played upon his lips. "Depart!" cried he; "I know you not. I will have nothing to do with you or your God! I will not believe in Him until I see Him with my own eyes. Would your God be able to transform an old man into a young one?" said he, one day to my colleague of Moriah. Just at this moment, the rising sun shot his rays across the defiles of the Malutis. "Yes," answered this servant of Christ; "you see this sun, which will soon be six thousand years old; it is as young and beautiful to-day, as it was when it shone upon the world for the first time. My God has the power to perform what you ask; but He will not perform it in your favour, because you have sinned, and every sinner must die." At the sound of this last word Libe became furious, and, turning his back on our friend, replied, "Young man, importune me no more; and if you wish me to listen to you, go and fetch your father from beyond the sea—he, perhaps, may be able to instruct me."

The violence of his animosity was especially manifested on the occasion of the interment of one of his daughters, at which I was invited to officiate by the husband of the deceased, and some other members of the family. The procession had preceded me, and I was

following slowly towards the grave, praying to the Lord to enable me to glorify Him, when I saw Libe rushing towards me with a rapidity which only rage could give him. His menacing gestures plainly showed his design in coming, and I trembled at the prospect of being obliged to defend myself. Happily, his sons no sooner saw him appear than they ran to my aid; they begged him respectfully to retire, but he was deaf to their entreaties, and a struggle was the inevitable consequence. The wretched old man, exhausting himself by vain efforts, reduced his children to the grievous necessity of laying him on the ground, and keeping him in that position during the whole service. When I passed near him on going away he exerted all his strength to disengage himself, and ended by knocking his head violently against the ground. At length he ceased, being quite worn out with fatigue; and casting on me a look of which I could not have believed any man capable, he loaded me with invectives.

After this deplorable incident we discontinued our visits to Libe, for fear of contributing to increase his condemnation; we inquired, however, from time to time if he was still living, and sent him friendly messages by his neighbours. What was my surprise one day on receiving an invitation to go to him! The messenger that he sent was radiant with joy. "Libe prays," said he, with emotion, "and begs you to go and pray with him. Perceiving on my lips a smile of incredulity, the pious Tsiu continued his relation as follows:—"Yesterday morning Libe sent for me into his hut, and said, 'My child, can

THE BAPTISM OF LIBE. P. 103.

you pray? Kneel down by me, and pray God to have mercy on the greatest of sinners. I am afraid, my child, this God that I have so long denied has made me feel His power in my soul. I know now that He exists—I have not any doubt of it. Who will deliver me from that fire which never can be quenched? I see it! I see it! Do you think God will pardon me? I refused to go and hear His word while I was still able to walk. Now that I am blind, and almost deaf, how can I serve Jehovah?' Here," added Tsiu, "Libe stopped a moment, and then asked, 'Have you your book with you?' I answered that I had. 'Well, open it, and place my finger on the name of God.' I did as he wished. 'It is there, then,' cried he, 'the beautiful name of God! Now place my finger on that of Jesus, the Saviour.'" Such was the touching recital of this bearer of good tidings sent me by Libe, and I soon had the pleasure of assuring myself of the reality of this wonderful conversion. For nearly a year, my co-worker at Moriah shared with me the happy task of ministering to this old man, whom grace had rendered as docile as a little child. In order to lose none of our instructions, Libe usually took our hands in his, and putting his ear close to our lips, repeated, one after the other, the words that we uttered, begging us to correct him if he made any mistake. He was baptized in his own village. This ceremony attracted a crowd of people, who were desirous of seeing him who had persecuted us, and who now preached the faith which once he sought to destroy. Four aged members of the church at Moriah carried the neophyte,

who was too feeble to move alone, and deposited him on a kind of couch, in the midst of the assembly. Although we were not without anxiety as to the effects that such varied emotions might have upon him, we thought it our duty, trusting in the Lord, to invite him to give an account of his faith.

"I believe," said he, without hesitation, "in Jehovah, the true God, who created me, and who has preserved me to the present hour. He has had pity on me who hated Him, and has delivered Jesus to death to save me. Oh, my Master! Oh, my Father! have mercy on me! I have no more strength—my days are ended. Take me to Thyself: let death have nothing of me but these poor bones! Preserve me from hell and the devil! Oh, my Father, hear Jesus, who is praying to Thee for me! Oh, my Lord! . . . . Oh, my Father!" . . . . The good old man forgot himself so completely in these pious ejaculations, that my colleague of Moriah, who officiated, was obliged to interrupt him, by putting the following questions:—"*Do you still place any confidence in the sacrifices that you have been accustomed to make to the spirits of your ancestors?*"—"How can such sacrifices purify? I believe in them no more: the blood of Jesus is my only hope."—"*Have you any desire you would like to express to your family, and to the Basutos assembled round you?*"—"Yes; I desire them to make haste to believe and repent. Let them all go to the house of God, and listen meekly to what is taught there. Moshesh, my son, where art thou?" (Here Moshesh covered his eyes with a handkerchief, to hide his emotion.) "And thou, Letsie, my grandson, where

art thou? Attend to my last words. Why do you resist God? Your wives are an objection? These women are your sisters, not your wives. Jehovah created but one man and one woman, and united them to be one flesh. Oh! submit yourselves to Jesus—He will save you! Leave off war, and love your fellow-creatures."—"*Why do you desire baptism?*"—"Because Jesus has said, that he who believes and is baptized shall be saved. Can I know better than what my Master tells me?" It is the custom in our stations for the converts, before receiving baptism, to repeat the ancient form of renouncement. It had been explained to Libe, and he had perfectly understood it; but it was impossible for him to learn it, or even to repeat it after the officiating minister. This circumstance was turned to our edification, insomuch as the embarrassment of the convert brought forth all the ardour of his feelings. "*I renounce the world and its pomp,*" said my colleague.—"No," exclaimed Libe; "I do not renounce it now, for I did so long ago."—"*I renounce the devil and all his works.*"—"The devil!" interrupted the happy believer; "what have I to do with him? He has deceived me for many long years. Does he wish to lead me to ruin with himself? I leave hell to him, let him possess it alone."—"*I renounce the flesh and its lusts.*" Another exclamation. "Are there no joys but those of this world? Have we not *in Jesus* pleasures which satisfy us?" According to a desire very generally expressed, Libe was surnamed Adam, the father of the Basutos. He died one Sunday morning, shortly after his baptism.

One of his grandsons had just been reading to him some verses from the Gospels. "Do you know," said the young man, "that to-day is the Lord's day?" "I know it," he replied; "I am with my God." A few moments after, he asked that a mantle might be spread over him, as he felt overpowered with sleep; and he slept to wake in this world no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

Twenty years have elapsed since the Basutos began to understand the message of mercy that we had brought them, and during this interval the number of Missionaries has considerably increased; the following have been added to the settlements, whose origin we have already related: — *Carmel*, under the care of Mr. Lemue, whose place at Motito has been filled by Mr. Frédoux; *Hebron*, where Mr. Cochet is the pastor; *Bethesda*, directed by Messrs. Schrumpf and Gossellin; *Hermon* and *Berea*, under the superintendence of Messrs. Dyke and Maitin. The Basutos also have the advantage of the services of Mr. Lautré, a skilful surgeon; Mr. Schuh, director of a printing-press established at Beersheba; Mr. Maeder, co-pastor with Mr. Arbousset; Mr. Keck, the fellow-labourer of Mr. Daumas; and Mr. Jousse, on whom has devolved the charge of Thaba-Bosio.

God has blessed the labours of all these messengers of salvation. The organisation of Christian society is slow, but sure and progressive, among people the masses of whom are still under the dominion of traditional errors. The converts, as we have seen, evince intelligence and tact; they are able to give, in a new

and interesting manner, the impressions they receive; but here, as everywhere, the good is not unmixed with evil. The struggle is incessant; and it would be desirable to see the native converts protest with more energy against the disorders which reign around them. One feels that they think too much of the difficulties they have to overcome, and could wish them more assurance and vigour. This defect is, perhaps, the result of the habit of mistrust, so easily contracted by those who are born and grow up under a government which offers but small security for stability. Unexpected defections will at times spread consternation among these inexperienced flocks; but, notwithstanding, they advance in the narrow path which is marked out for them.

In a temporal point of view, the arrival of the Missionaries has been the salvation of the Basutos. The country, which in 1813 we found almost uninhabited, is now covered with hamlets, surrounded by fields, in a high state of cultivation; wild animals are no more to be seen, and the inhabitants begin to complain of too great an accumulation of horses and cattle.

The natives, without neglecting their former productions, have generally adopted the culture of our cereals and principal fruit-trees. This country, being in the mountainous district which forms the culminating point of Southern Africa, enjoys the advantage of regular rains during all the summer season, from the month of October to that of April.

The locusts, which so frequently devastate the lands of the Cape Colony, rarely stop in this privileged region;

either because they do not like the herbage, or because they fear to deposit their eggs in too damp a soil: the harvests, in consequence, are hardly ever known to fail, and the quantity of corn annually gathered in far surpasses the consumption of the inhabitants. The surplus is easily disposed of in the colony; and, with the cattle, constitutes the chief article of a commerce which is already considerable.

Our efforts for the development of agriculture could not have been crowned with more satisfactory results. We cannot, however, say as much regarding building and the construction of furniture.

This fertile country, where the grass attains such a height that it is necessary to destroy it every winter by means of fire, possesses scarcely any large trees. While waiting till this obstacle to the development of civilisation finds its remedy in the plantation of artificial forests, we may be able to obviate it in some measure, by establishing commercial relations with Caffraria, which is nothing but a vast forest from one end to the other. The inhabitants of Beersheba and Mekuatling have striven more perseveringly than all the other tribes against these difficulties: they have almost universally substituted small stone houses for their former huts.

Our settlements lie in a line nearly parallel with the course of the Caledon, at an average distance of twelve leagues one from the other, so that each of them is situated in the centre of a populous district.

Nothing can as yet be said for the buildings and

manufactures; in this respect they cannot be compared with even the most insignificant of our villages.

If you wish, dear reader, to form an idea of these stations, allow me to place you on the top of a hill, whence I have often contemplated one of these rising hamlets. Your eye rests upon an immense space, walled in by grey-peaked mountains, and you admire the pastures which cover the undulating ground of the valleys. You behold beautiful flocks, grazing peacefully under the care of shepherds armed with javelins and shields. Slender columns of smoke reveal to you the sites of villages hidden by the irregularity of the soil. But an indefinable feeling of sadness effaces from your lips the first smile of surprise. The verdure of the country appears to you too uniform; the flocks do not seem so gay as those you have seen sporting in your own meadows. And then—what means this silence? This African silence, which is only interrupted by the hoarse croaking of a crow, or the flight of some solitary crane! This aspect of nature weighs you down; and you feel that if the Missionary finds any charm here, it is because the anguish of the day, when he bid adieu to all that was dear to him, had prepared his mind to comprehend the melancholy grandeur of his adopted country.

Turn your eyes from these silent scenes to seek the station. You will discover at the foot of a hill, in the shadow cast by the mountain nearest you, a few simple, though well-built houses, whose white fronts are turned towards large orchards and cultivated fields. You will

recognise, by its size and isolated position, the edifice consecrated to the worship of God.

A little higher up are seen several small buildings, in rough stone (pretty well arranged in a row), whose principal charm consists in their being overshadowed by some very fine peach-trees: these are the dwellings of those of the inhabitants who have taken the first step towards civilisation. Higher up still may be seen immense circles, the circumference of which is composed of huts of an oval form, and placed very near each other: this is the *motse*, the heathen community, where barbarous songs may too often be heard; whilst lower down the inhabitants meet, morning and evening, to chant the praises of the Saviour.

Perhaps, after this glance at the *ensemble* of our station, you would like to enter one of our African churches. They are generally very much crowded, and it is sometimes not without difficulty that the preacher makes his way to the pulpit. The Christian women dress on a Sunday much as our villagers do; but they seem to understand that a handkerchief, worn as a turban, suits their dark complexion and rustic nature infinitely better than a bonnet or a cap; the men prefer a paletot to a jacket, and a frock to a tail-coat, which latter they consider as supremely ridiculous; the greater number still prefer arraying themselves in their cloaks of skins, and the Missionaries are not over-exacting in this particular. At some stations well-made wooden benches are used; in others, bricks take the place of wood; in others, again, each auditor brings with

him a stool to his own liking. The old women prefer a white mat, which they use as a parasol on their way to the house of prayer, and on which they sit, in Oriental fashion, during the service. The school children are generally grouped round the pulpit, under the superintendence of one or two monitors.

The form of worship is the same as that of the French Protestant churches; but our brethren of Lesuto sing the praises of the Lord with much more energy than we do: in that country they know what it is to make a joyful *noise* unto the Lord.

Every one who can read holds in his hand a collection of a hundred hymns, of which there is now a fourth edition. The converted Basutos appreciate still more the privilege of being able to seek in the New Testament the confirmation, or farther unfolding, of the instructions they receive from the Missionaries. A very popular translation of this holy book has been printed at Beersheba. The idiom of the Basutos has supplied all that was necessary to render the Divine thought with clearness, and without circumlocution. A very few words have been borrowed from the European languages, but simply in order to express material objects unknown to the natives. Nothing could equal the interest with which our converts watched the printing of the sacred volume. Having observed that their lynx eyes would not allow one faulty expression to escape, and followed up without mercy the slightest misprint, we turned this taste for criticism to very good account in the correction of our proofs. When our

censors had any doubt as to the aptitude of any expression not often used, they would indulge in philological discussions which were very amusing, and at times very instructive. Many a word, before being allowed to keep the place we had assigned it, was submitted to the examination of a jury composed of the most important men of the tribe.

The objections often arose from the fact that the sublime singularity of the divine doctrines completely bewildered our scholars. I remember to have had inconceivable difficulty in convincing them that I was not mistaken in my assertion that Jesus Christ had said that His apostles should sit with Him on twelve thrones. It was beyond their conception that the King of kings should carry His condescension so far as to render mere servants sharers in his prerogatives.

These mysteries of infinite wisdom were especially striking to the superior understanding of Moshesh. He particularly admired the account of the Creation, the Decalogue, and the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, which he called "the poetry of love." I have often heard him repeat the preface to that sublime effusion, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." The history of Joseph threw him into ecstasies of delight and admiration: he related it one day, in my presence, to one of his allies who had come to visit him. In the ardour of the recital he appeared to forget what was passing around him, and indulged in a panto

mime which was striking in its correctness of representation. The stranger, seized with astonishment, fixed his eyes on him, his countenance reflecting, like a mirror, all the impressions produced on that of the narrator. What would I not have given at that moment to be able to paint!

Will the reader believe that I have heard one of these natives utter, almost word for word, the celebrated expression of Rousseau: "*Ce n'est pas ainsi qu'on invente?*" Some one had remarked that the Gospel might be the fruit of the white man's imagination. "Of the white man!" ironically exclaimed a man who made no profession of Christianity. "White men are indeed very clever; they make rolling houses, guns, and powder; they are masters of everything but death: but, with all that, I do not believe them clever enough to have made the Bible!"

The churches of which we have spoken are mostly the work of our converts. At this very moment one is being completed, to the erection of which they have subscribed a sum of 200*l.* They lend still more willingly the aid of their hands, especially if the work is managed conjointly, and treated as a family matter, in which case the most wearisome toil is considered in the light of a pleasure.

At the time of the construction of the church at Mekuatling, the natives first got together all the stones, and prepared about 60,000 bricks; the wood for the framework was found in the mountains, or at the bottom of ravines inaccessible to horses or oxen; it

was brought, as if by magic, by the strong arms of these men. The stubble and rushes for the roofing had been cut by them at some distance from the station; the women and girls took upon themselves the duty of conveying it, and they might be seen every morning following one another, bearing on their heads large bundles, which they deposited in the yard. It is customary to stitch these materials to the laths of the roof by means of thongs, and for this purpose a number of skins were required. All the hunters of the place set off immediately, and soon returned with a large waggon-full of the skins of the gnus and zebras of the neighbourhood. Never had war been waged against these animals with such good conscience. The hunting cry was, "God wills it! God commands it!" In the evening the hunters assembled, to the number of several hundreds, under the star-lit heavens, to sing a hymn to the Creator before retiring to rest.

Lime is seldom found in this country, and is used for no other purpose than to whiten the walls of houses. It is only found in the form of stalactites in grottoes, situated generally at the mountain-tops. Mr. Daumas, after a great deal of research, had discovered a considerable quantity near a sparkling fountain falling in cascades; but, unfortunately, very disadvantageously placed for the convenience of the quarrymen. The lime was taken by storm; a party set out, one fine morning, as if on an excursion of pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Daumas could not resist the temptation to be of the party. Blocks almost as hard as marble were

soon broken to shivers, and long before sunset there were no fewer than five cart-loads of lime, which ten strong oxen conveyed successively to the station.

Last of all, in order that the construction of the building should be complete, we must add to the happy labours already mentioned, a contribution in cattle, the sale of which would enable our colleague to furnish the sacred edifice with suitable benches.

Tribes, that had been dispersed by war and famine, restored to the land of their fathers; permanent elements of prosperity introduced into a region that had been devastated by cannibalism; the printing of the New Testament and the Psalms; a considerable number of natives admitted to the sacraments and fellowship of the Church; the fundamental truths of Christianity preached to the still unconverted masses;—such have hitherto been the general results of our undertaking. It is enough to encourage us, and to lead us to bless the Author of all good; but it is little in comparison with that which still remains to be done.

It is a sorrowful statement, but truth requires it to be made, that the work of social and religious regeneration among the Basutos seemed to present fewer difficulties and to progress more rapidly twelve years ago, than it has done since. At that time nearly all the family of the chief seemed won over: he himself sometimes appeared only to be waiting for a little more advancement among his people, in order to renounce ancient customs, and regulate his life and government by Christian laws. The Basutos were then still igno-

rant of the great stumbling-block presented by the selfish policy of nations calling themselves Christian. Our converts thought that war ought to cease entirely where the supreme authority of the Word of God was admitted; they, therefore, imagined they had nothing to fear from the white race, and this feeling had become so strong that military exercises were gradually discontinued. The country of the Basutos furnished the Cape Colony yearly with a large number of workmen, who, owing to the confidence inspired by their reputation for fidelity and honesty, easily found occupation. A writer of the Cape Colony once asked, in an ironical tone, if the French Protestant Missionaries were *Quakers*, that their disciples appeared everywhere unarmed, taking nothing with them on their journey but their staff and a little bag of books.

Alas! cruel disappointments were to bring about a reaction, which soon caused our detractors to change their tone. The encroachments of our race were about to re-kindle the warlike instincts of the natives, and to lead many of them to see in Christianity nothing more than a series of precepts without practice, and theories without application. The demands and pre-occupations of politics would stifle the voice of conscience, and furnish a number of people, especially the chiefs, with a specious pretext for putting off indefinitely those reforms which were distasteful to them. From that day we dated our most serious difficulties.

Moshesh, whose mind had been greatly enlightened, but whose heart had not yet been brought into subjec-

tion by the Gospel, appeared from this time to give very divided attention to the instructions of the Missionaries; and several of his sons became entirely indifferent to them.

It is well known with what carelessness the government of the Cape has allowed a number of the families of the colony to escape from its authority, and advance indefinitely beyond the frontiers. It was not, however, difficult to foresee the consequences of this emigration, the cause of which sufficiently explained the object in view. What could be expected from people who exiled themselves, chiefly because they had been obliged to emancipate their slaves?

These emigrants, at first few in number, gave no offence to the tribes amongst whom they appeared. They seemed so humble, so submissive! they merely asked permission to sojourn in the thinly populated parts of the country, and their stay was to be but temporary; but soon finding their number considerably augmented, they thought themselves strong enough to throw off the mask, and to nominate chiefs.

War soon broke out: then the government of the colony were awakened by the discharge of musketry, and a few dragoons crossed the river Orange. The sight of these troops acted as a magic spell; the brillianey of their armour awed the emigrant colonists as well as the natives. The belligerent parties laid down their arms, and grave diplomatists opened a congress, hoping to find some remedy for the evils which they ought to have foreseen and prevented.

They were still occupied in seeking this remedy, when a new governor, covered with laurels which he had won in India, passed through these disordered tribes with the rapidity of a meteor, and with one stroke of his sword cut the Gordian knot. He proclaimed the sovereignty of the Queen of England over all the land: this sovereignty, however, was to be entirely moral; the mantle of its protection was to be spread equally over white and black, under which, as children of one mother, they might rest in security. Each was to remain where he was, and enjoy what he already possessed, but there were to be no more encroachments. The rights of Moshesh especially were to be sacred. This chief neither sold nor let out any land; he merely showed a hospitality, which ought to secure him the esteem of all parties. Magistrates were to be appointed over the white population to keep them in check, and to protect them; the natives were to govern themselves according to their own laws.

If this man had been able to remain on the spot, and see that his plans were put into execution, perhaps his lively imagination and his fertile and energetic mind would have suggested to him such generous inconsistencies as might have brought about gradually, and without any violent shock, a somewhat equitable fusion; but, with the exception of Moshesh and his subjects—the ancient and lawful possessors of the soil—every one in the country found it to be his interest to change this moral sovereignty into a material one as quickly as possible.

The English agents soon began to cut and clip on every side, as in a conquered country, to enlarge the farms of the emigrants. Those of the natives whose villages were near these farms were ordered to depart, or to conform to new laws. Foreign chiefs, to whom the sovereign of the Basutos had afforded an asylum, taking advantage of this new order of things, declared themselves exclusive possessors of the district where hospitality had been generously shown to them, and were supported in their pretensions by the colonial authorities.

This was too much. The Basutos could no longer restrain their indignation, and intestine war was the result, the incidents of which we shall not touch upon here. Let it suffice to say that, for nearly four years, cries of alarm or songs of victory were continually to be heard around our stations. During this struggle the Basutos regained a part of the territory which had been wrested from them; they might have disappeared altogether before the English Government understood the part it was made to play in these distant regions. This misfortune was prevented by the intrepidity they showed at the fire of the first cannon that ever appeared in their mountains.

It was by no means the intention of Great Britain to defray the expenses of a war which promised neither glory nor profit. As soon as she saw that the terror of her name was not sufficient to hold in check those who had suffered by her negligence, she withdrew her troops and her magistrates. It would have showed

superior wisdom if it had been possible, at the same time, to withdraw the colonists who had been the first cause of all this evil. In reality, nothing is changed; the two rival races still exist, and the strict neutrality upon which England prides herself is very often merely nominal.

The chiefs have to battle with difficulties that were unknown to their fathers. The excessive independence of their vassals—the facility with which, in the absence of fixed laws, evil-disposed persons can take advantage of the general discontent to commit acts of spoliation or personal vengeance—the ever-increasing demands of their new neighbours—all concur to sink them into a state of despondency which often ends in their complete demoralisation. The diviners and supporters of ancient superstitions turn to their own account the fears of these ignorant and impressionable people.

To this day the governors, who have succeeded each other at the Cape, have hardly had any other exterior policy than that imposed upon them as the result of the encroachments of the colonists. The mother-country views with uneasiness the indefinite growth of possessions, the preservation of which is a useless burden upon her treasury. Brave soldiers reluctantly draw the sword against men who are more worthy of compassion and interest than of hatred. The evil will not cease till, inquiry being made into the material and moral condition of these tribes, a firm and paternal policy is adopted towards them, which, on one side, will encourage them as to their future prospects,

and guarantee the preservation of their territory, which is indispensable to them; and, on the other, aid in repressing those acts of personal vengeance and individual spoliation which are infallibly engendered among them by a state of hostility. Too many regulations have been made for them, without having any just idea of their history, their customs, or of what they stand in need. We should esteem ourselves happy if this work should in any way contribute to make them better known. Is it not a deplorable fact that, at a time when science cultivates so intelligently, and perpetuates with so much care, all material forces, all the riches that are hid in nature, we care so little about preserving the varieties of our own species, who only differ from us in certain respects because an all-wise God has appointed them to concur in the harmonious development of plans that he has made for his own glory, and for the happiness of mankind? What is called the prejudice against colour, is nothing less than a prejudice against the arrangements of Providence. Cicero recommended his friend Atticus not to have any Breton slaves, as their stupidity was such that they were of no service at all. This appreciation must appear singularly ridiculous to the literary men and the manufacturers of Wales, or the country that gave birth to Chateaubriand. The prejudice to which our black brethren are victims has no better foundation. God grant that our race may shake it off before it has committed an irreparable fratricide!

A BAROLONG VILLAGE.

PART II.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE BASUTOS.

CHAPTER IX.

VILLAGES — HABITATIONS — UTENSILS — DOMESTIC OCCUPATIONS.

THE first glance at a village of Basutos is sufficient to prove that these tribes have long been nomadic. The settlement is nearly always in the form of a vast circle, the centre being occupied by the flocks, while the huts form the circumference. The highest spot

is reserved for the habitation of the chief. It is an encampment become permanent.

The natives, in forming their settlements, have felt the necessity of bestowing some care on the choice of the site. The tribes who inhabit countries where the rains are frequent invariably place their dwellings on the hills, on account of the insalubrity of the low ground. They are careful that the aspect should be good, and say it is essential that the first rays of the rising run should fall without any obstacle upon the fold which contains their flocks. The site being chosen, the chief religiously drives into the ground a peg covered over with charms, in order that the town may be firmly nailed to the soil; and that neither war nor any other misfortune may come to distress the inhabitants, and force them to change their abode.

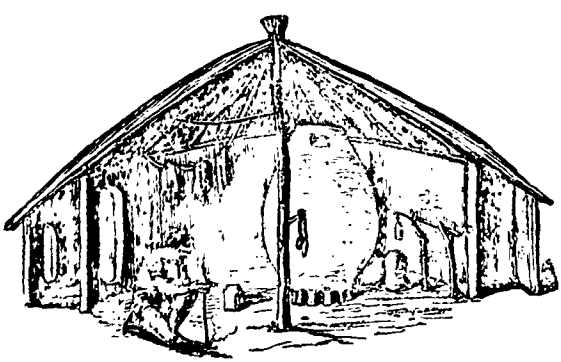
Not far from the chief's residence is a large court, formed by a circle of rushes or boughs. This is the general place of resort for the men. Here public affairs are discussed, law-suits decided, and criminal causes judged: it is also a place of halt for strangers, and news may be had there from distant countries. If Art has not yet found her way to this primitive forum, Eloquence is well known there; and this enchantress has spread over the wild simplicity of the *Khotla* a *prestige* almost as great as that which surrounds our own Houses of Parliament. Women are not allowed to enter this court—they only approach it to bring food to their husbands when the latter think fit to take their meals in public. The chief counsellors of a sovereign

bear the honorary title of *Men of the Khotla.* This appellation, be it said—with all due deference to the frequenters of our palaces with gilded domes—signifies neither more nor less than *men of the court,* or *courtiers.* Men of mature age, who seldom appear in these precincts, are despised as effeminate, or indifferent to public affairs; the old chiefs continually exhort their sons to be constant in their attendance there, to receive travellers, and gain information from what they may have to relate.

In the centre of the village are large enclosures, which are perfectly round among those tribes who are still in their primitive condition, and square among those who have yielded to the influence of European civilisation. These enclosures, in the woody countries of the north, are formed of branches of the mimosa. The Basutos and the Caffres form them of walls, which are generally about six feet in height; the cattle are shut in every evening. Though this quarter of the town is much frequented, there are but few tribes who allow women to visit it; the ground is so holy, that it serves as a burial-place for the chiefs and their families.

The huts are everywhere primitive and inconvenient to the highest degree. The natives have no idea of what we call a house; it appears to them unnatural to live between walls during the day, when the weather is fine—and in Africa it is almost always fine. All their business, all their labours, are performed under the vault of heaven: even the housewives, though very jealous of their rights, find that a slight fence of rushes

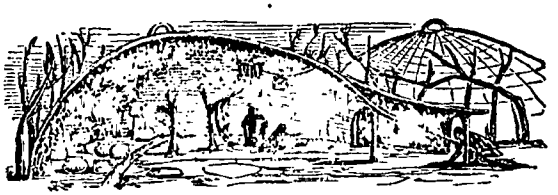
is quite sufficient to protect their kitchen from all profanation. The hut, therefore, properly speaking, is merely a retreat, held in reserve in case it becomes absolutely necessary to seek shelter from the inclemency of the weather or the public gaze. It is used as a sleeping-place when it is cold or wet. There man enters the world, and there he dies;—there he receives those attentions that sickness requires, and there are stored up the most valuable objects possessed by the family. These retreats are small, but the number is augmented as occasion requires: a polygamist, for instance, always has the same number of huts as of wives.



TRANSVERSAL SECTION OF A BAROLONG HUT.

In the country of the Batlapis, the Barolongs, and the Baharutsis, where the heat is excessive and wood abundant, the hut is high and well ventilated; it is in the form of a conical dome, round which is a little verandah which serves to support the roof, at the same

time preserving the interior partitions from the burning rays of the sun, and affording an agreeable shade. The Basutos, who inhabit a mountainous country, endeavour to shut out the cold and wet. Their huts are in the form of a large oval oven, and are entered by creeping along a very narrow passage, which serves to prevent the wind from reaching the interior. The walls are perfectly well plastered, and often decorated with ingenious designs. The women take the greatest care of the huts: they plaster the ground with a very solid composition, to which they manage to give a polish



HUT OF THE BASUTOS.

which is not only pleasant to the view, but is favourable to the maintenance of cleanliness. The chief defect of these huts, next to their small size, is the absence of all means of ventilation. I shall never forget the terror which seized me when first I found myself shut up, with ten or twelve persons, in one of these stoves. I thought myself in imminent danger of suffocation, and hastened out. The sight of the star-lit heaven calmed this involuntary agitation, and, wrapping myself in my mantle, I stretched myself by the side of some dogs that were keeping watch at the door. Nevertheless, the azure skies are not altogether without in-

convenience in a country where scorching days are succeeded by very fresh nights. I was therefore obliged, after sulking for an hour or two, to do justice to the hut, esteeming myself fortunate to be permitted to find a corner in the least comfortable parts of this dark den.

The beds used for sleeping are as uncomfortable as the dormitory itself. For a mattress the poor are content with a mat or an ox-skin, rendered tough and smooth by being well stretched; the rich cover themselves up with their warmest furs. The idea has never entered the heads, even of the obsequious valets of such potentates as Dingan or Moselekatsi, to place an armful of straw between the ground and the persons of their royal masters. The Africans seem to have entered into an agreement with sleep, and to be able to call it at will. They consider it as so great a blessing—it appears to them so sweet and so natural to sleep whenever the smallest degree of calm is to be enjoyed—that they have not thought it necessary to do anything to facilitate or increase this pleasure. "*The earth sleeps, we sleep the sleep,*" they say, in their expressive language, when they congratulate themselves upon the enjoyment of perfect peace. I knew a chief who, after long years of repose and prosperity, could not get rid of the impression left upon him by the sleepless nights he had passed in times of misfortune; he mechanically repeated, every morning, the cry which had formerly escaped him when, after a few hours' repose, he perceived the first dawn of the morning: "Aha! aha! I have slept; I see the light again!"

Among the tribes of the North, the most remote part of the hut generally serves as a receptacle for the *matlulis*—enormous vases of coarse earthenware, containing the provision of wheat.* The Basutos deposit in the same retreat, which is only separated from the rest of the apartment by a slight rising in the ground, pots of beer which are already drinkable, or at different stages of fermentation; and bowls of milk, slowly decomposing, until it has reached the degree of sourness esteemed by practiced palates.

Not far off, heaps of fat or butter are often found, which serve for the daily anointing in which persons in easy circumstances indulge. All this has not a very agreeable odour, but habit renders it bearable. A shield, two or three javelins, some calabashes, some vases of earthenware or soft wood, a few spoons fashioned in an artistic manner, the pyramidal hat, with which, in rainy or very hot weather, the proprietor covers his head, some feathers and other trumpery, with which they adorn themselves for the dance, are fastened or hung up along the walls. I forgot to mention the primitive implement for procuring a light, which, by means of friction, causes the fuel itself to emit fire.†

The door, or rather the neck, by which they go in and out of the hut, leads into a circular court, sur-

* See in the first hut, p. 126.

† See the engraving of the first hut, p. 126; the native there represented is engaged in obtaining fire by this proceeding.

rounded by rushes or branches. In this place is the fire, and here the family are generally assembled. No one is found missing when, in the dusk of the evening, the mistress of the household deposits in a kind of trough the smoking productions of her culinary art. The circle draws in round the flickering blaze, each one anxious to catch a glimpse, at least, of the first morsel he puts in his mouth. Perhaps I may be mistaken; but since I have sat at these primitive firesides, I think I have better been able to understand what David meant, when he spoke of lying among the pots. To lie upon the hearth would be in that country a proof of misery and destitution. At night, when the family have retired to rest, a few shivering dogs, or some other poor wretches, cower over the hot ashes. The andirons are stones on which the pots are placed, and there must be at least five or six of them to form a hearth. The poor creature who goes to find repose there must, of course, arrange these stones before lying down. It is easily understood, that only the special care of Providence could enable one to leave such a couch as undefiled as a dove whose wings are covered with silver. (See Ps. lxviii. 13.)

After having inspected the Khotla, and the huts of an African village, there is nothing more to be seen; and the only method of furnishing food for any further curiosity, is to watch the occupations of those persons who have not been called to the fields by agricultural labours, or the care of the flocks.

We will stop first, and with good reason, before

the principal workman, the only one whose labours amount to anything like art. Indeed, if no Mochuana yields the palm to his neighbour, in the manufacture of most of the objects which are necessary to him, all acknowledge the *blacksmith* to be an exceptional character. He is more than a workman, he is the *ugaka ea tsepe*—the *doctor of iron.* They say that, in order to succeed in this branch, one must undergo mysterious purifications, and swallow the juice of certain plants.

A long apprenticeship appears necessary; and only the inducement of a fat ox can conquer the aversion of the initiated to allow of a rival. It can hardly be denied, when we consider the implements these men use, that there is somewhat of magic in the results they obtain.

The anvil is merely a large mass of basalt, or granite; the hammer to beat the iron a conical stone, held with both hands.

BOY BLOWING THE BELLOWS.

The bellows consists of two long, narrow bags, both ending in a horn tube, which concentrates the wind

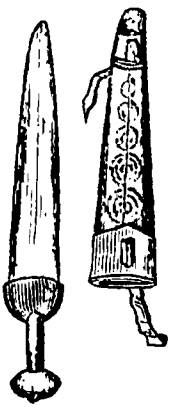
and conveys it to the hearth. The end opposite to the tube is furnished with two small sticks of wood, parallel to each other, which, by being pressed one against the other, shut at pleasure the opening which serves to admit the air.

A boy, seated on the ground, gives a cross-movement to these bags, by drawing them to him, and pushing them to the fireplace alternately, while the fingers of each hand, passed through two loops, open and shut at the right moment, to imprison the fluid atmosphere. Some coarse pincers and two or three small hammers complete the stock of tools of the forge. With these primitive instruments the natives shape the iron to their liking, solder pieces of any size, and even contrive to ornament certain products with chasing, which presents a very pleasing appearance. They also work in copper, and are tolerably expert in fine-drawing it.

LANCE OR ASSAGAI, AND HATCHET.

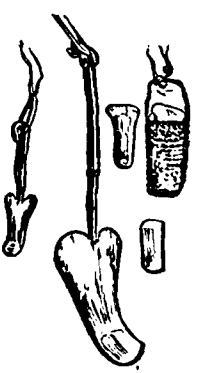
In weapons, they forge assagais, or spears, and hatchets. For domestic uses they make two-edged knives, which they wear hanging from the neck, in a sheath composed of two slips of wood, neatly joined; very good hoes, and large awls, which they use in sewing their furs. Among the products of their industry, I must not forget the *lebeko*, a kind of spatula, slightly bent

back, which serves the African all the purpose of a handkerchief.



A KNIFE.

It will, probably, be asked, *how* the natives procure iron. The greater part of the country they inhabit is rich in ore. In order to see the working of it we must leave the village, and direct our steps towards that clump of trees, from which a cloud of smoke arises. We shall find there a circular fireplace, on which is heaped up a large quantity of embers, and a little ore. From the centre proceed, like so many rays, a considerable number of pipes, made of baked clay. These pipes are sufficiently long to allow the vigorous apprentices to blow with all their might, without experiencing much inconvenience from the heat. As soon as the fusion has taken place, and the metal coagulated, it is beaten out, and is again and again exposed to heat, in order to cleanse it from all extraneous matter. In spite of this labour, the natives complain that their iron is often mixed with ashes and earth. To make up for this, those pieces that are free from dross are nearly as hard as steel, which doubtless arises from the immediate contact of charcoal with the ore.



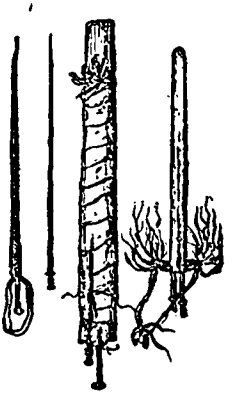
SPATULAS.

But an extraordinary noise calls us back to the village. It is a mixture of nasal grunts, clucking, and shrill cries, which, though most discordant, are in perfect time. One would imagine it to be a chorus of bears, boars, and baboons. All this uproar is made round the skin of an ox, which is to be rendered soft enough for the body of a biped. A dozen men, in a squatting position, seize it by turns, rub it between their hands, twist it, and toss it about with such rapidity, and in such a ridiculous manner, that it really seems as if their bad treatment had put life into it. Every effort, every turn, is accompanied by one of those strange sounds, which we could not account for. As the work advances, the sounds become louder and quicker, and soon amount to frenzy. The heads of the labourers seemed turned; they are beside themselves with the noise and the madness of their song. Some imitate the graceful movements of the gazelle; others spring upon their prey with the fury of the lion; others, again, without discontinuing their work, amuse themselves with the corners of the skin, as a cat would with a mouse. All at once the noise ceases; the skin is as supple as a glove; it is carried off with a shout of triumph; and the noisy fellows refresh themselves with a few jugs of beer, the only payment they expect.

In the public court, around the chief who is busy in settling all disputes, may be seen wise-looking men, deliberating about the cut of some furs with as much earnestness as if they were about to perform on the most valuable stuff in the world. At length a knife,

guided by neither ruler nor compasses, traces, without hesitation, straight lines, parallelograms, and circles, which defy criticism.

This accomplished, our artists uncover their chest, and seek there the narrow sheath containing their faithful awl, and then courageously set about piercing imperceptible holes, through which only lynx eyes can pass a piece of thread, loosely twisted. Each stitch must be conscientiously fastened, so as to hold if its neighbour should happen to break: unheard-of labour, when we consider the long, narrow strips, of which the most elegant mantles are composed. We have already seen that this employment is considered so honourable among the Bechuanas, that the chiefs themselves are not above assisting in it.



AWLS.

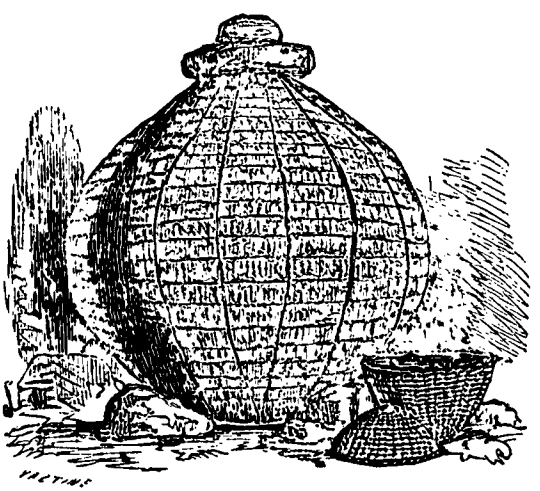
These potentates also pride themselves upon cutting out in a skilful manner the leathern shields, with which they supply their subjects. This weapon of defence assumes different forms among the various tribes. Those of the Caffres are oval, and cover the whole person. The Bechuanas affirm, that this advantage is more than outweighed by the embarrassment caused by this flexible substance when there is much rain or wind. They prefer a light shield, cut from the thickest part of the skin of an ox. Among the Basutos, the field is surmounted by a half-moon placed upside-down. The Barolongs and

the Batlapis give to theirs the form of a rectangle, edged at the top and bottom by two rounded wings. The different corps are distinguished by the colour of their shields. One phalanx can only bear white; another, spotted, and, in certain cases, the spots must be arranged in a particular way. Many an ox owes a premature death to a few white or red hairs. The skin undergoes no preparation, so as to lose nothing of its stiffness. To the inside of the skin is fastened a sort of handle, by means of which the weapon is easily held on the wrist. The shield is always accompanied by a plume of ostrich-feathers, arranged in the form of a thyrsus round a stick of wood.

LEATHERN SHIELD.

Among the various preparations which the skins of animals undergo in this country, where they are found in such abundance, we must not omit to mention that portion of covering which is indispensable wherever all sense of decency is not lost. How, indeed, should we conceal the purpose of that triangular scarf, which has been rendered so supple? The man who prepares it will put it on like an apron, and after having fastened it by two ends round his loins, a little above the hips, will give the remaining corner the necessary direction and

fasten it to the other two ends. Besides this girdle you will see something far more ample in its dimensions, which belongs to the other sex, and is worn like a petticoat, coming down to the knees. We must add, in justice to the Bechuanas, that if modesty is confined within too narrow limits among them, these limits are at least as sacred with them as ours are with us. Why can we not say as much for the tribes of Caffraria? There, man is in a complete state of nudity, and, strange to say, in no part of South Africa are the women so much covered as there!



THE SESSIOU.

We shall find more pleasure in following the gradual enlargement of this enormous basket, which rises full and round, finally presenting the form of a globe, having the two poles slightly flattened. Its texture is not firm,

because it is intended to swell, stiffen, and become impervious to rain, by the pressure of grain, which will be heaped into it by means of heavy levers. It is only to be regretted that it is not formed of a more durable substance. The workman places near him a few bundles of plaiting materials, and two or three sheaves of a certain dry grass, very long and tough. He has in his hand a needle with two eyes, so that the material he interweaves should not get unthreaded. He takes a handful of grass, and gives it the form of a small disc, which he interweaves in all directions until it is firm, and cannot become unrolled. This done, nothing more remains but to go on sewing to the part already formed twists of grass of equal thickness, until the basket finishes in an orifice of six or eight inches in diameter.

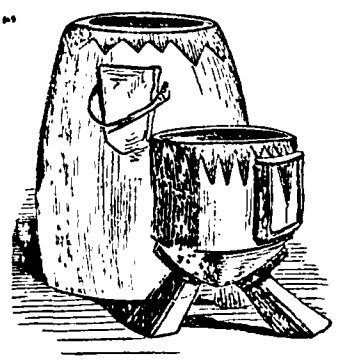
With more solid materials they make, in the same manner, very pretty baskets, in the form of a bell considerably extended, which the women carry on their heads; and little baskets, the texture of which is so firm that they hold liquids.

BASKETS.

The Bechuanas and Caffres seem to have a natural taste for plaiting. With some straws, and reeds of different colours, they make themselves necklaces and bracelets, which

are by no means unornamental. They imitate, without any difficulty, our straw-hats, and even attempt to copy the felt hat, by cleverly introducing at those parts where the stalks cross each other a downy substance, which hides the plait, and presents a velvety surface, by no means disagreeable to the eye. They twist the filamentous fibres of various plants, thus forming a fine kind of string, which is very strong.

In constructing articles of wood they are far less ingenious. Still we may see, not far from the basket-maker, a man who seems to notice nothing that is passing around him, so intently is he studying the growing proportions of a block of willow-wood, which he is cutting with a little hatchet, the edge of which might be a little sharper. He is making an oblong cylindrical vessel, to be used in milking his cows. When the piece has attained the desired form he will hollow out the interior with a javelin, and with a red-hot iron will ornament the borders with black spiral or diamond shapes, in a most regular manner.



WOODEN VESSELS.

If any wood is left, nothing prevents a round or oval plate being made of it. The chiefs, who like to see the dishes on which they regale their guests and their

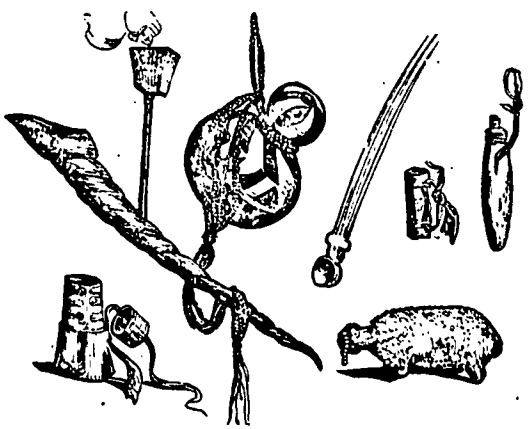
children steaming before them, pay dearly enough for platters of this kind, if they are at all of a respectable size.

The carvers of wood also make spoons, which have fantastic handles, representing, for instance, a giraffe, with head erect, the back slightly arched, and the feet resting on the end of the handle. The handles of knives and axes used in war are generally carved. Sometimes among the amulets worn in the necklaces are seen buffalo-heads, symbols of strength, which perfectly represent the form and physiognomy of the animal.

SPOON.

The snuff-boxes, which are in universal use, and which, for want of pockets, are worn hanging from the arm or from the neck, seem, more than any other object, to have called into play the imagination of the African. Sometimes this article is made of a bone reduced to very small dimensions, and covered with a lid of leather; sometimes of the horn of an antelope, well polished, having a wooden bottom, fastened in by slender pins. Some snuff-takers prefer a small calabash, which they decorate with spots or squares arranged like those of a draught-board; others round a piece of ivory or solid horn, and contrive, by dint of patience, to hollow it out with a very fine kind of chisel. There are some who reduce to a paste the glutinous parings of the skins that have been stretched; and when this substance has been pounded and kneaded, it may be easily moulded into any form. When dry, it bears a close resemblance to gutta-percha.

The pipe is everywhere shaped in the same manner. It is a bowl formed of soft stone, communicating by a tube of bamboo with the horn of an antelope, half filled with water. In order to inhale the smoke through the liquid, the lips must be closely applied to the orifice of the horn, and the lungs must be used pretty freely. Tobacco has long been in use among the natives, and



SNUFF-BOXES AND PIPE.

must have come to them from the Portuguese of Mozambique; but in a song, consecrated to the praise of this favourite plant, they confess that the use of *dagga* (a kind of hemp, of which the Arabs make hagschisch), is much more ancient.

All the labours which we have hitherto noticed belong exclusively to the men. In order to see the women at work, we must leave the places where their

sex is not allowed to enter, and visit the small courts adjoining the huts.

Nowhere does the preparation of the food and the general comfort of the family depend more exclusively upon woman than in this country. This arises entirely from the exaggerated ideas of the natives as to the distinction which is to be maintained between the two sexes. The poor housewives generally bear coura-

WOMAN GRINDING CORN.

geously the heavy burden which falls to their lot. Every morning, before break of day, they may be seen fetching the water necessary for the consumption of the day, after which they have to grind the corn by a very laborious process, somewhat resembling that of our chocolate-makers. They squat upon their heels before a flat stone, the surface of which is about two feet in length and one in width. This millstone is slightly inclined,

MOSUTO WOMAN.

P. 142.

the lower end communicating with a basket, which is very wide at the mouth. The workwoman holds in both hands an oval-shaped stone, with which, by dint of using her whole weight, she crushes the wheat, which is placed in small quantities upon the large stone below. Sometimes, to lighten their labours, the women assemble together, and grind their corn in unison, singing an air which perfectly accords with the harmonious tinkling of the rings on their arms. An hour's labour furnishes them with enough flour for one morning. It still remains to be cooked before the men come in from the folds, where they are occupied in milking the cows, and getting everything ready for the departure of the shepherds. As soon as the family have eaten sufficiently, the mother takes her hoe and goes to work in the fields; she will come back with an enormous fagot on her head, a little before sunset, so as to have time to draw water, grind, and cook as she did in the morning. If her supply of provisions allow, she will prepare a greater abundance and variety of food, for the supper (*selalelo*) is the chief meal among these people. It is generally taken around the fireside, at the hour of dusk, and this custom has bestowed on one of the most beautiful planets (Vesper) the trivial name of *Sefalaboho*, Dish-cleaner; or of *Kopa-selalelo*, Ask-for-supper.

All the provisions of a vegetable kind and everything appertaining to the dairy are understood to belong to the woman, and the husband cannot dispose of any of it without her permission. The flocks and herds, on the contrary, are under the entire control of the men.

Nothing would be more out of place than the mistress of the house taking upon herself to order an animal to be killed. This arrangement may be traced back to the patriarchal era. While Sarah kneaded cakes, Abraham ran to the fold, chose out a calf tender and good, and gave it to a servant to dress. Among the Bechuanas, the cooking would have been Sarah's business, a circumstance upon which I often had occasion to congratulate myself. The men, when compelled by circumstances to prepare their own food, are coarse and disgusting in the extreme. I recollect once travelling with a chief for six or eight days, during which fifteen oxen were killed; I could hardly touch a morsel. The slaughter took place at nightfall. While the poor animal was still struggling, an enormous fire was kindled by the younger of the party, who seemed famishing. Those employed in stripping off the skin, even before they had finished their task, greedily shared amongst themselves a piece of the tail, scarcely broiled, or a sinew, shrivelled up by the flames; a foretaste, terribly hard, but still welcome, of the feast which was preparing. Then came the cutting-up. From this moment nothing more could be seen but a confusion of men hurrying to and fro to throw upon the hearth the bleeding pieces which they had managed to seize. Ashes, filth, embers, no one minded it. It was a real burnt-offering, an eddying cloud of smoke, through which nothing could be seen, and enough to attract all the jackals in the neighbourhood.

The women cook the meat with particular care. They have only one way of dressing it, but that is a

good one. The meat is neatly placed in a large earthen pot, half full of water, which is covered hermetically enough to allow no steam to escape. The meat thus cooked is tender and savoury, and would be appreciated anywhere. We can hardly say as much for the puddings they make morning and evening, which are to the Caffre race what bread is to our own. They are very insipid food, much too doughy, but nourishing and very wholesome. Foreigners generally prefer *lehala*, a very nice kind of pap, made of milk, for which the flour of the sorgho, which has a slightly sweet taste, is particularly suitable. They also relish the *mashi*, or *mafi*, a kind of curds, which is really delicious.

In the south of Africa, it is only the children who drink milk in a sweet state; it is generally left to get sour in large earthen pans, or in bottles of quagga-skin. After two or three days the whey is carefully separated from the congealed mass, and in its stead they add a little sweet milk or cream, to allay the sourness of the curds. When one arrives, after travelling under a burning sun, worn out with fatigue, the blood in a heated condition, feeling the need of taking some nourishment, the stomach having lost its tone from the warmish water one has drunk at the stagnant pools of the desert, nothing is so agreeable and refreshing as this curd, somewhat sour in taste, the whiteness of which is agreeably set off by the red glazing of the pretty round vessel which contains it.

The preparation of the beer is a laborious task for the women; but as most of them are extremely fond

of this beverage, they make it without much pressing. After having left the grain to sprout, they grind it, and pour upon the flour a quantity of boiling water, sufficient to reduce the mixture to a paste. When this mass is cold, some water and yeast are added, and fermentation commences immediately. Two or three days afterwards the liquid is placed on the fire, and boiled several times, to strengthen it; and for the same purpose a few handfuls of fresh flour are added to it; after which it is strained.

During those intervals, when the women are not employed in the preparation of food, the care of the children, and agricultural labours, they occupy themselves in the manufacture of earthenware, in which they display a good deal of skill. Without any other aid than a crock to scrape away the clay as they work it, they contrive to make vases as perfectly round as those turned on a lathe. They do not varnish them badly, but rarely succeed in baking them as well as they wish, as the only convenience for doing this is a fire of dry dung, kindled in the open air.

EARTHENWARE VESSELS.

In those African communities which have not yet yielded to any of the influences of civilisation, it is very seldom that a day passes without the occupations we have just enumerated being interrupted by dances of longer or shorter duration. The only exception is in seed-time, harvest, and seasons of severe cold. The Basutos and the Caffres are passionately fond of a kind

of war-dance, at which the women are only present to aid by their songs and cries. A circle is formed by some hundreds of robust men, having the head adorned with tufts and plumes, and a panther's skin thrown over the left shoulder. The signal is given, the war-song commences, and the mass moves simultaneously, as if it were but one man. Every arm is in motion, every head turns at once, the feet of all strike the ground in time with such force, that the vibration is felt for more than two hundred yards. Every muscle is in movement, every feature distorted, the most gentle countenances assume a ferocious and savage expression. The more violent the contortions, the more beautiful the dance is considered. This lasts for hours, the song continues as loud, and the frantic gestures lose none of their vigour. A strange sound is heard during the short intervals, when the voices are silent in accordance with the measure; it is the panting of the dancers, their breath escaping with violence, and sounding afar off like an unearthly death-rattle. This obstinate prolongation of so fatiguing an exercise arises from the challenges made to each other by the young men, which are even sent from one village to another. The question is, Who can keep up the longest? The gain of an ox often depends upon a few more leaps. Dancers have been seen to fall down dead on the spot; others receive injuries which are difficult to cure. There is another war-dance which is less fatiguing, and which might be called the *charge*. To perform this they form themselves in a straight line, and then run forward singing, as if they

were about to attack an enemy. When they have reached a certain distance they halt; some men leave the ranks, fence from right to left, and then return to their comrades, who receive them with great acclamations. As soon as the line is again unbroken they return in the same manner to their starting-point.

The dances in which both sexes take part are of quite a different character. The movements are slow and effeminate, but seldom graceful. The women generally have a long stick in the hand; which, in addition to the cries they utter, the grimaces they make, and the ridiculous movements they give to their short petticoats, always reminded me of the witches in Macbeth. The similarity is so much the more striking, as these grotesque ballets are generally performed by moonlight. The lugubrious and monotonous sound of a kind of tambourine is in tolerable accordance with the clapping of hands and the clamour of all present.

This kind of tambourine is nothing more than a calabash, or a pot of clay, covered with a skin stretched to the utmost extent. It is accompanied by the *lesiba*, the sharp sounds of which would soon put any nervous person to flight. A cord, resembling the string of a violin, is stretched along a short bamboo, which is slightly curved. This cord has at one end a piece of quill, slit in two lengthways, and flattened. The performer places the end to which the quill is fastened between his half-closed fingers and the palm of his hand, then placing his lips upon his fingers thus arranged, he draws in the air pretty strongly, which causes the quill and the cord to

vibrate; a shrill nasal sound is produced, not unlike those drawn from a clarionet by a novice.

I was near forgetting the *tumo*, a small bow something like the *lesiba*, but still more curved; it has no quill, but is fastened over a large calabash, with a hole bored through it. In order to play this instrument, it is held by one end in the left hand, in such a manner that the forefinger and the thumb are free, and can touch the string at pleasure. In the other hand is a slight wand, with which the performer strikes the cord. The sound swells as it passes through the hollow of the calabash, and can be varied to a certain degree by touching the cord at different heights.

PLAYING THE TUMO.

It is related that Gaïka, chief of the Amakosas, on seeing an English lady at her piano, told her very seriously, that he had *a thing which could sing much better*. The lady, very much astonished at finding her instrument depreciated by a savage, whom she had expected to put in an ecstasy, begged him to show her *his thing*. The chief immediately fetched a *tumo*, and, striking it with the wand with the air of a virtuoso, "There," he said, "you will never equal that!"

I am sorry for Gaïka, but I must say that those of his fellow-savages, whom I have seen under the magical influence of a piano touched by skilful fingers, have given proof of more taste and musical discernment. One of them, struck with the sweetness and clearness of the

sounds which stirred his very soul, said to his friends, "They are voices ringing in water."

It is more especially the time that charms their ear. Those airs in which the measure is the most marked afford them the most pleasure. They can put up with the most discordant sounds, provided the time is well kept.

To increase the pleasure they find in the regular movements of the hands and feet during the dance, they hang about their persons garlands composed of little leathern bells. They consist of a series of little bags, each containing one or two small stones. The leather, as it gets dry, becomes stiff and slightly sonorous.

Both the ear and the voice of the adults are generally spoilt by the vociferations in which they indulge. The half-tones are entirely beyond them, but experience has proved to us that this is not a defect of organisation. After being a few weeks at school, the children begin to improvise a bass or tenor with remarkable accuracy.

The songs of these tribes consist of short solos, followed by a refrain, in which all present join. Often it is the news of the day—sometimes a legend. Some specimens will be found at the end of this work.

It is for the purpose of excelling in the dance that the African loads his person with glass beads, and wears immense copper rings round his neck, arms, and ankles.

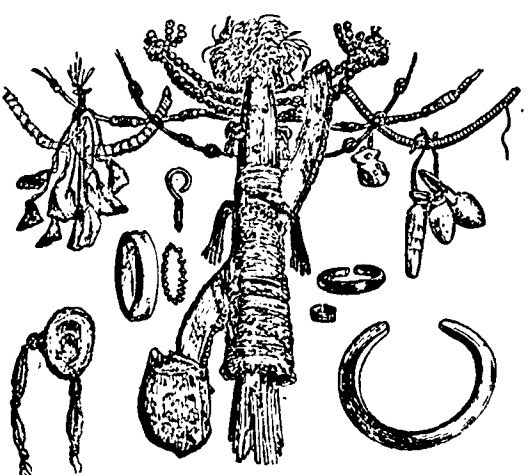
There is another kind of decoration of which the Basuto warriors are very proud; it consists of little marks in the form of a V upside down, and rendered indelible by tattooing. This decoration—for such it

is—can only be worn after some act of bravery. As no colouring matter is introduced into the wound, the incision must be very deep, in order that the marks may never disappear, and the performance is sometimes followed by dangerous inflammation. While the vain warrior undergoes this operation his friends dance round him, and boast of his prowess.

Some girls, also, think they must distinguish themselves by making lines in the same manner round their eyes, and all down their cheeks, ending under the chin. There is great glee and frolic on the day when these young ladies adorn themselves in this manner at the expense of their own feelings. They go to the next village, to carry off the *letsoka* from one of their friends. This is a stick, with which the meat is turned in the cooking apparatus. The theft is no sooner discovered than all the inhabitants of the village pursue the delinquents. They know what it means, and expect some festivity. On reaching the dwelling of the offenders they find an ox lying on the ground, and large fires prepared to roast the flesh. They then begin to sing, dance, and feast, until the disfigured beauties come, with bleeding faces, to join in the chorus of the crowd.

The engraving at the end of this chapter will show the reader, grouped together, some of the objects which the natives wear on their persons. In the centre is a kind of doll, the purpose of which will be explained elsewhere. Near the head of this rude figure are exposed to view necklaces and girdles, made of glass

beads, or little balls of wood, iron, and copper. To the right are seen suspended, from one of the necklaces, an amulet and some whistles; underneath are two bracelets and a large necklace in massive copper. At the top, on the left, is an ornament for the head, which is worn as a sort of top-knot: to the cords of which it is composed are attached hoofs of the antelope, which, in the dance, make a noise resembling that of castanets. A little lower down are some ear-rings, an ivory bracelet —the symbol of power—and a kind of cockade of glass beads, which is worn round the neck. At the bottom is a little tortoise-shell, with a string at the top of it; this is the scent-box of the ladies of this country: they fill it with the powder of an odoriferous wood, which is much esteemed.



PERSONAL ORNAMENTS.

CHAPTER X.

MEANS OF EXISTENCE — PROPERTY — THE CHASE.

The tribes of South Africa are essentially pastoral. The flocks and herds they possess have hitherto constituted their chief wealth. They enable them to meet the expenses incurred by alliances, marriages, ransoms, sickness, and interments. Whoever possesses no cattle has no means of existence. For this reason the Basutos call the bovine species the *hairy pearl*. From their earliest infancy their imagination feasts upon the form and colour of the cattle, which are continually before their eyes. The little boys forget their play to discuss the merits of a certain cow. Their favourite amusement is to form oxen out of clay. These little figures, which are not altogether devoid of merit, prove how great an impression the subject has made on the brains of the young artists.

The care of the flocks is considered a very noble occupation, and worthy of the attention of persons of high rank. The sons of the most powerful chiefs must, for a certain number of years, lead the life of simple shepherds. Some chiefs even make a point of interrupting, from time to time, the course of their adminis-

tration, in order to return to the occupation of their early youth; this is always considered very meritorious, and is more especially done when it is necessary to drive the cattle to distant pastures. In this case the chiefs have with them a number of shepherds, and temporary pens are erected at a certain distance from each other, in the centre of which is the building where the master dwells in person. The latter makes a circuit from time to time, and points out to the herdsmen the animals that may be killed for their food. They bivouac in this manner for weeks together, having no other shelter than a cave, a clump of trees, or a few boughs hastily thrown upon each other. In these encampments there are neither women nor children. Hunting is the only diversion they can enjoy. Such was, doubtless, the position of Moses in the wilderness of Horeb; he superintended a number of shepherds, who had the immediate care of the flocks.

It is easy to understand that the difficulty of acquiring cattle must be in proportion to the price, and the somewhat sacred character which the Basutos attach to them. Before the establishment of any regular relations with the colonists of European origin, the natives had scarcely any other means of enriching themselves than by making war, or speculating upon their daughters, whom they never gave in marriage without demanding a considerable value in return. When the Basutos, who had first ventured into the Government lands of the Cape, brought back with them the animals with which their services had been rewarded, the chief of the tribe

was seriously troubled, and for a long time could not be persuaded that his subjects had not been guilty of theft, or that some snare had not been laid for them: "Take care," he often repeated, "that the white men do not come some day to reclaim their property, and ask you how you can have imagined they were foolish enough to give you anything so disproportionate in value to the work you have done!"

Most of the flocks and herds captured in war become the property of the chief; and the subjects regard it as a favour to become the depositaries and guardians of these new acquisitions. The milk belongs to them; they use the oxen as beasts of burden, and, from time to time, obtain permission to kill an animal which is already old; but they must always hold themselves in readiness to present the flocks to their real owners when he wishes to inspect them. When this favour is once granted, the chief cannot withdraw it without good grounds for so doing. Such is, in fact, the great social bond of these tribes; the sovereigns, instead of being supported by the community, are the chief supporters of it. In certain cases, such as a particularly difficult enterprise, or when vengeance is to be taken on an enemy who has caused all to suffer, the subjects have their share in the spoil. The chiefs, after having selected what they think proper, distribute the remainder. This largess is rare. Wealth, by change of hands, would endanger too much the stability of power. It is a fact, that since the natives have been able to obtain cattle by performing services for the

colonists, the repressive power of the petty Caffre and Bechuana sovereigns has sensibly diminished.

It is common enough in Europe to hear the epithet of *nomads* applied to the tribes of South Africa, but nothing is less correct. The Namaquas and the Bushmen, who belong to the Hottentot race, are the only ones to whom this appellation applies. The former are nomadic, as the Arabs are. The land they inhabit on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean being subject to prolonged droughts, they find themselves obliged to form no other than temporary settlements. The Bushmen, real savages, wander about the deserts in search of the game which constitutes their only means of existence. As to the Bechuanas and the Caffres, they have never been known to leave their country, unless they have been compelled to do so by an invasion or some other event quite exceptional.

We have undoubted proof that the Basutos have, for at least five generations, possessed the territory on which we found them in 1833. It is true that the natives often change the site of their villages for very slight reasons, but it is not to lead a nomadic life, nor to abandon their country; they would rather enlarge its boundaries.

The obstinate resistance which the Amakosas, the Tembukis, and the Basutos made to the encroachments of the colonists, proves how strong is the attachment of these tribes to the countries they inhabit. In speaking of them, they use expressions which touch the heart and

waken enthusiasm: "*Home*," "*our land*," "*the land of our fathers.*" Something like a superstitious respect for the soil has even been observed among them. A chief, on hearing that certain people to whom he had showed hospitality presumed to appropriate to themselves the district they occupied, coolly observed: "The land of my ancestors knows her children! She will reject the new-comers!" There was more in this than a figure of speech. "You ask me to *cut the ground?*" said the sovereign of the Basutos to some white men who had settled on his land, and were absolutely determined, by means of a line of demarcation traced between themselves and him, to ensure to themselves the exclusive possession of the territory they had invaded. "Listen," said he, "to a story which is, I am told, in your great Book: 'It happened once that two women disputed about a child before a very wise king. The latter ordered the child to be cut in two, and half to be given to each of the women. 'It is quite just,' said the pretended mother! 'Let it be divided instantly!' 'Oh, no!' cried the real mother, 'I would rather lose it entirely!'' That is the story.... You, my friends, who are strangers, you think it quite natural that my ground should be cut. I, who am born here, I feel my soul revolt at the thought. No; I will not cut it! Better lose it altogether!"

At a time of public danger, the same chief, when haranguing his people, finished his speech with these words: "*Are shueleng fatsi la rona!*—Let us die for our country!" The whole assembly was electrified; and

nothing was heard but the words, repeated a thousand times,—"Let us die for our country!"

Whenever pastoral tribes tend to unite and form themselves into a settled community, they cannot do without the aid of agriculture. Nomadic tribes, unceasingly in search of fresh pastures, and sacrificing everything to the prosperity of their flocks, see them multiply sufficiently to afford them an abundant supply of food, and to deduct annually what is necessary for barter.

It is not the same when the *town* is founded. The cattle, being too much confined, do not prosper as they did before; they become liable to a number of diseases, unknown in the solitudes of the desert. Social transactions increase from day to day; and the cattle, being the only objects of any value in circulation, the proprietor is obliged to reckon less and less upon his flocks and herds for food. The cattle cease to be *tamed game*, and become *capital at interest*, which must only be touched sparingly. From that time the necessity of agricultural productions is felt, and their absence is equivalent to famine. Thus Jacob, the possessor of immense flocks, said to his sons, "Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt; go down there and buy us some, that we may live and not die." The natives of the south of Africa would speak exactly in the same manner. They are much more attached to their flocks than to their fields, but in all countries favourable to agriculture they depend more upon their fields than on their flocks for support.

Among the Basutos, the Bapelis, and the Zulus, or Matebeles of Natal, agriculture is looked upon in the most honourable light, and more generally pursued, both sexes devoting themselves to it with equal ardour. The other tribes still leave to the women the task of clearing and sowing the fields; but this state of things is beginning to improve.

The sale or transfer of land is unknown among these people. The country is understood to belong to the whole community, and no one has a right to dispose of the soil from which he derives his support. The sovereign chiefs assign to their vassals the parts they are to occupy; and these latter grant to every father of a family a portion of arable land proportionate to his wants. The land thus granted is insured to the cultivator as long as he does not change his locality. If he goes to settle elsewhere, he must restore the fields to the chief under whom he holds them, in order that the latter may dispose of them to some other person. The bounds of each field are marked with precision; and cases of dispute are referred to the arbitration of the neighbours; and, as a last resort, to the chief himself.

The possession of pasture land is likewise subject to rules, founded on the exigencies of good neighbourhood. It is understood that, as far as possible, the inhabitants of one locality should prevent their flocks from grazing on ground which good sense and the first principles of equity pronounce to belong to another hamlet. Among the Basutos these considerations are so much the more necessary, as it is the duty of every petty village chief

to see that a part of the adjacent territory should be reserved for winter pasture. As the cattle do not browse indifferently upon whatever they find first, but choose the most delicate grasses, it is absolutely necessary that, during the winter, they should be driven to those spots where nutritious herbage is still to be found. The only disputes relative to the right of pasturage, which have come to our knowledge, arose from clandestine encroachments upon the reserved district.

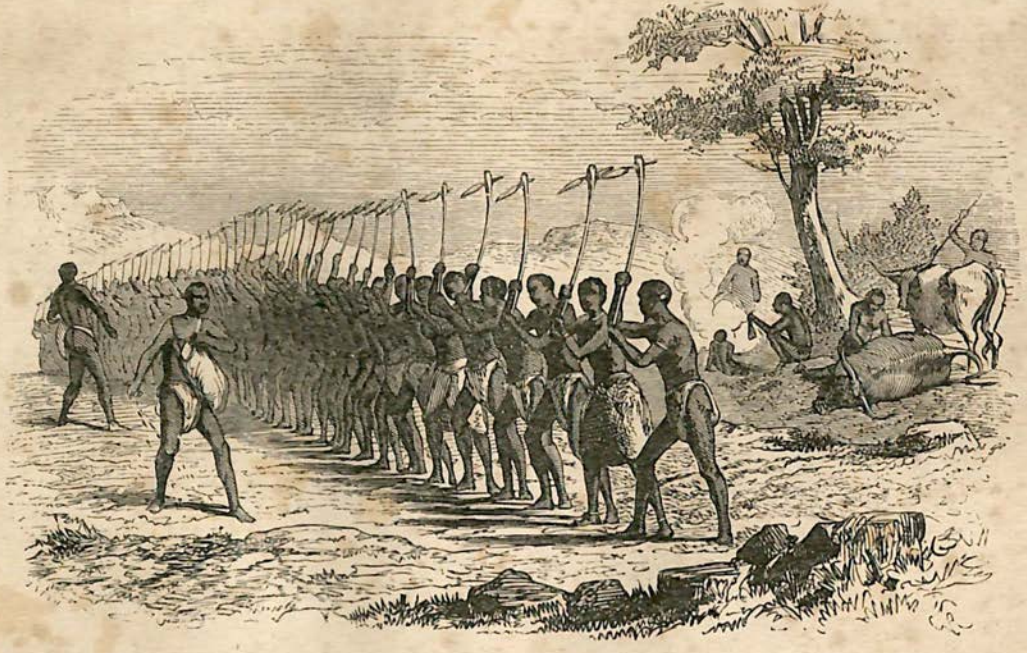
It is very common to see an important personage come, with a numerous retinue and large flocks, and settle down indefinitely among a people, with whom he hopes to enjoy more peace and prosperity. Custom compels him to do homage, by means of a present, to the sovereign who receives him. As soon as this formality is over, the new-comer takes the title of *stranger* to such a chief. He enjoys great privileges, pays no rent, and is not bound to render any service to the government. He orders his household according to his own customs, and settles himself any differences that may arise among his subordinates. No other obligation is laid upon him than that of respecting the power whose protection he has solicited, as to all that concerns the soil and the general interests of the community. He cannot appropriate the place he occupies. He is not forbidden to cultivate the ground or to build; but if he leaves the country, he has no right to dispose of his constructions or his fields. Such seem to have been the relations of Abraham with the princes of Canaan. "*He dwelt in the midst of them as a stranger.*" In He-

brew, and in the idioms of South Africa, this can be expressed in one word, for which our languages have no equivalent. If this comparison is just, we can better understand the liberty the patriarch enjoyed, the ease with which he was able to preserve his family from heathen manners and institutions, how he was allowed to arm three hundred and eighteen servants, and in what sense the well and the grove of oaks at Beer-sheba belonged to him.

To return to South Africa, the custom of which we speak explains, in a great measure, the little difficulty the colonists find in establishing themselves upon the lands of the natives. At first, the chiefs are mistaken as to the nature of these encroachments. The presents they receive, which will hereafter, in proper time and place, be artfully interpreted as payment, appear to them the homage to which they are accustomed. The illusion is dispelled by and bye; but the strangers have come nearer, and are able to make resistance. The colonist, on being charged to withdraw, refuses to do so. The native seizes on his flocks; both parties fly to arms; and the colonial government, which, up to that time, has neither known nor suspected anything of the affair, runs up out of breath and all in a bustle. "Down with the muskets!" they cry to one party; "Lay down your shields and javelins!" they say to the other. "What is all this about?"—"My land!" answers the chief; "they have taken my land from me."—"His land!" stammers the intruder; "indeed it was his land!"—"Well, you must withdraw from it!"—"Yes! but this house, this

orchard, these fields and enclosures! All my possessions are there? What compensation do you offer me!" Diplomacy is now in great embarrassment. "My friend!" she says to the amazed black man, "you are behind the age, you ought to have driven away this white man directly he came!" Driven him away! he had done me no injury! He was your subject; I should have thought I was disobliging you, had I refused to show him hospitality. My subjects go to your land; you do not drive them away, and when they return, they do not bring with them your ground clinging to their sandals." "Very well! I will counsel you as a friend. I plainly tell you, that your clubs and your assagais will not inspire men with terror who are armed with guns. It will be more advantageous for you to have to do with me than with these vagrants. Give up to me the unlucky corner, where those white houses stand. I will maintain order there, and for the future you will be wiser yourselves."—"I agree," replies the native, "because I do not know what else to do." And he departs, stung to the inmost soul, and in a state of exasperation, at this refusal of justice, which he cannot understand, his heart a prey to the demon of hatred and vengeance.

If in the country of the Bechuanas and Caffres the cultivator has not the right to dispose of the ground, he enjoys the entire fruits of his labour, and is not burthened with tithe or rent of any kind. The Basutos assemble every year, to dig up and sow the fields appropriated for the personal maintenance of their chief and



BASUTOS DIGGING. P. 163.

his first wife. It is interesting to see on these occasions hundreds of black men in a straight line raise and lower their mattocks simultaneously, and with perfect regularity. The air resounds with songs, which serve to invigorate the labourers and keep time in their movements. The chief generally makes a point of being present, and he takes care that some fat oxen are prepared for the consumption of his robust workmen. Every class has recourse to the same system to lighten and forward their labour; but among subjects, there is reciprocity.

The Basutos, as well as all the Bechuanas and the Caffres of Natal, use oval hoes, which are very well made. The blade is thick in the middle, and gets thinner towards the two sides and the lower part, which renders it at the same time solid and sharp. It is furnished at the top with a kind of elongated tail, which is inserted into a hole bored in the end of the handle. This handle is generally well polished, and slender enough to occupy the hollow of the hand without over-fatiguing the fingers; it is finished off at the bottom by an oblong kind of head, intended to increase the weight of the implement. With us, the workman handles his hoe as he would an axe, driving it into the ground with a violent effort; the Africans merely raise it perpendicularly over their heads, and let it descend almost by its own weight. The Tembukis and the Amakosas dig the ground with a little wooden spade, which is very inconvenient. The natives have sufficiently observed the nature of the soil, to know how to choose that which is most suitable for different objects of cultivation. The cultivated fields are

generally situated at some distance from the village, lest the cattle should escape from their enclosures during the night, and commit depredations. The use of manure is still unknown. When a piece of land is observed to be exhausted or *grown old*, as the natives say, they clear another piece by the side of the former, to which they return when it has *grown young again*.

The ground is cleared some months before seed-time, to allow time for the tufts of grass to decay under the action of the sun and rain.

Field labours begin in the month of September, and the approach of this important time is generally announced by great altercations. The native year is composed of twelve moons, which derive their names from natural phenomena or from special occupations. Each moon is registered, with the most scrupulous exactness, as soon as it appears; but, notwithstanding the shrewdness of the old men and the good memory of the young ones, these moons are always out of order, and, when it is least expected, some phenomenon which ought to appear in September is not seen till October.

The reckoners are taken to task: certain of the truth of their statements, they exclaim in their turn. Some minds of greater penetration assert that there is a moon without a name. After endless debates the moons are left to get out of order as they please; and recourse is had to the phenomena of the atmosphere and the state of vegetation to know when to put the mattock in the ground. Intelligent chiefs rectify the

calendar at the summer solstice, which they call the summer-house of the sun.*

The sorgho (*holcus sorghum*) is to the natives of South Africa what wheat is to us. They consume an immense quantity of it in various forms; sometimes cooked in its natural state, like rice—sometimes ground, and made into a kind of coarse pudding. Two sorts of beer are also made—one very refreshing, the other strong and intoxicating.

The sorgho, with regard to its dimensions and the appearance of its stalk and leaves, is something between millet and maize. When the plant reaches maturity it has an ear in the form of a pyramidal cluster. This

* We will give here the names of the moons, following the order which is generally adopted:—

English Name.	Sesuto Name.	Signification.
September.	Loetse.	*Pasturage.*—The grass springs up in the fields.
October.	Mpalana.	*Kind of iris,* which grows at this time.
November.	Pulunguana.	*Fawn of the gnu.*—This is the season when the female gnu produces her young.
December.	Tsitoe.	*Kind of cricket,* which makes a good deal of noise at this time.
January.	Perekong.	*Coverer* (*moon of the*).—The wheat begins to come into ear, and huts are erected for the shelter of those whose business it is to attend to the preservation of the products.
February.	Tlakola.	*Ear of corn.*
March.	Tlakobela.	*Perfect grain.*

vegetable requires a fertile soil: it fears cold and wet ground. It is extremely productive, a single root having three or four stalks, each of which bears an ear composed of at least two thousand grains, six times as large as ordinary millet. It is a production that requires much care. As soon as the young plants make their appearance the ground must be cleared, weeded, and dug up round the roots. When the ear begins to ripen swarms of wood-pigeons, turtle-doves, and other small birds, set to work daily upon the wheat, and would soon do immense mischief if they were not prevented. The natives heap up mounds of earth on the borders of their fields, and from the top of these hillocks they shout, gesticulate, clap their

English Name.	Sesuto Name.	Signification.
April.	Mesa.	*To light.*—Fires are now kindled, on account of the freshness of the mornings and evenings.
May.	Motseanong.	*Warbling of birds.*—It is cold; the little birds warble through the valleys in search of food and shelter.
June.	Pupchane.	*Corn salad* (a kind of).
July.	Pupu.	*Name of the same plant*, but without the termination *pchane*, which is a diminutive, because the plant is now found fully developed.
August.	Pato.	*Hidden.*—The pasturage of the last season is so dry that the cattle refuse to eat it; the fresh grass is still too short. The cows have no milk, or *hide it*, as the natives say.

hands, and crack whips. They have a little relaxation during the hottest hours of the day. The winged marauders then retire to enjoy the shade, and allow the poor labourer to go and lie down in his hut, and eat a few ears of maize at his ease. Towards evening the uproar recommences, and cries are heard on all sides of "*Hube! hube! hube!*" (Red! red!) the latter exclamation being especially addressed to certain finches of very brilliant plumage, and gifted with an unbounded appetite.

When the sorgho has reached maturity a threshing-floor, perfectly round in shape, is prepared in the midst of the fields, from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter. The women, after having threshed the ears, winnow the grain by means of baskets, which they raise as high as their arms permit, and move slightly backwards and forwards in order to make the grain fall gradually, the wind blowing away the chaff.

The Basutos preserve their sorgho in large straw baskets, in the shape of a dome, the texture of which is impervious to the rain. The Caffres have recourse to pits, a method of preservation the knowledge of which must have come to them from ancient Mauritania. They make deep excavations in the enclosures where their cattle are penned. The walls of these pits are carefully plastered. The opening, which is only large enough to admit a man, is even with the ground. When the subterranean granary is filled, the opening is hermetically sealed, and the whole is covered with a thick coat of dung and earth. If these dépôts happen

to be shut up for a long time, great precaution is required in opening them: persons have been known to be instantly suffocated by the gas which is there generated. If left there too long the grain acquires a musty flavour, which it does not lose even when cooked.

A plant very much resembling the sorgho is always found by its side. It is the *imfe* or *intse*, a kind of sweet reed, of which the natives are passionately fond. They consume enormous quantities of it; and I have always observed that they look remarkably healthy at the season when they feast upon it. When the pulp of this vegetable is chewed, a sweet and slightly-acidulated juice is pressed out, which is both refreshing and nourishing.

According to the natives, maize is a plant of recent introduction. Probably they received it from the coasts of Mozambique and from Cape Colony at the same time. Certain tribes of the interior do not yet cultivate it. I once sent a few handfuls of this grain to a chief who resided not far from the tropics. He could not understand how a stranger could take any interest in increasing the resources of a tribe he had never seen; and my maize, suspected of witchcraft, was ignominiously thrown away. This plant thrives to perfection in South Africa. It attains to a size which it very seldom reaches in the warmest parts of France or Italy. The natives gather the ears before they are perfectly ripe, and eat them boiled or roasted. This method of preparing it is at first repugnant to

Europeans, but they soon acquire a taste for it, and adopt it themselves. That portion of the harvest which reaches maturity seldom undergoes the process of grinding. The indigestible pellicle of the grain is removed by pounding it in a wooden mortar, and then it is cooked in the same manner as rice, and furnishes a wholesome and agreeable food.

Some tribes have recently adopted the culture of our cereals, especially that of wheat. The corn which is brought from the country of the Basutos to the markets of the colony is remarkable for its extreme purity. Next to these larger productions may be cited several varieties of melons and pumpkins, which are delicious in taste; a kind of black bean, which is not to be recommended; tobacco; and, in some districts, the ground-nut or *arachide,* a kind of oleaginous bean, which buries its pods in the ground in order to ripen them.

The trade which the natives carry on among themselves is not worthy to be enumerated as one of their means of existence. It is as yet a very small matter. This is occasioned more by the absence of objects of exchange of any real importance than by a want of taste for this kind of occupation. The Basutos convey to the tribes of Natal otter-skins, panther-skins, ostrich-feathers, and wings of cranes—objects destined to serve as ornaments to the Zulu warriors. They receive in exchange cattle, hoes, blades of assagais, necklaces, and copper rings. The Bechuanas of the north apply themselves particularly to the preparation of furs. The

Balalas, a very poor horde, subsisting exclusively by the chase in the desert of Kalahari, furnish them with a large quantity of skins of the jackal, the squirrel, the lynx, and the wild cat. The tribes living nearest the tropics seek to enrich themselves by the sale of ivory and ostrich-feathers; but they find serious obstacles in the monopoly practised by the chiefs, and the prodigious activity of hunters from the colony. It is with white men that the natives transact the most profitable business. In this respect the Basutos are particularly favoured by the fertility of their country. Their corn finds a ready sale at all the markets; and if the means of transporting it can be facilitated, it will become an important branch of commerce. The English annually procure, by means of exchange which is very advantageous to themselves, thousands of oxen, which they sell again to the colonists and the butchers of the Cape.

The first founder of an empire mentioned in history was a mighty hunter. At the present day the chiefs of South Africa still find, in their frequent excursions against the deer, an element of power which they are careful not to neglect. The days on which they set out are welcomed with enthusiasm by the less affluent part of the population. After having partaken of milk food and insipid mixtures of flour, they go to feast on succulent meats, in which they indulge to their hearts' content. The most animated discussions arise as to the merits of certain morsels renowned for their delicacy. And then, the charms of the bivouac! Those

delightful hours spent among comrades, each striving to outdo the other, in relating his acts of prowess, round a gigantic fire, the flames mounting higher and higher as large pieces of meat are thrown upon them! What matters it if the lions, astonished at the invasion of their domains, send forth roars loud enough to be heard by their uproarious rivals! They laugh at these pretended kings of the desert. It is time they should fast in their turn, and content themselves with the odour of the meat, esteeming themselves fortunate if, on the morrow, they do not share the fate of the timid antelope.

Perhaps superstition, resting upon the traditional souvenir of the first origin of these states, has sanctioned these general slaughters, by attributing to them extraordinary effects. In times of great drought, the Bechuanas ask with anxiety when their sovereign is going to hunt, not having the slightest doubt that Nature, attentive to the signal, will resume her ordinary course.

These expeditions are generally preceded by ceremonies intended to ensure their success. The diviners must declare if the moment is propitious, and in what direction the game will be found in the greatest abundance. The hunters inoculate themselves in the right hand and the legs with specifics, intended to give them a sure aim, and the lightness of the gazelles, which are the objects of their pursuit.

When the preparations are finished the chief points out to his vassals the place of rendezvous. The latter send their subordinates to beat the country, in order to

enclose imperceptibly a great number of antelopes; then the different companies, moving towards a common centre, impel gently before them gnus, quaggas, caamas, gazelles, in great astonishment at finding themselves all mixed together in a state of confusion. The different troops draw nearer and nearer to each other, till at length they meet. The fatal circle which encloses the wretched victims grows smaller and smaller; those who have beaten up the game see the spot where their chief awaits them. All at once the signal is given; a general rush ensues, and the slaughter commences.

This barbarous sport often costs dearly enough. Gnus, in a state of fury, rush with their heads bent downwards upon their assailants, and with their sharp horns force their way through the thickest ranks. Even the most inoffensive deer become formidable, such are their desperate springs. I knew a chief, renowned for his bravery, who, in an encounter of this kind, was knocked over by an antelope (spring-bok), and was obliged to be carried from the battle-field, very little disposed to recommence the sport.

It is the custom for each one to appropriate to himself the game he has killed, but they do homage to the chief with the first victim; a quarter of each also belongs to him. His sons present him with the heads, as the symbol of his dignity. When an animal has been wounded by two or three hunters, it belongs by right to him who struck the first blow. After the cutting-up is over, they hasten to place the meat upon the draught-oxen, which are driven back to the village by men too

advanced in years to take part in the chase. The whole village is thrown into confusion by their arrival. The women and children shout for joy, clap their hands, and are eager to learn the events of the day.

These great occasions are not frequent enough to satisfy all the lovers of game. Private parties are arranged almost every day, which require more patience and skill. Those of the natives who are able to procure horses and carts have conveniences for hunting, which were unknown to their fathers. They station themselves in those quarters where the game is most abundant; during the day they pursue the elks and gnus; and at night, they watch near the pools where the antelopes come to quench their thirst. In this manner they procure a quantity of skins and dried meat, which they take back to their families. If they have extended their excursion far enough, no danger would deter them from robbing the elephant of his tusks, the ostrich of her elegant plumes, or the rhinoceros of his formidable horn.

Those who hunt animals for their fur go alone, or, at most, by twos or threes. They generally surprise the jackalls in their dens, stop up the outlets of their subterraneous passages, and construct a countermine, which leads them to the cunning quadruped. If he seeks to escape at the moment they are about to seize him, he is immediately laid hold of by some dogs, that have long been on the watch. The hunter, after having carefully stripped off the skin of his victim, does not disdain the tough and insipid flesh.

The natives, who live upon the immediate border of

the desert, depend for their supply of provision upon deep pits, which they make along the streams of water. A thin layer of earth, supported by a few slender branches, hides from the thirsty antelope the pit which is about to open under his feet.

These private hunts have great attractions for adventurous dispositions, and there is no end to the events of a dramatic nature, by which they are often accompanied. I will not invite the reader to enter upon this subject, for we should find it really interminable. We will content ourselves with two little incidents, serving to show that in Africa, as elsewhere, one may by the help of God come out safe and sound from the most dangerous positions.

One of our Missionaries, an excellent marksman, while on a journey, had one day gone considerably in advance of his vehicle, in the hope of getting a good shot. He was not disappointed; a magnificent quagga was soon brought down. The day was scorching; but the victim was lying near a delightful grove of trees. Our friend was on the point of stretching himself at his ease, in the shade of some venerable mimosas, intending to rest there until his carriage came up, when a shaggy and enormous head appeared through the thicket, at a distance of two or three paces. This head turned first towards the quagga, then to the dismayed hunter. It was bent down for an instant, and then raised again higher than before. The lion (for it was one) proceeded methodically, like an intelligent animal as he was. His ideas, at first rather confused—as they always are after a profound siesta—began to get clearer. It was evi-

dent he would not have to hunt far that day! Should he devour the living biped or the dead quadruped? This was the important question he asked himself; and in order to decide the better, he had quitted his leafy couch, and seated himself gravely. His position taken, he again looked from one to the other. His gaze at length seemed to rest longer and more frequently upon the victim already prepared. "King of the desert, will you be satisfied with my game?" the hunter, more dead than alive, was on the point of exclaiming. If he did not say it, he thought it, and ventured to make a slight movement of retreat by way of trial. The lion's eyes assumed a most benevolent expression. He rose; and took a step in a direction, which left no doubt as to the generosity of his intentions. The treaty was concluded. They separated as friends.

A servant of mine, a great amateur of rhinoceros's flesh, had the misfortune to attack one of the toughest hides that had ever been seen in the country. Jantje, having that day more appetite than prudence, had encamped himself bravely before the fierce animal in the open field. The shot was fired, and the ball inflicted an insignificant scratch. The rhinoceros raised his head; turned his small eyes, flashing with rage, upon his puny assailant, and set off in hot pursuit after him. The man was one of those to whom fear gives legs, instead of taking them away. He flung down his weapon, and bounded along the plain like a stag, directing his steps towards a solitary tree which he perceived at some distance. But he soon heard loud and

angry grunts behind him, and tossed back his hat to amuse the enemy for an instant. This stratagem gained the poor fellow a few seconds. He made a last effort; reached the tree; made a spring towards a horizontal branch; managed to seize it; raised himself as much as possible, and felt the rhinoceros pass between his legs, without doing him any harm.

I cannot conclude this subject without saying a word about the natural ally of the hunter in every country. The natives affirm that they have had dogs from time immemorial; but, alas! ages of fidelity have not yet gained for the canine race the gratitude of their black proprietors! The poor creatures do not lack praises. Every one boasts of the agility, the courage of his shaggy favourite. Nowhere, to judge by the disputes occasioned by these animals, is the principle more universally established, "Love me, love my dog!" But it is understood that every good hound should be content with panegyric. The supply of food is left entirely to his own industry: thus he becomes, necessarily, a thief by profession, and the most unclean of all creatures. Nothing is thrown to him but the hardest and driest of bones; a shoulder-blade, or a shin-bone from which the marrow has been extracted. If the dogs are treated in this mean manner their number ought, at least, to be diminished; but this is not the case. The smallest hamlet is infested with dogs of all sizes and colours. The approach of a stranger is the signal for a frightful uproar. One yelps, another growls, a third howls. Too weak to bark in a proper

and natural way, they give vent at random to the most discordant cries. We will add, for the reader's consolation, that for some years their condition has been improving. The poor wretches will have to congratulate themselves that light has found its way to the huts they defend.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre observes, that a people who eat their dogs cannot be far from cannibalism. He might be said to have borrowed this idea from the Basutos, whom I have often heard repeat, that "to eat a dog and a man is one and the same thing." It is a fact, that the anthropophagi of the Malutis, before feasting on human flesh, devoured all their dogs. These abominable men afterwards boasted, in a song which was intended to strike the hearers with terror, that they ate the brains of dogs and of children.

The word *incha* (dog) has two meanings, diametrically opposed to one another in the metaphorical language of these tribes. To call a man "a dog" would be the most unpardonable insult; but a chief will say of one of his subordinates, "That man is my dog!" and the appellation will be received with a smile of assent by the person on whom it is bestowed. In the first case, the idea is connected with the gluttony and impudence of the animal; in the second, with the relations of subordination and fidelity. "Receive me: I will be thy dog; I will bark for thee;" is a technical phrase, which simply means, "I will undertake to defend you, in return for the services you render me." Thus, in the Old Testament, the unfaithful prophets

are called dumb dogs; and the Lord commands Ezekiel to CRY and *howl*, to warn His people of the approach of the sword.

One more remark and I conclude this chapter, which is already too long. It is singular enough that the natives of South Africa should have the same superstitious horror of certain nocturnal howlings of the dog which persons in Europe, who are infinitely more enlightened, cannot get rid of. It is there as it is with us, these lugubrious sounds announce some calamity near at hand.

CHAPTER XI.

SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE father, the eldest son, and, in some tribes, the maternal uncle, govern and protect the family. The authority of the father is acknowledged as supreme as long as he is in his vigour, but weakens as he advances in age; and, at his death, devolves entirely upon the eldest son. The latter, even during his father's life-time, enjoys many advantages: he bears the title of *son-lord*, while the younger ones are called *son-servants*.

The father dares do nothing of any importance without consulting him, and asking his consent. It is this son who generally acts as intermediate agent between the other children and the chief of the family. He divides the inheritance as he will, and the younger members have nothing but what he chooses to leave for them.

These prerogatives of the eldest son often create sad rivality between him and his father. If the latter is a polygamist, the first-born of the different wives have few rights over the other children born of the same mother as themselves: they are all under the authority of the eldest son of the first or legitimate wife.

This son seldom resides with his father. He has a separate establishment of his own.

When his mother is advanced in years, she generally retires to live with him, especially if her husband is a polygamist. The right of primogeniture involves great responsibility. If any accident happens to the younger children, or if they conduct themselves badly, the father lays the blame on the eldest son, and makes him accountable for the faults of his brothers. Thus Reuben, in the plains of Dothan, felt himself responsible for the life of Joseph, and was troubled at the thought of the disagreeable position in which he was placed by the disappearance of the lad. When we consider the matter from this point of view, we can understand why Reuben consented to the expedient of the bloody coat. It was very probably he who suggested it, to shelter himself from blame. If he had really been sorry for his brother, he would have revealed everything to his father, and set the unhappy old man on the track of the Ishmaelites. If Jacob had asserted his rights he might have disinherited him, and even deprived him of what he already possessed. We afterwards find Judah, to whom the birthright was about to be transferred, saying to Jacob, "Send Benjamin with me, and we will arise and go. I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him. If I bring him not to thee, then let me bear the blame for ever." Our ideas hardly allow us to take these words literally, but the Bechuanas have no difficulty in understanding them. Among the Basutos, the eldest brother of the mother (*malume*), also

enjoys special rights over the children. He is understood to replace the mother, whose sex keeps her in a state of dependence. This is a counterbalance to the authority of the father and the eldest son; but it often preponderates to excess, especially in polygamist families, in which great rivality generally reigns, and where the children have no strong affection for their father. It is the special duty of this godfather in common to the whole family to protect the child, and to purify it by means of sacrifices. When the right of circumcision is performed, he makes his ward a present of a javelin and an heifer: he also defrays in part his marriage expenses. In return for all this, he is entitled to a share of the spoil taken by his nephews in war, of the game they kill, and of the cattle that comes into the possession of the family at the settlement of his nieces. It often happens that these uncles fill the office of prime minister and regent at the court of the chiefs.*

If we may judge by the great ascendancy Joab had acquired over David, we should be inclined to believe that something similar existed among the Hebrews.

Marriages are contracted in the same manner as among the Etruscans, the ancient Romans, and the

* According to Tacitus, the maternal uncle was also entitled to important rights among the Germanic tribes: "Sororum filiis idem apud avunculum, qui apud patrem, honor. Quidam sanctiorem archioremque hunc nexum sanguinis arbitrantur."—*De Germaniâ*, cap. xx.

The uncle presides at the funeral of his nephews. It would appear from Amos, vi. 10, that the same custom prevailed among the Hebrews.

Arabs, the parents of the young man paying a certain value to those of the girl. This value is called in Bechuana *Bohari*, a word closely resembling the Hebrew word *Mohar*, which has the same signification. The price varies according to the tribes. With some it is not more than five or six head of cattle; among the Basutos it amounts to twenty-five and thirty.

The transaction is made in public, and they are careful to have as many witnesses as possible when the dowry is paid. This custom reduces the women to a state bordering on slavery. Michelet says, that among the ancient Romans the wife was the sister of her husband's children. The position of a married woman among the South African tribes could not be better described. The Mosuto, in speaking of himself and his family, invariably says, "I and my children;" and it is understood that the wife is reckoned among the latter. The natives repel with indignation the epithet of *purchase*, which we often apply to their mode of marriage. It is none the less true that this custom opens the way to cupidity, and prevents the consultation of any personal opinion and feeling on the part of the young maiden. It places the chiefs and the rich men above all rivality, as the highest bidder is pretty sure to have the choice of those possessing the greatest personal attractions. It introduces among the poorer classes the pernicious habit of having recourse to relations, friends, or even to the chief, for a part of the cattle they must give in exchange. This aid is generally granted without hesitation, but on the condition that the advance shall be

repaid, either at the marriage of the sister of the young husband, or at that of one of his children. In this manner a sort of mortgage is established upon the daughters, which destroys their liberty and the repose of their families. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, it cannot be denied that marriage by purchase, contracted in the presence of witnesses, and guaranteed by the united interests of several parties, has been an invaluable institution for these barbarous people, who, from the absence of any settled principles of morality, might have fallen into a state of brutal degradation. From the time that a woman legally belonged to a man for his whole life-time the family tie was formed.

The parents are incited to vigilance from the fear of being obliged to accept a disadvantageous bargain in consequence of the misconduct of their daughters. Indeed it is probable that, but for this custom, the children would not be cared for as they are; in times of war and famine, motives of interest are doubtless greatly instrumental in their preservation.

It is a curious coincidence, that, at the rate of remuneration awarded to the young shepherds in the South of Africa, a Mosuto, in order to acquire means sufficient to procure him a wife, would be obliged to serve for the same number of years as Jacob did to the father of Rachel and Leah.

The Bechuanas would have blamed Laban for deducting nothing from the price on account of the relationship. According to their ideas, he, as uncle, ought to have furnished a part of the marriage-portion he

exacted as father; at least, he ought to have returned to his nephew the value of one year's labour.

There is a certain tribe who, from another motive, would have laid upon him this obligation. Among the Baperis, the amount of the marriage-portion, of whatever it may be composed, ought never to exceed the number seven, that being considered as a sacred number.

The custom which forbade the marriage of Rachel before Leah still exists in full force among the Bechuanas.

Cases of divorce are very frequent where the price of the wife is of small value. Among the Basutos, where it is of considerable amount, the dissolution of marriage is attended with much difficulty. Husbands who send back their wives are not disposed to lose the cattle with which they were purchased. The relations of the wife, on their side, are seldom willing to restore the property thus acquired, and which, perhaps, is no longer in their possession. They are authorised by law to refuse all restitution when the marriage has been productive, as the children are supposed to have acquitted the debt.

Sterility is the only cause of divorce which is not subject to litigation. If the husband is too poor to procure a second wife, no consideration would prevent his setting aside an arrangement which he would consider as annulled in fact. If he is in affluent circumstances, and attached to his first wife, she generally undertakes herself to procure a second partner for her husband, to whom she will sacrifice her most sacred

rights, in the hope of obtaining by another the child which nature denies to herself. In this manner Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham.

This arrangement, so contrary to our customs and to the spirit of the Gospel, appears quite natural to the African tribes. I shall never forget the lamentations of one of my converts who had just lost her only son, of fifteen years of age. "Oh, my child!" she said, "thou art dead, and I am dead with thee! But thy sorrows have ceased, and mine are only beginning. What shall I do? What will become of me? What have I to expect, poor, dried-up, barren plant that I am? It is in vain to hope that I can bear a second son! I shall be put aside, like a useless thing, or obliged to consent to means that my God has forbidden!" I stopped her, and tried to calm her, entreating her to respect the sorrow of her husband, who was present, and who also belonged to the church. But a few weeks later I discovered that the poor woman was not mistaken. Her husband, who, during twelve years, had faithfully fulfilled the duties of a Christian, suffered, without flinching, persecutions of various kinds, and sacrificed a great quantity of cattle, which he might have obtained by conforming to certain heathen customs, could not resign himself to die without leaving a son behind him. All our reasonings, all our remonstrances, appeared to fall to the ground before this idea: "God himself has annulled my marriage by rendering it useless." But God, against whom he had offended, covered him with confusion; for hardly had the choice of a young concubine

been made, when Sarah (such was the name of the legitimate wife) gave birth to a child.

The laws of Manou—very strict upon the point of conjugal fidelity, but made for people under the dominion of the same instincts—remedied the difficulty, by offering to sterility palliatives consecrated by religion. It is only He who is able to reward the faith of His children, who can place their happiness on the immutable foundation of absolute submission to His holy and gracious will.

Although most of the natives are polygamists, there are few among them who defend this habit. When they are questioned on the matter they have an inexhaustible stock of anecdotes, serving to illustrate the difficult position of a man beset with the intrigues and the malice of his wives, whose daily study it is to make him atone for the unpleasantness of their situation. Individuals are found here and there, who, from natural moderation, and a cordial attachment to their first wife, have escaped the contagion of example. These monogamists are generally much esteemed, and regarded by their fellow-citizens as models of virtue.

The marriage of all the wives is contracted in a similar manner; but a very marked distinction exists between the first and those who succeed her. The choice of the *great* wife (as she is always called) is generally made by the father, and is an event in which all the relations are interested. The others, who are designated by the name of *serete* (heels), because they must on all occasions hold an inferior position to the

mistress of the house, are articles of luxury, to which the parents are not obliged to contribute. These wives of a second order are exactly what Bilhah and Zilpah were to Jacob. In the reigning families, only the children of the great wife have the right of succeeding their father. The chief of the Basutos can hardly keep an account of the children that are born to him; still, when asked by foreigners how many he has, he answers "Five," only alluding to those of his first wife. He says sometimes that he is a widower, which means that he has lost his real wife, and has not raised one of his sixty concubines to the rank she occupied. She has been dead for more than twenty years, and her dwelling is kept in perfect order, and still bears her name.

The chief would have thought he was offering an insult to the memory of the deceased by introducing another partner to this retreat, where the sons of *Mamohato* take up their abode when they visit their native village. In like manner antiquity shows us Isaac and Rebekah taking possession of Sarah's tent, while the patriarch set up another for Keturah. In the midst of great abuses, traits of delicacy are often found among these people which are really surprising.

The inheritance of the father belongs by right to the sons of the first wife; and these, with the eldest at their head, give what they choose to the other offspring of their father. Here, again, the similarity is striking: we are told in Genesis that "Abraham gave all he had to Isaac, and made presents to the sons of his concubines."

The idea of that which is improper and anomalous in polygamy is so inherent in every human conscience, that many natives dread dying near a wife of second order; this is called, in the language of the Basutos, "making a bad death."

The wives of the first rank consider their rights so firmly established, that, in certain cases, they themselves encourage their husbands to become polygamists. They are prompted by motives of interest and idleness, as they intend to put off upon others the most laborious of their occupations.

In fact, sensuality is far from being the only motive, or even the principal one, which leads the natives into this evil way. Servants do not exist among them; the wives are nothing better than servants, although they do not bear the name. Next to them, the real servant, the only one to be counted upon, is the child.* In such a state of things, the more wives a man possesses, the more hands he has at his disposal, and the more he may hope to see the number of these hands increase. This reason explains why the chiefs, who have visitors in abundance, and who owe hospitality to every one, have so many wives, and display them as a proof of their opulence. It must not be imagined that these concubines are shut up in a harem, as they are in the East. Each of them has her domicile, and her fields, and must always be in readiness to provide for the

* In the language of the Bechuanas, the word *motlanka*, like the παις of the Greeks and the *puer* of the Romans, signifies at the same time boy and servant.

guests her husband assigns her. They till the ground with their own hands, go themselves to draw water, provide themselves with fuel, and, when their lord undertakes any labour of importance, they supply the place of workmen. It is no uncommon occurrence to see them walking in a file, carrying on their heads baskets full of earth, or bundles of wood and straw. In the event of a move, they have to transport in the same manner all the utensils and clothing of the family.

Polygamy among these tribes is attended by the same fatal consequences which everywhere follow in its train. It makes man a tyrant, and women and children rivals, intent upon supplanting each other, and renders filial love extremely rare. But it is more especially in a moral point of view that its results in that country are of a most afflicting nature. The women being under no superintendence, and finding themselves in a position tending more to rouse the passions than to satisfy them, have in general no respect for the bond which unites them to the man whose name they bear. The interest which is at the bottom of the contract, and which is, as we have seen, a safeguard to the unmarried females, induces the husband to shut his eyes to the debauchery which results in the rapid increase of the family. If the paternity is doubtful, the child belongs no less to the legal master of the wife.* The chiefs generally have among their numerous concubines some favourite wives, whom they watch over in a particular

* It is the principle of the Roman law, "*Pater est quem nuptiæ demonstrant.*"

manner, and whom they attach to themselves by exceptional favours. The public soon perceive these preferences, and generally respect them.

The death of the husband does not liberate the wife. She falls by law to one of the brothers or to the nearest relation of the deceased. There, the institution of the *levirate* is not subject to the wise restrictions made by Moses for the people of Israel. Although the children of this second union bear the name of the first husband, and are understood to belong to him and to inherit his possessions, while they have very small claim to the succession of their real father, the fact that the widow is compelled to remain in the family, although she has already born children to the deceased, proves that the purchase of which she was the object is the chief obstacle to her liberation. There are, nevertheless, some generous families who do not assert this right, but allow the widow to marry again as she pleases. Sometimes, also, when the parents see that their daughter has an unconquerable aversion to become the wife of her brother-in-law, they interfere, and modify or break the contract, by restoring either a part or the whole of the value they received at the marriage. These difficulties rarely occur when the widow has one or more sons who have reached a reasonable age. In this case, she continues to live with them, and often enjoys more authority and a greater degree of comfort than during her husband's lifetime.

It is almost needless, after what has been said, to observe, that the woman cannot inherit anything. Never-

theless, her claims pass on to her male children; they have their share in the division of the property left by their maternal grandfather.

The Bechuanas and the Caffres acknowledge and respect the same degrees of consanguinity as we do. They do not reckon relationship beyond the degree of second cousin.

Marriages between brothers and sisters, uncles and nieces, nephews and aunts, are disapproved of. Those between cousins frequently take place, but there are some tribes who condemn them as incestuous.

The idea of marrying two, or even three sisters, does not appear to be repugnant to polygamists.

After this general glance at the subject, the reader will perhaps like to have some more detailed information as to the domestic manners of the natives. We will do our best to satisfy him, by rapidly following the Mosuto through the different phases of his private life.

The child is generally born in the midst of its mother's family. These people think that, at the critical season of maternal anguish, the woman should enjoy the immediate attentions of her own relations. The hut where this event takes place is pointed out to the public by a handful of reeds fastened up over the door. This symbol is sufficient to ensure to the family all the tranquillity and consideration of which they stand in need.*

Nearly two months elapse before the mother goes

* It will be seen in another chapter that the reed is symbolical of the origin of humanity.

out with her new-born child. A little ceremony, interesting from its *naïveté*, determines the moment when their seclusion should cease. The infant is carried into the court one fine evening, the moon is pointed out to him, and if he fixes his eyes upon it, it is concluded that he may make his appearance among men without incurring any danger. When the young mother is about to return to her husband, her parents offer a sacrifice for her purification, and place the flesh of the victim upon a draught-ox to convey it to her abode. Of the skin they make a *tari*, a large kind of scarf, which serves to hold the child at the back of the mother till it is weaned. Nothing can seem happier than a little coloured child curled up in this covering, near the source whence it derives its nourishment. Its knows no fear, no want, no disagreeable sensations. While the mother devotes herself to the labours of the field or the household, it sleeps, or quietly enjoys the gentle rocking produced by her movements. It feels no inconvenience from the weather, always finding an equal degree of warmth in this living cradle.

May it not have been this image which presented itself to the mind of Moses when he exclaimed, "Have I conceived all this people? have I begotten them, that thou shouldst say unto me, Carry them in thy bosom?"

With the exception of this interesting peculiarity, nothing can be less judicious than the manner in which the little children are treated. Their necks are loaded with immense necklaces of charms of all kinds. Every vestige of hair is shaved off their heads; and their skulls,

as smooth as the hand, after being plastered over with a mixture of ochre and butter, are exposed for hours to the rays of a tropical sun. Although the mother may have an abundant supply of the child's natural aliment, it must swallow, whether it likes it or not, pap and beer in such large quantities, that it is a matter of wonder how the digestive organs can bear it. As to the care these little creatures require in the indispositions to which they are subject; the natives understand nothing at all about it. The mortality among children of a tender age always appeared to me much greater in proportion to that of Europe. The robust health which the natives generally appear to enjoy, in contrast with the small number of weakly persons found among them, has been a matter of wonder and admiration; but the reason of this is as simple as it is distressing—only the stronger portion of the population arrive at the age of maturity.

The custom of giving to the child the name of its grandfather, grandmother, or of some other respected relation, is as universal among the Bechuanas as it is with us. When the choice is not determined in this manner, the name is generally commemorative. Thus, a child born while his parents are travelling would be called *Monaheng*, In the Fields, or *Ntutu*, Baggage; a child who comes into the world during a time of affliction would be called *Likeleli*, Tears; or *Tlokotsi*, Calamity. There are among the Basutos such names as the following: *Ralichaba, Lefela, Moeti, Ntsenyi, Kunung, Lepuy, Cheu, Mafika;* the literal translation of which would be, Abraham, Abel, Hagar, Balak, Edom, Jonas, Laban, Peter.

The child generally keeps the name it received at its birth up to the time of circumcision. After the administration of this rite, the young Mochuana chooses for himself a name in accordance with his tastes and his future prospects. After his first feat of arms, he will assume a title serving to perpetuate his bravery or his success.

Thus, the chief of the Basutos, born in a time of civil dissension, was at first called *Lepoko*, Dispute; when he was circumcised he took the name of *Tlaputle*, the Busy, on account of his activity, and a decided tendency to take part in everything, and to direct everything himself: at length, when his power was established, he received the name of *Moshesh*, the Shaver, because he had shaved the beards of all his rivals.[1]

Among the Bechuanas, the little boys wear no clothing at all up to the age of seven or eight years. Their playfellows of the other sex wear a kind of apron, which is generally adorned with glass beads.

Until the child begins to change its teeth it plays from morning till evening, and has nothing to do but to grow as fast as possible. We have noticed among these little idlers many of the games of our childhood: for instance, two little girls will seat themselves side by side in a very mysterious manner; one of them picks up a stone, and passing it rapidly from one hand to the other,

* It is in the same sense that the prophet Isaiah said:— "The Lord shall shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by the king of Assyria, the head, and the hair of the feet: and it shall also consume the beard" (Isa. vii. 20).

presents her two fists to her companion, that she may guess in which hand the pebble is. If the guesser is mistaken, the other exclaims triumphantly: "*Ua ya incha, kia ya khomo*" (You eat the dog, I eat the beef); in the opposite case, she declares herself to be vanquished by saying: "*Kia yà incha, ua ya khomo*" (I eat the dog, you eat the beef); and she delivers the stone to her friend.

Playing with bones, which they call *keta*, jumping, and at the same time passing a long cord under the feet, are favourite sports of the African children. Afterwards come racing, wrestling, and sham fights.

These latter exercises are more especially practised in the fields, where it is the duty of every little boy of eight years old to drive daily the sheep and goats of his father. These young shepherds contrive to pass their time as agreeably as possible. In spite of the orders continually given them to disperse themselves, so that the flocks may find abundant pasturage, they invariably end by getting together. There is always a chief of the band among them, who presides at the games and prevents quarreling. When they are tired of running about they sit down in the shadow of a rock, or upon the banks of a stream, and amuse themselves by making oxen of clay, or weaving garlands of flowers, with which they adorn their heads. The girls of the same age do not enjoy so much liberty. They go to the fields with their mothers, and while the latter dig up the ground, they pick up sticks, and make the fagot which will serve to cook the evening meal. Sometimes they are left at home to take care of a younger brother.

During the rainy days and the long winter evenings, which they are obliged to pass in an obscure hut, the children generally have recourse to the complaisance of their grandmamma to amuse them. She gives them riddles, or tells them stories, in which they take great delight. Ghost-stories are not wanting in these nocturnal conversations; and there, as everywhere else, are listened to with passionate eagerness, though they make the auditors tremble from head to foot. I have known great boys who hardly dared to look up at the stars, because they imagined that the milky way was a monstrous collection of those transparent beings whose imaginary appearance is so much dreaded.* Sometimes scenes of a really tragic nature succeed these factitious emotions. In this manner poor little Félé-koané, who now bears the name of Andrew in the Church of Thaba-Bosio, found himself, on one of those evenings we have just described, suddenly seized by a hyena, and dragged to the middle of the village. Sometimes a lion wanders round the hut; then every voice is hushed, and each one cowers down under his sheep-skin. When the roars grow more distant one ventures to lift up his head a little, and ask, in a stifled voice, if the door is well-fastened. In spite of these emotions, which are not experienced every day, the little African leads a life which he certainly would not exchange for that of our little street-boys.

He is unacquainted with the inconvenience of a

* The Basutos call the milky way, "the *way* of the gods."

ragged shoe, and never knows what it is to have his shoulder marked with a cutting piece of cord which answers the purpose of braces. When he sets out on a fine summer's morning, having partaken of a nice dish of curdled milk, his shoulders covered with the light and supple skin of an antelope, armed with a little club of olive wood and a javelin, he thinks himself the happiest of mortals. If he has not an assortment of playthings, perhaps he possesses a lamb or a kid, with which he spends many a delightful hour. The chief of the Basutos has often told me what pleasure he had, in his childhood, in taking care of a spotted kid that his father had given him. "I built it a little house," he said, "and I chose the tenderest grass for it; but, oh! it was so beautiful! I hardly think there is another like it."

I could not help smiling at this observation, and I blessed God for having everywhere surrounded man's earliest years with those sweet illusions which, in a great measure, constitute the happiness of childhood.

This happy season is nowhere of shorter duration than in these countries. When the young people have scarcely attained their fourteenth year their parents begin to think of their marriage. This is an all-absorbing affair, and several months generally elapse between the preliminaries and the final conclusion of the contract. As we have already seen, the choice of the first wife generally rests with the father. It is he who goes to ask her hand for his son, and if his proposal is well received, an ox is killed, and partaken of in common, as a sign of mutual acquiescence. Soon

after this the kindred of the young man go and present the cattle necessary in order to obtain his bride. On that day the head of the family, arrayed in his finest mantle, invites his relations and his intimate friends to accompany him. The sister of the bridegroom leads off the procession. She holds in her hand a long white staff, a symbol of peace and concord, which she throws, without saying a word, at the door of the hut where her future sister-in-law resides. Meanwhile the rest of the party seat themselves in a group, at a respectful distance, and wait until their arrival is perceived. The father of the bride soon makes his appearance. He comes accompanied by his family, and seats himself a few steps from his guests. The latter then send the youngest of their party to bring forward the cattle which have been left not far off. The animals pass one after the other between the two groups; and if there happens to be one which does not give satisfaction, a shake of the head procures its immediate dismissal. At length the shepherd himself appears, driving the last ox. A pause ensues, during which the suitors make lengthy protestations of poverty, affirm that it has cost them considerable effort to procure so large a portion, and have recourse to all the most flattering expressions of their language to obtain a sign of satisfaction. They seldom succeed; for it is generally known that, not far from the spot where the business is being transacted, some head of cattle are kept in reserve. The parents of the bride do not fail, in their turn, to give vent to expressions of regret and surprise. They had expected

more generosity; it is assuredly known what it costs to bring up a child, and how valuable are the services of a strong and laborious young person: they are not tired of her; and, however poor an opinion they may have of themselves, still they feel that they are of too honourable extraction to have any doubt of a suitable match for their daughter. At a given signal the herdsman again departs, and a few more horned heads soon make their appearance. Then come a troop of women covered with rent mantles. This is the mother, coming with her friends, lamenting that her child is taken from her, and asking if they will not at least enable her to cast away the rags she wears, as they are depriving her of services of which she stands in the greatest need. Every one knows what this means; and a fine ox, which was set apart for the purpose, and which bears the name of *the ox of the nurse*, is added to the others. This part of the ceremony over, the brothers of the bride jump up, shouting with joy, fetch a long plume of feathers, and dart off into the fields to collect their father's cattle. He selects a fat ox, sacrifices it to the tutelary deities and regales his guests, and the affair is concluded.

Some months generally elapse before the bride leaves the paternal roof; and during this interval the young husband is busy preparing her a new mantle, and in procuring for her some earrings and necklaces of copper or glass beads. He pays her a visit from time to time, but without allowing himself to consider that she belongs to him. There are still certain formalities to be

observed, which the young ladies of that country would on no account dispense with on the part of their suitors. One fine morning a necklace falls into the court of the father-in-law, who immediately understands that his daughter is sent for. The latter picks up the necklace, calls together the friends of her childhood, and begins slowly to follow the persons sent to conduct her to her new abode. She soon sits down with her companions, and refuses to advance a step. A second necklace is given her, and she resumes her course, but soon stops again. The same remedy gives her strength to proceed.

In this manner she manages, with a little skill, and by putting on the prettiest airs in the world, to obtain quite an assortment of trinkets.

The demands of the fair travellers are sometimes so exorbitant, that, in order to make sure of them, one is obliged to run to the neighbours to borrow some additional ornaments.

After the arrival, there is a new source of embarrassment. The young strangers pretend to be delicate and squeamish. They scorn the food that is offered them. A sheep is brought; and if it appears to them of a proper size, they allow it to be prepared for them. Early the next morning the new mistress begins to clean the court, in which she is aided by two or three of her companions. The others go the fountain to draw water, and on their return find the door-way obstructed by the sweepers. A general confusion takes place; in which they push each other about, and make as much noise

as possible, until a fresh present puts an end to the uproar. After this there is nothing to be done but to kill an ox, invite the neighbours, and feast and dance with them till the middle of the night. The young people carry on their frolics in the interior of a spacious hut, from which every fragile object has previously been removed.

Among the Caffres of Natal, it is usual for the parents of the bride to make a present of three oxen to the family whose alliance they have accepted. One replaces the ornaments which the young wife wore in her childhood, and which now belong her sisters. This is the lady's pin-money. The second is offered to the manes of the bridegroom's ancestors, in order to obtain their consent to the union. The third finds a place among the herd which has furnished the marriage portion, and helps, in some measure, to fill up the void that has been made. The wife receives from her parents one or more hoes, a little flour, and a basket; and this is all that she brings to the household stock. She generally resides for the first year with her mother-in-law, and has plenty of time to make pots, and to prepare mats and other necessary articles of the same kind. Among the Batlapis and the Barolongs, it is her duty to construct the hut she will inhabit. The Basutos are more reasonable in their requirements: among them the husband assists in the erection of the dwelling. In this tribe the young wife is not entitled to the privilege of looking her father-in-law in the face until she has presented him with a grandson.

Death is always announced by piercing and lugubrious cries. The matrons of the place assemble near the hut where the tyrant has entered, and indulge in the most heartrending lamentations. "Yo! yo! yo! Alas! alas! my father, where art thou now? Why hast thou left us? What will become of us without thee? Who will defend us from our enemies? Who will supply us with food and clothing? Thou art gone! Thou hast left us! We remain behind in sorrow and bitterness! Yo! yo! yo! Alas! alas!" Such are generally the lamentations that are heard, with those variations required by the age and sex of the deceased.

While the women are giving vent to these expressions of sorrow, the men set about the interment, which is performed as soon as possible. Before the body becomes stiff they fix it, by means of cords, in a squatting position, the chin resting on the knees. A grave is dug, four feet in depth and three in diameter. The body is taken out through an opening, made for this occasion, opposite the door; and, covered with a mantle, is placed in the same position at the bottom of the grave, the face turned towards the north-east, and the hands crossed upon the breast. It is usual to throw into the grave a little crown of couch-grass, a few grains of wheat, and some seeds of melon and pumpkin.*

* The position of death, which resembles that of the child in the bosom of its mother; grains of wheat, vegetables and grass, deposited near the corpse, would seem to be symbolical of resurrection.

A flat stone is placed in the hole, immediately over the head, and the earth is then shovelled in. The chiefs and rich men are interred in the centre of their cattle-pens, their wives and children under the wall of the enclosure. Immediately afterwards, the cattle of the deceased are assembled over the grave; the baskets of wheat are opened, and the contents are scattered along the road from the house of the deceased to the place where he reposes. The object of this offering is to appease any unfavourable feelings towards the living he may have carried with him. We will not refer again to the sacrifices common on these occasions. Among the tribes of the north, the wives and daughters are interred outside the town with the poor. The victims of famine receive no burial at all. Sometimes the weapons, and a part of the clothing of the deceased, are thrown into the common sewer; in case they are preserved, they are purified with the greatest care. The Caffres stand in such dread of the defilement arising from contact with a corpse, that they do not bury their dead, but hastily drag them away into those places frequented by wild beasts.

The extreme precipitation with which interments are generally performed is owing to the horror caused by the presence of a corpse in the narrow dwellings, where there is hardly room to move. Horrible mistakes are sometimes occasioned by these hurried proceedings. Mamokole, a woman with whom I was well acquainted, and who still lives near the station where I resided, was buried alive. Fortunately, the grave not being deep, she

succeeded, by pressing her feet against the ground, in raising the stone which was over her head, and again appeared among the living. I have been assured by the natives that such instances frequently occur. I believe it often happens that the persons who have the care of the sick are the involuntary cause of the mistake. Ignorant old women, overcome by superstitious fears, run away at the sight of convulsions or a fainting fit, crying, —"It is all over, he is dead!" and without further examination the patient is smothered up in skins, and soon dies of suffocation.

Visits of condolence are paid soon after the funeral is over. The relations and friends give vent to loud cries as they approach the house of mourning; then, seating themselves in silence, they wait till the sorrow of the bereaved allows them to relate the particulars of the loss they have sustained. These solemn pauses sometimes last for hours, and no one seems astonished at their prolongation.

Sometimes the mourners go out without uttering a word; the visitors patiently await their return. So well do these people understand the respect due to sorrow, that no one would venture to ask a question. At the right moment, each one in his turn addresses a few words of consolation; these generally consist in protestations of regret and sympathy, accompanied by some of those ready-made phrases which are current all over the world:—"It is the way of all the earth." . . . . "To-day one, to-morrow another." . . . . "You have nothing to reproach yourself with." . . . . After this

short intermission the lamentations are recommenced, the cries of the condolers are mingled with those of their bereaved friends, and each withdraws, repeating, "Yo! yo! yo!—Alas! alas! my brother!"

The natives cut their hair as a token of mourning. They substitute little chains of iron for their necklaces of copper or glass beads. Widows and orphans wear a cord round the head.

In their social relations, the Bechuanas display remarkable amiability of character. Seen at certain moments, especially when indulging in their dances, their exterior may be thought fierce and repulsive: at such times they are very ugly, and would seem to occupy a very low position in the social scale. Their persons, streaming with grease and perspiration, their hoarse and discordant voices, their contortions, resembling those of persons possessed, produce a feeling of disgust which it is impossible to describe. But all this is nothing more than a vulgar pastime. Let us wait a moment, and we shall see these men gravely put on their long fur mantles, seat themselves with smiling faces, and talk to each other in the kindest manner. Their conversation is usually very animated; discussions are incessant, but rarely degenerate into serious disputes. This social intercourse, which constitutes one of their greatest pleasures, is characterised by great gaiety and good humour; nor are sallies of wit and satire wanting. Happening to pass near some young men, we heard one of them amusing himself at the expense of a favourite of the chief of the place. "See," said he, "there is the

little star which accompanies the moon." Another, in fits of laughter at the admiration excited by the sharp sounds drawn from a violin by a certain negro from the colony, exclaimed: "In the country where there are no birds, if a cow lows, they say she sings." During a council, at which some colonists were present, an aged Mosuto could not refrain from turning into ridicule the complacent manner in which these gentlemen stroked their long beards. He procured a goat's head, and fastening it to his neck, walked up and down in the midst of the assembly, repeating, from time to time, with a mischievous smile, "I also am a goat." They are equally ready in remarks of a polite and flattering nature when occasion requires. A prince's horse stumbles and falls, people run to the spot, and while some are raising the dismounted horseman, one of the party, apparently occupied entirely with the horse, exclaims, —"What a stupid brute! These creatures do not seem to know kings!" Even the chiefs will at times soften down, with kind speeches, the feelings that may be aroused by the exercise of their authority. "After all," said a chief to his assembled subjects, "we are but your servants; men are born and die in the same manner, be they high or low; if there are some who are entitled to obedience, they derive this right from their fellows, who will it thus for the welfare of all."

The same kind feeling is observable in the behaviour of the natives, if any kind of food is brought to them while they are in each other's society; however small the quantity may be, every one must have a taste: even the

children are not forgotten. I have seen a piece of sugar, not larger than a walnut, applied to the lips of at least ten people before it finally disappeared.

There exist among these tribes forms of politeness, and rules of etiquette, which may not be disregarded with impunity. If one interrupts another in speaking, it is proper to say first: "Permit me to smite you on the mouth." If one approves of what another says, it is customary to say, "I rise for you." It is polite in conversation to supply any word required by the person speaking, in order to spare him the trouble of seeking it, and to show that one is listening with interest to what he is saying. A chief speaking to his subjects, calls them "*His lords, his masters.*" In addressing a person older than one's self, one says, "*My father, my mother;*" to an equal, "*My brother;*" and to inferiors, "*My children.*" A superior is saluted on the knee; if one is not in too great awe of him, the hand may be kissed; a little more familiarity authorises a kiss upon the shoulder; and equals embrace, as we do, on the cheeks. Politeness requires that, before helping one's guests, one should taste in their presence the dishes presented to them. The Mochuana who kills an ox must send the head and breast to his father, a leg to his eldest brother, a shoulder to his younger brothers, and the chine to his sisters. The head is symbolical of the dignity of the father of the family. The manner in which Joseph treated his brother Benjamin is better understood by the Africans than by ourselves.

Politeness also requires that, when a gift is accepted,

however small the object may be, both hands should be extended to receive it. To turn the back to any one, to spit in his presence while he is eating, or to enter a house armed, are all affronts that are sometimes deeply resented. A birth, death, or any other family event, should be duly announced to persons with whom one wishes to keep on good terms.

If the preceding observations prove the existence of more refined feeling than might have been expected, among people who are but half clothed, the reader will not come to the conclusion that politeness, in our acceptation of the term, has reached a degree of perfection in the African villages. As among the ancient Hebrews, it is the custom to call things by their names; it has not yet entered the head of any one that it is proper to give precedence to ladies, or to rise on the entrance of a neighbour. To refuse anything from motives of politeness is a thing unheard of. The most ludicrous scenes present themselves from time to time, such as I witnessed one evening, when the cowherd of the Mission, despairing to obtain a pair of shoes for which he had been entreating most earnestly, ended by lifting up his enormous foot, and placing it on the table where we were drinking tea, exclaimed to a lady: "Look, my mother, look at my sores."

The tribes of South Africa are less chivalrous in their hospitality than the Arabs; but they are also freer from caprice and restrictions. They respect strangers; and instead of considering the desert as beyond the limits of the laws of men, they say, in their expressive

language, that *the roads are kings;* which means, that travellers are entitled to as great a degree of security as if they were under the immediate protection of their respective sovereigns. A stranger, on entering a place where he has no acquaintance, seats himself in the place of public resort. He does not remain long unnoticed; the chief, or one of the principal men of the place, soon comes up, and asks him from what country he comes, and what news he brings them. Meanwhile refreshments are brought,—bread, milk, some bundles of sugar-cane, or maize, according to the season. No one thinks much about accommodation for the night, except in the winter, or when it rains, in which case he finds a shelter under certain sheds where the young unmarried men usually sleep. The most profound respect will be paid to his person and his baggage. Mokachane, the father of the chief of the Basutos, considered it the duty of his sons to remain in the public place in winter, and always to keep a good fire there for the convenience of travellers. "It is by listening to the discourse of these men," said he, "that you will become acquainted with the customs of foreign nations." It is much to be regretted that these simple customs, so well adapted to the country, should be discontinued in consequence of the habit introduced everywhere by Europeans, of paying, and demanding payment, for everything.

CHAPTER XII.

NATIONALITY — GOVERNMENT.

In giving the name of *tribes* to the various little states of South Africa, the first explorers have, without being aware of the fact, chosen the only word of our vocabulary which perfectly responds to the ideas of the natives as to their nationality. These travellers adopted the appellation in question, merely because it seemed to them more applicable than that of nations to communities still in their infancy, and comparatively few in number. Subsequent observations have taught us that, setting aside classifications which are purely accidental, originating in events of a political nature, the population of these countries is naturally subdivided into tribes, in the proper and strict acceptation of the term. Some of these tribes have preserved their primitive integrity, their national appellation being still the same as that which marks their original filiation. Others have become mixed up together, or have been compelled by conquest to accept a new name in common with others. But, as they say themselves, if the river has swallowed up the smaller streams, they have not therefore lost their colour.

Whilst communities united under one government

generally bear the name of the chief who rules over them, or of the countries they inhabit, each tribe derives its name from some animal or vegetable. All the Bechuanas are subdivided into *Bakuenas*, men of the crocodile; *Batlapis*, those of the fish; *Bachuenengs*, those of the monkey; *Banares*, those of the buffalo; *Batlous*, those of the elephant; *Bataungs*, those of the lion; *Banukus*, those of the porcupine; *Bamoraras*, those of the wild vine, &c. &c. The Bakuenas call the crocodile their father; they celebrate it in their festivals, they swear by it, and make an incision resembling the mouth of this animal in the ears of their cattle, by which they distinguish them from others. The head of the family, which ranks first in the tribe, receives the title of *Great Man of the Crocodile.* No one dares eat the flesh or clothe himself with the skin of the animal, the name of which he bears. If this animal is hurtful, as the lion for instance, it may not be killed without great apologies being made to it, and its pardon being asked. Purification is necessary after the commission of such sacrilege. The reader will, doubtless, be astonished to find, near the Cape of Good Hope, the same ideas and mode of classification which belong to the Indians of the New World. The similarity becomes still more striking when we observe that, in the south of Africa as in America, animals are not worshipped, though it is probable that that such was formerly the case; but spirits are the objects of adoration.

The Batlapis, the Bataungs, and the Bakuenas, the Barolongs of the north, have preserved the name of their

tribe, as a national designation. The appellations Basutos, Mantatis, Baperis, Baharutsis, Bakatlas, are applied to portions more or less considerable of distinct tribes, but united under a common government. The nation of the Basutos, for instance, is composed of at least six tribes, the principal of which is that of the Bakuenas (of the crocodile), to which the reigning family belongs. Generally, the sections of a people which constitute a tribe, keep together, and in this way perpetuate the distinctions of language, and the customs peculiar to themselves. One district of the country of the Basutos is called *Puting, the dwelling of the men of the chamois;* another, *Chueneng, the abode of the men of the monkey,* &c.; and on visiting them, it may very soon be observed that the vocabulary and the pronunciation of the words are not everywhere the same.

The chief who is called to govern several tribes, however great may be the respect and fear he inspires, seldom succeeds in assimilating them sufficiently to subject them to the same customs, and to avoid the difficulties which are constantly arising from the ideas of independence connected with recollections of origin. The elements of which the nation is composed have a tendency to separate, and are only held together by means of a system of concessions and acts of rigour, skilfully combined, but seldom based upon a foundation of strict justice.

It is, moreover, in the nature of these little African states to divide into an indefinite number of fractions, under the influence of peace and prosperous circumstances. The chiefs, being all polygamists, have a great number

of sons. These are all possessors of flocks and herds, requiring separate pasturage and water. If the increase of this kind of property did not allow Lot and Abraham to live in peace, we may easily imagine the consequences among people who always consider their private interests before everything else. In 1820, the Basutos were beaten and completely ruined by the Zulus of Natal. It would have been easy for those attacked to repulse the enemy, had they joined and made common cause. They had among them an intelligent man, who proposed this plan, and endeavoured by every possible means to put it into execution. It was but labour lost. The inferior chiefs were at that time possessed of great wealth, and though they approved of a policy founded upon simple common sense, not one of them would join the ranks, so entirely were they absorbed with the idea that evil consequences might accrue to their flocks should they gather round a common centre, and that their possessions might, in the general confusion, fall into the power of one master.

The tribes are subdivided into families of more or less importance. Among the Caffres, the Basutos, and the Mantatis, these families form a number of little villages (*motsis*), placed under influential men, who are the representatives, and, to a certain degree, the masters of the community. The Batlapis, the Barolongs, the Baharutsis, and the Baperis, having settled in countries where water is scarce, have *motsis* of very great extent, often containing thousands of inhabitants. Authority, being exercised in these villages in a direct manner,

meets with much fewer obstacles; this does not, however, prevent the town from being divided into distinct quarters, which serve to protect the immunities claimed by haughty vassals.

The Basutos give to the princes who govern them the title of *Morena.* The origin of this word is very beautiful; it is formed of the verb *rena: to be prosperous, to be tranquil.* Morena, therefore, signifies, He who watches over the public safety and welfare. It is more difficult to discover the meaning of the name *Khosi, Inkhosi,* which the Caffres and the Bechuanas beyond the Fal river give to their chiefs.

Associated with extreme independence in all that regards conduct and private rights, we observe, among these people, an almost superstitious respect for their sovereigns. There is something in this which resembles the ancient theory of the Divine right. The natives cannot conceive of a community, however limited it may be, that can order its own affairs, and do without a superior; or, to speak in their own language, a *head.* Neither do they understand authority delegated, or merely temporary. They can only render obedience to real and undisputed power, the origin of which is hidden in the obscurity of the past, or which, if it is of recent origin, appears to be the necessary result of an order of things decreed by fate. Any authority, which is obliged to have recourse to argument to prove its legitimacy, would appear to them on that very account to be on a bad foundation. There are some chiefs who have attained this dignity by force of arms; but the greater

number are the descendants of those families of the tribe who claim the right of primogeniture.

Among the Bechuanas this right is confirmed afresh every year by a very simple ceremony. When the first-fruits of the earth are ripe, the eldest of the reigning family gathers a pumpkin, of which he eats the first morsel, and divides the rest between his brothers and other collateral relations, according to the order of their birth. When this is done, heralds are sent round to proclaim that the Morena has eaten the first-fruits. The same ceremony is repeated in all the ramifications of the tribe, and then each one is at liberty to gather in its fruits.

If the reigning families generally preserve their privileges, the power is not always transmitted in a regular way by the rights of primogeniture. The younger branches are there, as everywhere, tolerably ambitious and restless. The Basutos have a proverb signifying that the *likhosanas*, the petty princes, make restless subjects. It sometimes happens that a younger brother gains for himself surreptitious homage, acquires a reputation for justice and skill, enriches himself by a well-concerted expedition, and thus eclipses his elder brother. The uncles, who are the natural guardians of the chiefs in their infancy, sometimes forget that their wards are grown up. It often happens that, in order to justify their conduct, the usurpers allege disinterested motives, the necessities of the commonwealth, the inexorable consequences of unexpected events. In their public harangues, they declare themselves to be the most humble

servants of those whose place they occupy. It must be allowed that, if right is not always on their side, reason is sometimes found there. Right belongs sometimes to beings, not only incapable of governing the state, but even of governing themselves. Thus we have seen among the Basutos such a man as Libe, to whom they would gladly have rendered homage and obedience, but who disgusted one after another of his most devoted adherents by comparing them to flies collecting round the edges of a dish. He was forsaken, and received the name of *Ralintsintsi* (Father of flies), while Mokachane, his younger brother, took his place.

That which the chiefs most dread is the loss of their riches. This misfortune is attended with consequences as fatal as those arising from a revolt. The chiefs are the great providers for the community. They must, with the produce of their flocks, feed the poor, furnish the warriors with arms, supply the troops in the field, and promote and strengthen the alliances which are to be contracted with neighbouring nations.

The idea of taxation has not yet entered their heads. All their energies are therefore employed in maintaining, and increasing if possible, the resources they already possess. This all-absorbing idea generally leads them into courses quite contrary to those of honour and justice. Hence arises very often an obstinate resistance to the introduction of any idea or any manufacture which might contribute to emancipate and enrich their subjects. Hence, in Caffraria, so many accusations of witchcraft brought against those who are unfortunate enough to possess wealth

that might cause dangerous rivality. It is to the same reason that we must attribute those summary acts of justice which are called in the country *eating a man*, and which consists in the toleration of a certain offence until it is committed by an individual whose wealth can pay for all the delinquents.

Ambition is seldom the cause of any tragical occurrence in the reigning family; sometimes, however, there is an exception to this rule. It is well known how perfidiously Dingan, the tyrant of Natal, caused his brother Chaka to be assassinated. One of the last chiefs of the tribe of the Bauaketsis committed the most atrocious parricide to obtain the object of his ambition. His father, who was too old to fight, placed him at the head of his warriors, and sent him to repulse an army of Baperis who had invaded the country. Sebego set off; but hardly was he out of sight when he commanded his men to stop, and addressed to them the following speech:—"I am weary of obeying old men: it is time we should be men. When the enemy appears, do not let fly your assagais; flee away, and hide yourselves in the woods. The Baperis, thinking we are vanquished, will go and massacre the old men in the town." The wretch was obeyed; and his father, with all the men who were incapable of bearing arms, perished. When the young Bauaketsis supposed that the slaughter was over, they appeared suddenly, and, rushing upon the Baperis, took from them the booty they had seized.

The wretched old man I have just mentioned had

already been betrayed by his eldest son. Being obliged to send an army against this unnatural child, he had expressly commanded his warriors to spare his life, and bring him back alive. The young chief was taken prisoner; and, out of respect for his rank, was left in possession of his arms. He took advantage of this mark of attention to kill two of the men who had him in charge, and became so furious that they were obliged to put him to death. The victorious army soon appeared before the father, who was apprised of his bereavement by the silence which reigned throughout the ranks, and gave himself up to lamentations as bitter as those of David when he mourned for his son Absalom.

Providence, which always chastises wicked and rebellious children, did not permit the crime of Sebego to go unpunished. This chief, after a life of troubles and dangers, died far from the land of his fathers, on the road-side, where three of his old companions in arms dug him a grave with their lances.

The Caffre and Bechuana chiefs are generally very dignified in their gestures and movements. Being the descendants of families whose riches have entitled them to the most beautiful wives, they generally possess great physical advantages over their subjects. With this exception, they are in no wise distinguishable from the common people. Sometimes they seem, like Diogenes, to wish to show their pride through the holes in their mantles. At others, they walk proudly along, clothed in panthers' skins, the head encircled with a band, or shaded by a plume of feathers.

The tyrants of Natal, Chaka, Dingan, and Moselekatsi who followed their example, exacted almost Divine homage. Those who approached them were obliged to crawl into their presence with averted head; and woe to him who passed the fatal line traced around the despot! Even messengers were obliged to respect these limits; they might be heard vociferating from a distance the customary salutation, *Baete Inkhosi!* and delivering their messages at the top of their voice. These servile habits were entirely without precedence in this part of Africa, and the country was deluged with blood in order to establish them. Nothing like this is ever found among the Bechuanas and most of the tribes of Caffraria. There every one approaches the most powerful chiefs without the least ceremony. No one dreams of rising in their presence, either as a mark of respect or to give them a more comfortable seat, when they enter unexpectedly a circle already formed. They are interrupted and contradicted without ceremony; and are merely addressed by their names, pompous titles being reserved for state occasions. In our days a petty Mosuto prince, named Poshuli, took it into his head to set up for a second Chaka, and to exact the homage due to a demigod. He ordered, for instance, that when he appeared in public the vulgar herd, who assembled to gaze at him, should keep at a respectful distance; and that the stones which obstructed his path should carefully be taken out of the way. Unfortunately for him, but fortunately for his subjects, his power was dependent

on that of his elder brother, whose head was better organised, and who would have treated the matter seriously if any one had been punished for not conforming to this new etiquette. Thus the pretensions of this petty king were merely laughed at, and he was wise enough to let the matter drop.

This familiarity seldom gives rise to mistakes. They know the lion has claws. In case of need a challenge, the signification of which is perfectly understood, serves to restore circumspection and respect. The chiefs generally carry with them a small club, made of rhinoceros-horn, as a mark of their rank. When they are too much provoked they throw this weapon to some distance, saying, "It is enough! there is my rhinoceros: let us see who will pick it up!" Generally every one makes off as fast as possible, hardly daring to look in the direction the weapon has taken: if any one were bold enough to pick it up, he would be guilty of a crime which would expose him to capital punishment.

The natural moderation of both ruler and subject renders such occurrences extremely rare. During the twenty-three years I spent among the Basutos, the chief put no one to death from personal motives; and nothing like an attempt upon his life was ever made. As he was walking with me one day along the cliffs of the mountain he inhabits, he pointed out to me a horrible precipice, saying, "I once had two rebels thrown over there, and I have often repented of it. More than once, when trouble has come upon me, I have attributed the cause of it to this act of severity." During the same

lapse of time, the report of not more than two or three executions reached us from the neighbouring tribes.

The only largess which is customary consists in the distribution of food; and generally takes place on the occasion of some visit of importance, a national assembly, or some labour performed for the sovereign.

Independently of these distributions, the chiefs admit to their repasts all who are desirous of being present. The public gaze, so far from being in any way disagreeable to them, seems to add a relish to the enormous pieces which find the way to their royal mouths. From time to time a morsel, several pounds in weight, is obsequiously placed by a servant before one of the guests pointed out by the chief. I have never seen these small pieces sent round, without calling to mind the shoulder of mutton that Samuel set by for the son of Kish, whom he expected to visit him.

It is true that this famous shoulder very much puzzled my young imagination, when I was about ten or twelve years of age. I have got over my astonishment since then, and have even learnt not to draw back in dismay from a whole sheep. Let not the reader exclaim. It is taken for granted that the donee immediately becomes donor in his turn. Beside and behind the favoured guest may be seen a compact mass of men, too happy to see him eating not to be disposed to help him by every means in their power. He casts a glance round him, fixes his choice upon two or three persons of his acquaintance, and hands over to them the superabundance of his plate; these do the same in their turn,

until the boys, who contemplate the feast from a distance, welcome with delight the bones, from which they greedily suck the marrow.

The Basuto chiefs generally have near their persons two counsellors, superior to the others, who are qualified to replace their sovereign when occasion requires. They are designated by the name of *Monemotses* (Masters of the town), a title analogous to that of the ancient *maires du palais.* They are also called the *eyes, ears,* and *arms,* of the chief. One is the chief warrior of the tribe, and has the general command of the forces. Other important personages are present daily at these deliberations, and perform the functions of jurymen in civil and criminal cases. They are called *Banna ba khothla;* literally, Men of the court.

After these, the messengers hold the place of highest importance. They are always men of consummate skill and prudence. They study to acquire gentle and polished manners. The observations they make during their journeys give them great advantages over their fellow-citizens, and sometimes even over the chiefs who employ them. To prevent the endless denials and contradictions which would arise from the absence of written treaties, the international communications are usually entrusted to the same men, and a special messenger appointed for each country. These fatiguing functions, which are entirely without remuneration, do not seem to be in the least burdensome to those who perform them. My old friend, Seetane (*the Little Shoe*), used to come every year, and inform me, with a smile of pleasure,

that he was about to depart for the court of the chief Panda in Natal. It was a distance of a hundred leagues to perform on foot, and the same to return. I always furnished him with a little tobacco; with that, and a little sack of baked flour, he set off as light and gay as if he were going to take a short walk. These messengers are generally gifted with extraordinary memory, and will transmit word for word the oral despatches committed to them.

The divers parts of this social body are bound together by systematical responsibilities. The foundation of the tribe is composed of what is called among the Basutos the *Batulas* (the Green), which means the vigorous branches which spring from the primitive stem. The Caffres call these patrician families *Amapakates*, or Men of the centre; in other terms, those who constitute the social kernel. To this original layer others are added, but in such a manner that they are all in connexion with the first. Thus, a stranger, who wishes to obtain the rights of citizenship, must be presented to the chief by one of the ancient inhabitants, who must be responsible for the conduct of the new-comer, and act as intermediate agent in all his relations with the sovereign. Captives taken in war, though they enjoy some civil rights, must, until they are ransomed, be in subjection to their conquerors. They are never permitted to return to the country from which they originally came.

The ideas of these people are very just as to the general principles which should form the foundation of intercourse with other nations.

Their laws are as follows:—

1. That respect be paid during war to women, children, and travellers.

2. That those who surrender be spared, and open to ransom. The offensive weapons of a captive are taken from him, but he generally keeps his shield.

3. That the person of a messenger be inviolable. This principle has passed into a proverb: *Lengosa ga le molatu* (A delegate can have no fault).

4. That a person being in a foreign country, if only on a visit, should, if an alarm is given, join the inhabitants of that country, even should it be against his own nation.

5. That the person of a stranger be under the protection of his host.

It will not be imagined that these laws are invariably respected, but the public voice always disapproves of their violation. We have ourselves seen, during the course of a desperate war, the messengers of both parties pass freely from one camp to the other. We have also seen a chief send back, without ransom, hundreds of women and children whom he had taken captive.

It is not strictly the duty of the chief to seek out crime in order to punish it, but rather to hear the complaints which are brought to him, and if they are well founded, to see that justice is performed. The idea of property, which is at the root of all their social relationships, places all delinquencies in the category of theft. The greatest of crimes, murder, is less condemned as an outrage upon public safety, as a violation of the sacred

rights of a father, who is deprived of the services of his son, or of a widow and orphans, who are left without support. Adultery, when it is punished, is not considered so much in the light of an offence against decency, as an illegitimate appropriation of the exclusive rights which the husband has acquired by the purchase of his wife. The idea of the wrong done to the individual, predominating in this manner over that of the offence against morality, the estimation of the crime must vary according to the age, sex, and social position of the party injured. It is the same with the punishment that is to be inflicted. The offended party specifies the kind of satisfaction he requires. The chief may, it is true, suggest a different punishment, or greatly modify any exaggerated pretensions; but at bottom, his part in the affair is generally restricted to hearing the parties, proving the offence, and granting to the plaintiff the support of his authority until satisfaction has been obtained.

This preponderance of individual right has not prevented these people from recognising the necessity imposed upon every member of a social body to relinquish the idea of taking the law into his own hands.

They have been led to right views on this matter by the instinctive fear of the disorders that might arise from the exercise of individual law. They are often heard to say: "If we were to revenge ourselves, the *town* (*motse*, *civitas*) would soon be dispersed." To guard against this danger, it has been agreed to allow the chief of the tribe a certain right over the person of every member of the community. This right, which is merely imaginary, is

nevertheless sufficiently respected to protect criminated persons, until their cases have been lawfully examined. It also insures justice to foreigners, and to individuals who, having no relations, are deprived of their natural defenders and avengers. We will remark here that Europeans, who settle among an African tribe, cannot do better than obtain an introduction to the chief, and gain his permission to dwell in his country, From the time that these direct relations are established, the chief becomes responsible for the life and property of the stranger whom he receives.

The existence of this social principle among the natives perfectly satisfies them as to the justice of the arrangement, that those of their number who go and settle on English possessions should be judged by the same laws as the colonists; but, on the other hand, they will never clearly see how a foreign government should pretend to understand offences committed against those of its subjects who have come to reside amongst them.

Every subordinate chief is inferior judge in his district. The graver cases are reserved for the sovereign. Custom demands that the latter, however powerful he may be, should take the initiative as rarely as possible, but wait till his vassals bring before him those matters which are of sufficient importance to require his personal examination. This custom, while it protects the dignity of the inferior chiefs and the interests of their subjects, lessens the tendency to despotism. The natives, therefore, attach to it as high a value as the French did to their municipal immunities. It is to be regretted that the

tardiness, which is inseparable from such a system, renders it unfavourable to the preservation of friendly intercourse with civilised governments. The latter, accustomed as they are to a prompt administration of justice, often force the superior chiefs to deprive their subjects of a valuable element of liberty. The vassals are offended at this—the sovereign finds himself in a difficult position, and at length, weary of being harassed by a foreign power and blamed by his subalterns, he ends by putting himself at their head, in order to get rid of neighbours who are incomprehensible and troublesome to all.

The meanest subject has the right of appeal to the judgment of the sovereign, even in matters of the smallest importance. In this manner the African princes are generally beset with a number of small cases, to which they attend with exemplary patience, although they gain not the smallest advantage to themselves by so doing.

In ordinary cases the contending parties mutually summon each other to appear before the authorities; but if one of the parties refuse to obey the summons, the other makes the charge, and obtains from the chief a verbal citation, which he carries himself to his adversary. This is generally sufficient; for a second refusal would oblige the judge to send a special messenger, which is considered as a disgrace, and also entitles the chief to the payment of a fine. Should this summons be disregarded, which very rarely occurs, the contumacy is then considered as high treason, and we

have seen this crime punished with death in the most summary manner. It sometimes happens that the plaintiff seizes the possessions of his adversary, in case he absolutely refuses to appear before the tribunal. In this case the seizure must be notified to the chief; and if there is reason to fear that the defendant will seek to regain his property, it is placed under the chief's protection. This mode of proceeding is generally more efficacious than the summons; but it is disapproved of as too rigorous, and calculated to create inveterate hatred.

The chiefs have the right of making laws, and publishing regulations required by the necessities of the times. These laws, which are generally temporary, have received the name of *Molaos* (our *law*, or *commandment*). Higher than these edicts rank the *Mekhoas* (the *use and wont*), which constitute the real laws of the country.

Fines in cattle are the ordinary punishments. An incorrigible thief "sometimes pays with his head," according to a proverb of the Basutos; but generally the theft is repaired by restitution and a fine, which, among certain tribes, is in the proportion of four to one. Every murderer is by law liable to death, but the sentence is generally commuted into confiscation. Treason and rebellion against authority are treated with less lenity. An outraged husband, who kills his enemy in a summary manner, cannot be prosecuted; but if a case of adultery is brought before a chief, a fine is the utmost extent of the punishment. Rape and fornication

are treated in the same manner. In addition to the fine, the offender is often compelled to marry his accomplice or victim.

Cases of witchcraft are considered as extremely grave, and give rise to scenes of a more or less tragical nature, according to the personal disposition of the parties who considered themselves injured. The chiefs are generally inexorable; they demand the head and all the possessions of the person accused.

The parties concerned always plead their own cause, and they do this with a skill which is really surprising. A perfect sense of propriety, clear, cutting, picturesque, and at times noble language, seem natural to the Mochuana or the Caffre, called upon to defend himself. This kind of eloquence possesses a greater charm, from the accompaniment of action so natural and so perfect, that a person witnessing these debates is carried away in spite of himself. Whatever his opinion may be of the case in question, it is impossible to help feeling really interested for the pleader before him. In a criminal affair of the highest importance, a Mosuto was obliged to speak first, as we should say, for the crown, and afterwards as one of the accused. His social position and the nature of the debate compelled him to play this twofold part. The manner in which the orator managed this difficult affair filled me with admiration. The enunciation of the facts was calm, impartial, and complete. The witnesses present noticed no omission, no inaccuracy in the statements. When the moment came for the defence, the orator, cleverly taking ad-

vantage of the favourable impression produced by his candour, enlarged upon the moral bearing of the facts, and, plausible casuist that he was, found arguments at least equal to those of which he had been deprived, by the initiative he had been obliged to take in the statement of the facts.

Causes are always discussed in public, and all present are allowed to take an active part, either to satisfy their curiosity on any point which interests them, or to aid in throwing further light on the matter.

This freedom from all restriction and strict formalities presents an open field for ingenuity, and calls forth many bright ideas. The African courts of justice often present scenes which are highly interesting from their originality. The chief and some hundreds of his subjects were seen one day, in the locality I inhabited, sitting gravely in a circle, with heads uncovered, all in profound silence, whilst a woman, carrying an infant in her arms, walked slowly from one to another, examining each in his turn with the greatest care. She had been the victim of an outrage on decency, but was entirely ignorant of the name and residence of the family to which the offender belonged. The chief, after having tried in vain to discover him by the description she gave, had proposed that all the male population of the place should be summoned to appear before her, and that she should seek him out herself. She was then at her task, and the slowness of her movements and her quick glances from one to another betrayed her great anxiety that no mistake should be made in this important matter. All at once

she uttered a cry, stopped and threw her child upon the knees of a young man, saying, "This is he who has committed an outrage upon the mother of this infant." The delinquent, covered with confusion, confessed his fault, and was condemned to exile, after having paid a heavy fine.

The chiefs too often consider themselves above all law, and this idea gives rise to great abuses, from which there is no appeal. It seldom happens among the Bechuanas, that they venture to touch openly the property of their subjects. But they sometimes will seize the whole of an inheritance in return for a loan of much less value. They do not scruple to receive, under the title of *homage*, a part of the plunder which is taken from time to time beyond the limits of their territory, and when inquiry is made, and their position compels them to condemn the delinquents to make restitution of the spoil, the chief's share does not always find its way back to the dwelling of the rightful owner. Although the Bechuanas do not attach themselves so strongly as the Hebrews did to the fields from which they derive their support, yet there is more than one Naboth among them, who silently regrets a piece of land which he has been obliged to give up to the chief, because it was remarkably productive. This act of injustice is not committed openly, but concealed under the form of a very polite request, which few, however, would dare to refuse. The same thing happens if a married woman possesses great attractions, or any peculiar qualifications; she is not carried off suddenly from her husband, but he is informed by his wife's parents that a

sum much larger than he was able to offer has been sent to them by some mighty chief, and the poor man is forced to listen to the hypocritical *adieux* of a woman who is proud of having attracted the notice of her sovereign. It is true that the value of his wife is restored to him; "and," says the chief, "of what does he complain? With that he can get another wife anywhere." This abuse is not of such frequent occurrence as might be expected, when we consider how few are the obstacles which would tend to prevent it. I once heard a poor native complaining bitterly because his brother had been the victim of a similar abduction. "These kings," he said, "think they may do anything! Do they not know that their subjects can form attachments as strongly as themselves?" "Hold your tongue! hold your tongue!" was the reply: "in our country these misfortunes are irreparable; one submits to them, or, if one prefers it, throws one's self off the top of a rock."

Cases, nevertheless, occur, where the chiefs cannot entirely elude the demands of justice. On these occasions they have recourse to shifts and evasions to save their dignity. They lay the odium of their fault on their counsellors or favourites; or, where this cannot be done, other means are not wanting. Some idea may be formed of the skill displayed in the management of such affairs from the following anecdote. The son of a powerful chief, finding himself cold one evening, crept stealthily to the dwelling of a Mochuana, who had an abundant supply of wood. It was dark, and the man who usually executed his orders was with him. "Go,"

said the young prince, "and take a good armful of wood, and if you meet with any resistance run away. But be careful to make no noise!" The man was willing enough to go on this ignoble errand, but, just as he was seizing the desired fagot, a large stone, thrown by the owner of the wood, knocked out four of his teeth and broke his nose. After being confined to his hut for some weeks, he went to the young prince and demanded retribution for the loss of his teeth. The owner of the wood was summoned. "I must have an ox for my four teeth," said the wounded man. "I owe you nothing," said the other, coolly; "I only defended my property." "It was not I who stole the wood; I only obeyed the orders of my chief, who is here present." "I have nothing to do with that; every one has a right to defend himself in his own dwelling." "But who will pay me for the loss of my teeth . . .?" "You owe me allegiance," said the chief, "and I have nothing to pay you." In the midst of the embarrassment caused by this shameful dispute, it was remembered that the father of the young prince was still living, and it was decided that he should pay for the bad conduct of his future successor.

The Bechuana chiefs are bound to consult their subjects on occasions where the public welfare requires the adoption of important measures. These assemblies, called *pitso* (convocation), are always held in the open air. Whatever may be the affair in question, they always come armed, as if for battle. Songs, and sometimes dances, form the prelude to these deliberations, and at a given signal the multitude form an immense circle

around their sovereign and his counsellors. One of the latter then explains the subject of discussion, taking care to let his own personal opinion appear as little as possible. After these preliminaries, any one is at liberty to speak. The orators generally express themselves with the greatest freedom and plainness of speech. It is understood that on these occasions the chiefs must hear the most cutting remarks without a frown. Here, as everywhere, there is always a party for and a party against the government. The chiefs, therefore, when they have much opposition to fear, endeavour to gain beforehand those men of whose support they are most in need. They also avail themselves, during the session, of every little means in their power to influence the assembly. They loudly applaud the orators who please them, inviting them to come and sit near them in the place of honour. The warriors, after having expressed their opinion in the most emphatic manner, indulge in leaps and pirouettes, and drive their javelins into the ground, as if to show their readiness to defend their opinions against every one. If they are favourable to the projects of their sovereign they approach him, and, with a blow of their club, shower around his person a white powder, with which they have previously covered their shields. This sort of incense is always rewarded by a salutation or a smile.

Hisses are the most unequivocal marks of applause, and are as much courted in the African parliaments as they are dreaded by our candidates for popular favour. After a declamation in accordance with the general taste,

the voice of the orator is drowned in a burst of shrill sounds which force one to stop one's ears.

The chiefs generally speak when all the others have finished; they commence with an exordium, setting forth the legitimacy of their claims to authority. Their glance wanders slowly round the assembly, in search of the representatives of the principal families of the tribe, whom they salute by name, and if they observe any remarkable absence, demand the reason of it. When it is due to causes at which they have no reason to be offended, they are kind enough to find a substitute for the personage, whom they regret not to see in his accustomed place. These acts of deference are fully appreciated, and cause the aristocracy of the country to feel that they must not be over-affected by popular clamours.

The opening of the discourse is generally of an historical nature, and in the absence of all written documents the memory of the sovereign is subjected to the closest criticism. He must, therefore, first prove that he has a lucid idea of the concatenation of the facts to which the debate refers. "One event is always the son of another," said a Mochuana prince to me on one of these occasions, "and we must never forget the genealogy:" an excellent remark made for my benefit, as he thought I trusted too much to my notes.

Then follows the declaration of the royal opinion, and the refutation of contrary ideas; and woe to any who have been imprudent enough to take undue advantage of the liberty of speech! If the potentate they have attacked happens to be a witty and sensible man, he will

make them pay dearly for the impunity on which they reckoned. This is the fatal hour which gives birth to nicknames, which cling with the tenacity of a shadow to those on whom they are bestowed.

When the assembly are satisfied, they give vent to a sort of prolonged shout, dwelling upon the monosyllable: "*E!* . . . Yes! Yes!" Then each one jumps up and waves his shield, shouting with all his might, "*Pula! Pula!* (Rain! Rain!)" an invocation signifying we are satisfied, and only think of cultivating our ground.

These assemblies are entirely of a deliberative character, and voting is never introduced. This does not prevent their having a great influence on the conduct of the chiefs, showing them to which side public opinion leans, and they well know that they must not act independently of this powerful arbiter.

The colonial government, in its arrangements with the representatives of the various tribes, seldom gives them time to consult the people. By this means it promotes despotic tendencies, and often involves the chief in insurmountable difficulties.

We see, from the preceding observations, that there are among these people all the elements of a regular government, nearly allied to the representative form, which only require to be developed by the aid of Christianity, in order to furnish every possible security of justice and good administration.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOTIONS UPON THE ORIGIN OF THINGS—RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

We should seek in vain, from the extremity of the southern promontory of Africa to the country far beyond the banks of the Zambesi, for anything like the pagodas of India, the maraes of Polynesia, or the fetish huts of Nigritia. In all ages and all climates man has erected monuments, in accordance with his progress in the arts, to express his religious ideas, or to shelter his worship. Nothing of the kind is seen here; not even a consecrated stone, like that which Jacob set up at Luz until he was able to build an altar. The Arabs, first struck with this anomaly, stigmatised by the name of *Caffres*—men without belief—the tribes of Mozambique whom they visited for the purpose of finding ivory, and, if possible, of obtaining slaves.

The constant intercourse which, for more than half a century, has existed between ourselves and these tribes, has thrown but little light upon one of the most interesting questions that ethnography can offer—Whether there really is a portion of humanity living in atheism, and among whom the religious instinct has been obliterated by absolute scepticism?

Most travellers, judging from appearances, have answered this question in the affirmative. This endemical atheism was a striking confirmation of the ancient adage, *Semper quid novi* (Africa always offers something new). In the land of hippopotami and giraffes it was hardly possible that man could, or should, resemble man.

The study was neither easy nor attractive. The absence of ostensible worship implied much that was vague in the religious tendencies and ideas, if any such existed. The exterior practices which might result from these ideas, being stripped of all solemnity, must have been confounded with ordinary actions, and have remained unintelligible to all except initiated persons. If they were noticed at all, they were presented under such a mean exterior that the spectator imagined them to be mere trifles without meaning.

These tribes had entirely lost the idea of a Creator. All the natives whom we have questioned on the subject have assured us that it never entered their heads that the earth and sky might be the work of an invisible Being. They have a word in their language signifying "*having always been—to exist in an incomprehensible manner.*" By this word they explained the existence of the world. They occupied themselves very little with this question, which they considered as useless and unanswerable. Nevertheless, here and there were found active and intelligent minds, continually tormented with the desire to know the first cause of all things.

My colleague, Mr. Arbousset, in his *Narrative of an Exploratory Tour*, has recorded a very remarkable soliloquy, which leaves no doubt on this subject. Sekesa, a Mosuto worthy of credence, said to us, shortly after our arrival in this country, "Your tidings are what I want; what I was seeking before I knew you, as you shall hear and judge for yourselves. Twelve years ago I went to feed my flocks. The weather was hazy. I sat down upon a rock and asked myself sorrowful questions; yes, sorrowful, because I was unable to answer them.

"'Who has touched the stars with his hands? On what pillars do they rest?' I asked myself.

"'The waters are never weary: they know no other law than to flow, without ceasing, from morning till night, and from night till morning; but where do they stop?—and who makes them flow thus?

"'The clouds also come and go, and burst in water over the earth. Whence come they? Who sends them? The diviners certainly do not give us rain, for how could they do it?—and why do I not see them with my own eyes, when they go up to heaven to fetch it?

"'I cannot see the wind, but what is it? Who brings it, makes it blow, and roar and terrify us?

"'Do I know how the corn sprouts? Yesterday there was not a blade in my field; to-day I returned to the field and found some. Who can have given to the earth the wisdom and the power to produce it?' Then I buried my face in both my hands."

Another native, named Koaniane, who has since embraced Christianity, told me he had often wept because he did not know why the world exists, whence he came himself, and what would happen to him after death.

Felekoane, his friend, thought that all here below was the result of a blind and cruel fate. He imagined the universe given over to an interminable strife; the wind chasing the clouds; the clouds, in their turn, silencing the wind; darkness pursuing light; winter pursuing summer; and the animals devouring each other. Men, by their hatred and wars between nations and families, seemed to him destined to disappear from the face of the earth. Full of these sorrowful thoughts, he could not even look at the sky without terror, thinking that it would one day fall and crush everything. But then (he said) his breath would come out from under all, and remain finally victorious.

The origin of living beings seems to have been a problem almost as unapproachable as that of the existence of inert matter. However, they occupied themselves more with this question, and were fully persuaded that the generations had a beginning. A legend says that both men and animals came out of the bowels of the earth by an immense hole, the opening of which was in a cavern, and that the animals appeared first. Another tradition, more generally received among the Basutos, is, that man sprang up in a marshy place, where reeds were growing. Can this be an allusion to the chaotic period which preceded the creation? However

this may be, this fable has become so popular, that to this day a reed, fastened over a hut, is the symbol announcing the birth of a child.

Still there were people who refused to believe these legends, and who went everywhere in search of something more satisfactory, but without success. On our arrival among the Basutos we found a man who was called *Father Reed*, because he was continually inveighing against the generally received notion, declaring that it was impossible for reeds to produce men, and that one might as well say that he himself was *a reed*.

The natives say that men were originally, on account of their ignorance, in a position worse than that of the brute beasts. For a long time they obstinately persisted in remaining near the hole from which they had come out, and having no idea of the mutual support which solid bodies afford each other, they sustained the arch of the cavern by turns with their hands, lest it should fall and crush them.

They regarded every kind of fruit with suspicion; they could not eat the grass as the animals did: no other resource was therefore left than to eat the food which had already been digested by these latter, and they fed on fresh dung. Corn was discovered by the jealousy of a woman; she gathered the grains of this plant, thinking them venomous, and for some time gave them to a rival to eat. To the great astonishment of all, this food produced marvellous effects, and was, from that time forward, in great request.

By a strange, but very significative, exception, death

is the only one of the great phenomena relative to humanity which the legends of these people attribute to the intervention of a Supreme Being corresponding to the God of revelation.

"The Lord," they say, "in ages gone by, sent this message to men: 'Oh, men, you will die, but you will rise again.' The messenger of the Lord was tardy in the performance of his mission, and a wicked being hastened to precede him, and proclaimed to men: 'The Lord saith, 'You will die, and you will die for ever.'' When the true messenger arrived, they would not listen to him, but replied: 'The first word is the first, the second is nothing.'"*

"Who was this Lord? Where did He dwell? We know nothing about it," is the unanimous reply of the natives. Nevertheless, strange as it may appear, the name of this Being, whom they never invoke, is always on their lips when death comes to them direct from heaven. If any one is struck dead by lightning, no murmur is heard and tears are suppressed. "The Lord has killed him," they say; "he is, doubtless, rejoicing: let us be careful not to disturb his joy."

Some touching lines, which the women generally repeat in their lamentations for the dead, would seem to prove that the Basutos have sometimes looked up to heaven, and desired to find a home there. The funereal song commences thus:—

* In the legend the first messenger of the Lord is designated by the name of *The Grey Lizard*, and the other who supplanted him, by that of *The Chameleon*.

"We are left outside,
We are left for trouble,
We are left for tears;
Oh, if there were in heaven a place for me!

Why have I not wings to fly there?
If a strong cord hung down from the sky
I would cling to it; I would go up;
I would go and dwell there."

The poet who startled humanity by this sublime line,—

"L'homme est un dieu tombé qui se souvient des cieux,"

was therefore not mistaken, even as regards "the black inhabitants of the desert." But there is another assertion, the humiliating truth of which is displayed among the Basutos by something far more real and more important than the passing echo of a song:—

"They have transferred the honour due to the incorruptible God to corruptible man."

It is, indeed, to the manes of their ancestors that these people address their prayers. A prophet has described their religion in a few words: "They go to the dead for the living."

It would, perhaps, be asserting too much to say absolutely, that they believe in the existence and the immortality of the soul. They have not given to their ideas on this subject the settled form of a dogma. They allow that man is endowed with sentiments and faculties which the brute does not possess, and know that something of him remains after death. They place the seat of life, feeling, thought, and will in the *heart*, and this is

almost the only word their language possesses to designate the rational being in a synthetic manner. They say of a person reflecting, "*His heart listens to itself, his heart measures, his heart seeks.*"

They say of an intelligent person, that he has a *large heart;* of a patient person, that he has a *long heart;* of an irritable person, that he has a *short heart;* of a courageous man, that he has a *strong heart;* of a happy man, that he has a *white heart;* and of an unhappy man, that he has a *black heart,* that his *heart is sick.* They connect sudden or violent emotions more especially with the lungs: *His lungs hinder him from speaking, his lungs rise;* the uncomfortable feeling arising from a bad action, to the spleen—"*My spleen accuses me, my spleen bites me;*" perseverance and firmness in danger or suffering to the *liver: He has a hard liver*—he endures patiently. It must not be imagined that their language does not possess special expressions to designate the feelings or the intellectual operations; but when these operations and feelings are considered *as regards their seat,* the language becomes material.

Too much stress must not, however, be laid upon this point. Does not our metaphysical vocabulary abound in expressions of an equally unrefined nature?*

* Among the Egyptians the heart represented the entire soul. Also among the Hebrews, it was not only, as it is with us, the seat of the passions, but also that of the understanding. The words *socors, vecors,* sufficiently prove that the word *cor* was originally used among the Romans to express understanding. It is still found employed in this sense by the most ancient authors, such as Plautus and Terence.

The natives invariably say of a person who has just expired, "*His heart is gone out;*" of a sick person who has been at the point of death, but who has recovered, "*His heart is still there; his heart is coming back*"—unexceptionable proofs that the heart is, in their eyes, something more than the physical organ called by that name. "*To go away—to depart—to return to his fathers*"—are the expressions generally used in speaking of death. A horrible imprecation, which is too often heard to escape their lips—"May you die amongst the dead," or, "in the region of the dead"—shows that annihilation, if it were possible, would appear to them the greatest of all misfortunes. The adoration they render to the deceased establishes the fact that, in spite of the scantiness and confusion of their metaphysical notions, they believe that man still exists after death, and is capable of acting upon the living in a beneficial or pernicious manner. This residue, which they generally call *seriti* (*shadow*), is something resembling the little, cloudy, pale, quivering soul, that Marcus Aurelius on his death-bed seemed already to see escaping from his bosom. In their minds, the existence of this undefinable substance is, to a certain degree, connected with the preservation of the organic particles of the body. They believe, like the ancients, that a mysterious connexion is continued between the shade and the ashes. Persons who are pursued in their sleep by the image of a deceased relation, are often known to sacrifice a victim on the tomb of the defunct, in order, as they say, to calm his disquietude. They believe that the dead can

render themselves visible whenever they please; and the fear of these apparitions exercises a real influence, even on the stoutest hearts. The cruel Dingan, whose iron yoke long weighed heavily upon the tribes inhabiting the country between Natal and Mozambique, dared not go out in the evening, for fear of meeting the furious shade of his brother Chaka, whom he had killed with his own hand.

The Zulu-Caffres imagine that their ancestors generally visit them under the form of serpents.* As soon, therefore, as one of these reptiles appears near their dwellings, they hasten to salute it by the name of *father* —place bowls of milk in its way, and turn it back gently, and with the greatest respect. Thus Æneas thought he saw the servant of his father, on perceiving a serpent in the tomb of Anchises:—

> "Tandem inter pateras et lævia pocula serpens,
> Libavitque dapes, rursusque innoxius imo
> Successit tumulo et depasta altaria liquit."

This does not prevent their addressing the spirits of their ancestors in a direct manner, and believing that

* The serpent (in Sechuana, *noga;* in Sanscrit, *naga;* and in Hebrew, נחש) is in many fables the symbol of the new life that man finds after having laid aside the body. The reason for this is probably the annual change of skin to which the serpent is subject. The Sclavonic and the Germanic tribes had a superstition somewhat analogous to that of the Zulu-Caffres. "They believed that there were in every house a couple of serpents, that only appeared after the death of the father or mother of the family."

they may exist otherwise than under the form of a reptile. The following conversation leaves no doubt on the subject. One of our converted Basutos, addressing a Caffre, originally from Natal, asked him, "What is the *confidence* (belief) of your nation? and when you pray in your country, what do you say?" "We invoke the dead (*setoutsela*). We say, 'O Mose, son of Motlanka, look upon us! Thou, whose smoke is seen by all men, turn thine eyes upon us this day, and keep us, O our god!' This is how we pray." The Caffre added, that Mose was one of the most remote ancestors of the sovereigns of his tribe. The word smoke, or vapour, must be understood in the sense of *manifestation.*

The Barolongs render a kind of worship to deranged persons, believing them to be under the direct influence of one of their tutelary deities.

All the natives believe the world of spirits to be in the bowels of the earth. They call this mysterious region *mosima* (the abyss), *mosima o sa thlaleng* (the abyss which is never filled). This is the *shehol* of the Hebrews, the *hell* of the Teutons. The imaginations of some persons adorn this abode with valleys that are always green, and people it with speckled flocks and herds, without horns, immortal, like their possessors. But the generally received opinion seems to be, that the shades wander about in silent calm, experiencing neither joy nor sorrow. The Baperis, a tribe established on the northern shore of the Fal river, affirm that the entrance to these infernal regions is in their country, and that they

sometimes venture in, taking care previously to join hands, and cry to the inhabitants of the dark abode, "Gods, retire: we are going to throw stones!" It is a singular coincidence that there is also a Styx, which bears the more euphonious title of *Tlatlana.* A cistern is also found there, containing the nectar of the gods, of which no mortal may drink with impunity.

Every being, to whom the natives render adoration, is called *Molimo,* the signification of which shows that it is by no means of heathen origin. It is evidently composed of the prefix *mo,* which belongs to almost all those words representing intelligent beings, and of the root *holimo—above, in the sky. Moholimo,* or the abbreviation Molimo, therefore, signifies, *He who is in the sky.* There is an obvious contradiction between the language and the received ideas; in spite of a universal perversion, which probably dates many centuries back, truth has reserved itself a witness in the vocabulary of these people. The missionaries have not hesitated to adopt this venerable word, which seemed, as it were, only to await their arrival to reascend to its source, leaving in their nothingness the false deities that had hitherto been the objects of worship.

Each family is supposed to be under the direct influence and protection of its ancestors; but the tribe, taken as a whole, acknowledges for its national gods the ancestors of the reigning sovereign. Thus, the Basutos address their prayers to Monaheng and Motlumi, from whom their chiefs are descended. The Baharutsis and the Barolongs invoke Tobege and his wife Mampa. Mampa

makes known the will of her husband, announcing each of her revelations by these words "*O re! O re!* He has said! he has said!" They make a distinction between the ancient and modern divinities. The latter are considered inferior in power, but more accessible; hence this formula, which is often used: "New gods, entreat the ancient gods for us!"

In all countries spirits are more the objects of fear than of love. A deep feeling of terror generally accompanies the idea that the dead dispose of the lot of the living. The ancients spoke much of incensed shades. If they sacrificed to the manes, it was generally in order to appease them. These ideas perfectly correspond to those of the Basutos. They conjure rather than pray; although they seek to gain favours, they think more of averting chastisement. Their predominating idea as to their ancestors is, that they are continually endeavouring to draw them to themselves. Every disease is attributed to them; thus medicine among these people is almost entirely a religious affair. The first thing is to discover, by means of the *litaola* (divining bones), under the influence of what *molimo* the patient is supposed to be. Is it an ancestor on the father's side or the mother's? According as fate decides, the paternal or maternal uncle will offer the purifying sacrifice, but rarely the father or brother. This sacrifice alone can render efficacious the medicines prescribed by the *ngaka* (doctor). The latter points out the victim to be offered. Large and small animals are used in sacrifice; and sometimes, though not often, a cock.

The colour, sex, and age of the animal, are determined by the indications drawn from the bones, a dream, or any other significative incident. As soon as the victim is dead, they hasten to take the epiploon, or intestinal covering, which is considered as the most sacred part, and put it round the patient's neck, after having twisted it to give it the form of a necklace. The gall is then poured upon the head of the patient, accompanied by the following prayer: "Oh, gods, retire (or rather disperse yourselves); leave our brother in peace, that he may sleep his sleep." A mixture of gall, liquid out of the stomach, and pounded herbs, is then placed upon the hut, and all defiled persons are carefully removed from it.

The animals destined for the patient's food should be killed and cut up by a young man of pure habits. After a sacrifice, the gall-bladder is invariably fastened to the hair of the individual for whom the victim has been slain, and becomes the sign of purification.

As soon as a person is dead he takes his place among the family gods. His remains are deposited in the cattle-pen. An ox is immolated over his grave: this is the first oblation made to the new divinity, and at the same time an act of intercession in his favour, serving to ensure his happy reception in the subterranean regions. All those present aid in sprinkling the grave, and repeat the following prayer: "Repose in peace with the gods; give us tranquil nights."

Tertullian, speaking of the heathen of his time, says somewhere: "From the moment of its conception, the

child is consecrated to the idols and demons they worship. The person of the mother during her pregnancy is surrounded with small bands, which have been prepared with idolatrous rites." The same custom prevails among the Basutos. As soon as a woman is with child a sheep is sacrificed, in order to render the gods propitious to her; and the skin of the animal is rendered supple and made into an apron, which serves to screen her from witchcraft.

Young wives, to whom maternal joys have been denied, form rude effigies of clay, and give them the name of some tutelary deity.* They treat these dolls as if they were real children, and entreat the divinity, to whom they have consecrated them, to give them the power of conception. They may often be seen all out of breath running from one village to another, to have dances performed in honour of their patron.

After the corn has been threshed and winnowed, it is left in a heap on the threshing-floor. Before it can be touched a religious ceremony is performed, which reminds us of the offering made by the Israelites to Jehovah of the first-fruits of the earth. Those to whom the corn belongs bring a new vessel to the spot, in which they boil some of the grain. When it is cooked they throw a few handfuls on the heap, and utter these words: "Thank you, gods; give us bread to-morrow also!" When this is over the rest is eaten, and the provision for the year is considered *pure* and fit

* This is the kind of idol, the representation of which has been given among several kinds of ornaments.

to eat. This custom might serve as a commentary on those words of St. Paul: "If the first-fruits are holy, the lump is also holy."

While the corn is exposed to view, all defiled persons are carefully kept from it. If the aid of a man in this state is necessary for carrying home the harvest, he remains at some distance while the sacks are filled, and only approaches to place them upon the draught oxen. He withdraws as soon as the load is deposited at the dwelling, and under no pretext can he assist in pouring the corn into the baskets in which it is preserved. On going over the threshing-floor after the harvest is gathered in, a little hollow filled with grain may generally be noticed; this is a thank-offering to the gods.

At the feasts, a certain quantity of beer is separated from the rest, and placed religiously in the most remote corner of the hut; after some time the old men go and drink the sacred liquor, as the Jewish priests ate the shew-bread.

In times of famine, the natives dig along the streams and around the pools deep ditches, which they carefully cover over with branches and rubbish picked up in the fields, hoping that the game, on coming to drink, will fall into these snares. This sometimes happens, but as the antelopes are at least as sagacious as they are light-footed, the poor Mochuana must often be satisfied with watching at a distance the graceful gambols of those daughters of the wilderness. He then addresses himself to the gods, and gives to each of the pits the name of the *molimo* who, he supposes, should be propitious to him.

An Orpheus in his way, he plays his one-stringed lyre, and he and his family indulge in noisy dances, and compose hymns, the energetic *naïveté* of which seems to prove that the inspirations of hunger are not always to be despised.

Travellers, on arriving at the frontier of a foreign country, seek to propitiate the gods of that country, by rubbing their own foreheads with some dust that they pick up from the road, or by making themselves a girdle of grass. But the *molimos* are not always treated in this courteous manner. If a marauding expedition is made into the country under their protection, no one has any scruple in seeking to deceive them; and for this purpose, on crossing the flats and watercourses, the special haunts of the shades, the marauder gives utterance to those cries and hisses in which cattle-drivers indulge when they drive a herd before them, thinking in this manner to persuade these poor divinities that he is bringing cattle to their worshippers instead of coming to take it from them.

Before leaving this subject, I will relate one more particular, no less ridiculous, but proving how the imagination of these people is continually dwelling upon the existence and habitual proximity of spirits. If two men are walking together, and one of them stumbles, this trifling accident is the result of a wager made by their respective *balimo*. In like manner, Phœbus and Boreas amused themselves by seeing which of them would succeed first in making a traveller throw off his mantle.

Unfortunately, in the invisible world of the natives there are neither rewards for the good, nor punishments for the wicked, nor any prospect of resurrection.

Joano dos Santos, a Dominican Missionary, who visited Mozambique in 1506, found among the Caffres of his time religious ideas precisely resembling those we have just described. But then the notion of retribution in a future life still existed among them. Some aged Basutos, whom we have questioned on this subject, seemed to have some slight recollection of two categories of souls, the fate of one differing from that of the other.

These religious beliefs were only valuable in so far as they contributed to maintain some feeling of human dignity, and thus to preserve the natives from a state of complete brutishness. Perhaps, also, the idea of a universal subordination to a supreme and immaterial order of things may have served in some measure to moderate the desires and the passions. It was a valuable starting-point for Christianity, an indispensable element of success reserved by Providence. As to the idolatrous system connected with it, it will be clearly understood how subversive it is of all improvement and salutary reform, when we consider that, according to the generally received notions, the anger of the deified generations could not be more directly provoked than by a departure from the precepts and examples they have left behind them.

There was, however, a time when morality was connected with the religious ideas of these people. The

prayers they offer to their ancestors are always accompanied by lustration and sacrifice, and purity is the invariable symbol of the favours they implore.

In the language of the natives, the words HAPPINESS and PURITY are synonymous. When a Mosuto says that his heart is *black* or *dirty*, it may either mean that his heart is *impure* or *afflicted;* and when he says that his heart is *white* or *clean*, we do not know, until he explains himself further, whether he speaks of innocence or joy. Our earliest converts could not understand that there was no profanation in coming to the table of the Lord when they were in sorrow. I have often tried to overcome this scruple, at the same time admiring that instinctive homage paid to the principle, that moral evil is the primary cause of all sorrow. But as in their worship the creature has taken the place of the Creator, so unhappiness, the effect of sin, has caused them to lose sight of sin itself, and now suffering and accidents of all kinds to which humanity is liable are considered as *defilement*, and are called by that name. The idea of defilement is expressed by three different words: *bochu*, blackness; *tsila*, uncleanness, impurity; *bokhopo*, that which is not right: that of purification is expressed by the words, *tlatsoa*, to wash; *phekula*, to purify.

Death, with all that immediately precedes or follows it, is in the eyes of these people the greatest of all defilements.

Thus the sick, persons who have touched or buried a corpse, or who have dug the grave, individuals who inadvertently walk over or sit upon a grave, the near

relatives of a person deceased, murderers, warriors who have killed their enemies in battle, are all considered impure. They regard in the same light cattle taken from the enemy, towns in which an epidemic reigns, tribes that are a prey to war or adversity, corn blasted by blight or damaged by locusts, and houses or individuals that are struck by lightning.

There are five distinct modes of purification: sacrifice, the lustral horn, ablution, sprinkling, and fire.

The most usual mode of sacrifice has already been described, on the occasion when prayers are offered to the spirits in favour of the sick. They resort to this method in all cases that seem to require the intervention of a power superior to that of man. Sometimes the victim is immolated near the grave of the deceased whom they invoke, or, if the grave is at too great a distance, on one of the stones with which it is covered, and which is fetched for the occasion. Certain tribes, after having slaughtered the victim, pierce it through and through, and cause the person who is to be purified to pass between the pieces.

The horn, which among the Israelites was the symbol of power and might, is, among the Basutos, that of confidence and security. Every chief possesses one, the virtues of which he is continually extolling. It contains a specific which purifies from defilement, and by that means rectifies past evils and guards against future accidents. Divers plants, known only to a small number of initiated persons, and the flesh of certain animals, are burned with religious respect, and the horn is carefully

filled with the ashes, which are first reduced to a fine powder. An ox is then sacrified to consecrate the mixture; the virtues of the gall are added to these sacred elements, and the epiploon rolled together is used as a stopper.

If an epidemic appears in the community, if public affairs are in a bad condition, or war threatens to break out, the horn is brought into the enclosure where the assemblies are held, the people collect there from all sides, and the chief, armed with a lancet, makes a slight incision in the temples of each one, and introduces a little of the mystic powder. They next proceed to purify the locality, and for this purpose small pieces of wood, covered with the same powder, are driven into the ground in various quarters. This formality is strictly observed when they settle upon a new site. It is called *pinning down the town*, so that the wind of adversity may not blow it away. The choice of the ingredients of which the purifying mixture is made is always symbolical. They consist of plants, the foliage of which withstands the rigours of winter; mimosas, whose thorns present an impenetrable barrier to all animals of the deer kind; the claws, or a few hairs from the mane of the lion, the most courageous of all animals; the tuft of hair surrounding the root of the horns of the bull, which is the emblem of strength and fecundity; the skin of a serpent; the feathers of a kite or a hawk. This belief in the inoculation of the virtues of certain substances, is the principal cause of the mutilations which the natives sometimes inflict on the corpses of their enemies. The

bleeding pieces which they bring from the battle-field are used in the composition of a powder, which is supposed to communicate to them the courage, skill, and good fortune of their adversaries.

Ingredients of the same nature as those we have mentioned, when diluted in a considerable quantity of water, are used in sprinkling—a ceremony which is frequently performed. If the purification is of a public character the chief prepares the liquid, and for that purpose retires, with his diviner, into a secret place, and beats the mixture until an abundance of froth is produced; then, putting a little of this froth on his head, he returns to the assembly, and his mysterious counsellor waters in a copious manner all present, by means of a very primitive but very convenient brush—the tufted tail of a kokong, or blue gnu. This kind of holy water is not only sprinkled upon men, but also upon their habitations, their corn, and their cattle.

Ablution is especially performed on return from battle. It is absolutely necessary that the warriors should rid themselves, as soon as possible, of the blood they have shed, or the shades of their victims would pursue them incessantly, and disturb their slumbers. They go in a procession, and in full armour, to the nearest stream. At the moment they enter the water a diviner, placed higher up, throws some purifying substances into the current. This is, however, not strictly necessary. The javelins and battle-axes also undergo the process of washing.

Fumigation is more especially employed in the puri-

fication of corn, and of the cattle taken from the enemy. Before allowing the captured herds to mix with those already in the possession of the tribe, they are assembled in a certain place, and men, bearing bundles of lighted branches, run round the mass of animals, so as to surround them with a circle of smoke.

As soon as the corn comes into ear it is subjected, every evening, to treatment of the same kind. Those who have the charge of it light a small fire in the middle of the field before they go away, and throw into it drugs, the combustion of which is supposed to avert all evil influence.

This custom gives the country a very picturesque appearance. Nothing is more pleasing to the eye than this immense carpet of undulating verdure, assuming the most fanciful forms, from each of which arises a column of whitish smoke, as if from a gigantic altar.

Fire is also used for purification in those cases which do not appear of importance enough to necessitate a sacrifice. Thus, if a mother sees her child walk over a grave she hastens to call it, makes it stand before her, and lights a small fire at its feet.

The natives believe that these various ceremonies operate powerfully upon the moral nature of those who undergo them.

The idea that exterior and material means are capable of acting on the soul, and changing its tendencies, is so deeply enrooted among them, that the first conversions to Christianity that they witnessed were all attributed to the influence of some mysterious specific,

which those who frequented the society of the missionaries had unconsciously received from their hands.

A certain sacrifice or purification summons wisdom to their councils, and renders their warriors invincible; another suppresses revolts, and brings back the hearts of subjects to their chiefs; another stupefies the enemy, and lulls him into fatal security. It is Balaam and Balak over again, going to meet their enchantments, in order to transfer the victory from the camp of Israel to that of Moab.

Hence it arises, that all the success which attends the Africans in their struggles with Europeans, is followed by a reaction fatal to the cause of Christianity and civilisation.

Although all recollection of the institution of the Sabbath is lost among these people, they have preserved the idea that certain solemn and important circumstances demand the consecration of certain days of repose. They abstain from all public labour on the day when an influential person dies. At the approach of clouds which give promise of rain they abstain from going to their fields, or they hasten to leave them, in order quietly to await the desired benediction, fearing to disturb Nature in her operations. This idea is carried to such an extent, that most of the natives believe that, if they obstinately persist in their labour at such a moment, the clouds are irritated and retire, or send hail instead of rain. Days of sacrifice, or great purification, are also holidays. Hence it is that the law relative to the repose of the seventh day, so far from finding any objection in

the minds of the natives, appears to them very natural, and perhaps even more fundamental, than it seems to certain Christians.

Of all the institutions that tradition has handed down to them, circumcision is the one to which the South African tribes appear to cling with the greatest tenacity. This rite must at its origin have made a deep impression on the human mind, as a symbol of moral transformation. The Basutos, before our arrival among them, were completely ignorant of its origin. Superstition has taken hold of it; ignorance has rendered it a barbarous, and, in many respects, a ridiculous practice; but, nevertheless, the moral and religious idea has survived. The performance of this rite is followed by several months of seclusion for those young men to whom it has been administered, during which time they are superintended and disciplined by men called *mesuge* (those who render supple). The weakness of the principles of morality, which is the necessary result of long ages of Paganism, neutralises the little good which might arise from this rude catechumenship. Still, there are in it traces of a real initiation into the proprieties and duties of life, as they are understood by these people. Among much that is puerile in the admonitions addressed to these young men, this injunction is often repeated: "Amend your ways! amend your ways!" the signification of the words being heightened by repeated strokes of a switch. Certain scriptural expressions, which appear strange to us, such as, "Circumcise your hearts," "people uncircumcised in heart," are in constant use among the

Basutos. They are frequently heard to repeat that there is no circumcision for the tongue; which means, that this member is incorrigible.

The age chosen for the administration of this rite is about the same as that of Ishmael, when he and his father Abraham received the sign of the covenant. Nevertheless, it often happens that the young men of inferior rank are advanced or retarded to suit the convenience of the sons of the chiefs. The latter are, from their birth, considered as destined to command those individuals who entered the world at or about the same time as themselves, and the ceremony of circumcision gives a sacred character, and sets an indelible seal upon those relations which have been formed by anticipation.

Each member of these corporations called *taka* (branches) undergoes the rite at the same time; the body receives the name of the young prince who presides, and forms under his orders a new phalanx, which is added to the defenders of the country.

The opprobrium which among the Israelites attached itself to the uncircumcised, exercises a no less powerful influence on the young Bechuanas. They ardently long for the hour when they shall be for ever delivered from the detestable appellation of *bashimane*, which exposes them to incessant raillery, stigmatises them as unfit for all the rational business of life, and renders them real pariahs.

In due time the young candidates are secretly informed that their desires are about to be gratified, and that they will now become *men*. They immediately

escape from the town, and go and hide themselves in the fields, feigning a revolt, which is intended to give the adult population to understand that they are weary of the state of inferiority in which they are at present; upon which the warriors arm themselves from top to toe, and, with the chief at their head, go and bring back the young insurgents. Their return is followed by noisy dances, which are the signal of the festival.

The next day, huts are constructed in a retired spot, which are, for six or eight months, to be the places of shelter for the new corporation. These cabins bear the name of *mapato*, or mystery.

The songs and dances are recommenced; and then all the male population, with the exception of children who are too young for the performance of the rite, direct their steps to the chosen retreat.

When the ceremony is over the crowd withdraw, leaving the mopato under the direction of the men chosen to superintend and instruct the youths.

They receive daily instruction in the use of arms. They learn how to throw the javelin with precision and swiftness, to whirl round in the air a formidable club, and to ward off, by means of a little square shield, the blows of the enemy, from whichever side they may proceed.

To accustom them to bear suffering courageously, and to drive vice from their hearts, they are scourged frequently, and without mercy; and while the switch hisses through the air, and comes down upon their naked limbs, their castigators cry out, "Amend your ways! Be men! Fear theft! Fear adultery! Honour

your parents! Obey your chiefs!" The poor victims of this barbarous education make it a point of honour to affect absolute impassibility, and the greater number display a stoicism which would have been admired at Lacedæmon, at the feasts of Diana Orthia.

During the coldest season they lie on the ground entirely uncovered. They are compelled to make long fasts, and then their hands are tied behind them, and long strips of meat are dangled before their lips, until, more fortunate than Tantalus, they contrive to seize a few morsels.

The law allows that any pupil, who seeks to escape these severities by flight, should be put to death. Cases of desertion were formerly rare; their number has increased since the introduction of the Gospel, but this new principle has also mitigated the consequences of desertion.

It sometimes happens that the severe treatment proves fatal to some poor child, who is less robust than his companions. If circumstances permit, the matter is kept secret until the process of initiation is over. Then a messenger places himself silently before the parents of the deceased, and breaks a vessel of clay at their feet. The lamentations which immediately burst forth prove that this symbolical action is but too well understood.

It is allowable for all men who have been circumcised themselves, to visit the mopato whenever they please, and add their precepts and their blows to those of the directors. Women, children, and all foreigners belonging to a nation among whom the rite is not practised,

are carefully kept at a distance. We have ourselves seen a missionary, who was otherwise much respected, pursued by armed men, for having dared direct his steps to one of these formidable places.

The young scholars are made to learn a number of little compositions, which generally consist in descriptions of animals, or narrations of hunting and military expeditions. The measure is perfectly regular, and the style not wanting in poetry, though it is not easy to seize the meaning. The natives themselves seem to see in them nothing more than a series of sounds which are agreeable to the ear, but without any serious meaning. The following is a short specimen :—

Noniana tse cheu	These white birds,
Ramolahaniane	Streaked with black,
Gorimo li yang ?	What do they eat up there ?
Li ya serereku	They eat fat.
Serereku pitsi,	The fat of a zebra.
Pitsi ka mabala	Of a coloured zebra,
Mabala makoali	Of striped colours,
Mang monguerere.	With noisy nostrils,
Maluma ka tlaku.	With resounding feet.
Kuana tlasi, kuana	Far off, yonder, far off.
Kupu le tibile,	The haze is thick.
Motla le e tloha,	When it is dispersed
Fuba se le teng,	There is a breast
Sa ho kirietsa.	Which will resound.
	(That of the lion.)

In this rustic academy they employ themselves with the study of the principal phenomena of nature, and the lack of scientific explanations is supplied by the most attractive allegories. As among the ancient Phœnicians,

Bel or Baal was the male divinity, and Beltes or Astarte the female one, so these wondering youths are taught that the sun is a man and the moon a woman. Peals of thunder are compared to the flapping of the wings of a gigantic bird. The solstices receive the names of summer-house and winter-house, because our great luminary seems to rest there for a few days. The earth is likened to a prodigious animal, on which beings infinitely smaller are sporting about. The rocks are the bony framework of the monster, the vegetable earth his flesh, and the rivers his blood.

The exercises and the discipline of the mopato last about six months, after which the young men are anointed from head to foot, receive warm and decent clothing, choose a new name, and return to the village, where they are welcomed with dancing and shouts of joy. The moment they leave their place of penance it is consigned to the flames, and they are forbidden to look back at the spot where they are supposed to have left their vicious dispositions and the follies of childhood. Shortly after their re-admission to society each one pays a visit to the chief members of his family, particularly to his maternal uncle, who performs the functions of a godfather, and who must now give his nephew a javelin for his defence, and a heifer for his future support.

As long as their parents do not think of marrying them, these young men live together in dwellings not unlike our watch-houses, which are close to the abode of the chief. They are then considered as set apart for public service, and are expected to lead the flocks to

graze without any remuneration, to carry messages, to furnish the fuel for the court where strangers are received, and to fetch building materials from a distance. They should make it a point of honour not to wander about the village at improper hours, and always to be in their place when all the company lie down under their ox-skins to sleep. Fathers, who suspect their sons of leading a disorderly life, take advantage of this occasion for solving their doubts. This sort of precaution is generally without effect, but it is interesting to see men, who are not very scrupulous as to their own personal conduct, watch with a jealous eye that the succeeding generation should preserve, as long as possible, some vestiges of purity.

The old Basutos regret to see falling into disuse a custom which acted as a great restraint upon the young men, of which marvellous things are related, and which reminds us of the *judgments* of God in the middle ages, or of that of the red heifer in the republic of Israel. It was customary, immediately after the birth of a child, to kindle the fire of the dwelling afresh.* For this purpose it was necessary that a young man of chaste habits should rub two pieces of wood quickly one against another, until a flame sprung up, pure as himself. It was firmly believed that a premature death awaited him who should dare to take upon himself this office, after having lost his innocence. As soon, therefore, as a

* This custom has been observed by M. de Chateaubriand among the North American Indians.

birth was proclaimed in the village, the fathers took their sons to undergo the ordeal. Those who felt themselves guilty confessed their crime, and submitted to be scourged rather than expose themselves to the consequences of a fatal temerity. The same result was obtained by offering them some milk to drink, in which certain drugs had previously been mixed. The imprudent youth, who might be led from motives of shame to accept this challenge, would not go unpunished; malignant blotches broke out all over his body, the hair fell from his head, and if he escaped death, he could not avoid the infamy of his double fault.

Girls from twelve to thirteen years of age are also subjected to a rite, to which certain tribes give the name of circumcision, but which more resembles *baptism*. They are committed to the charge of certain matrons, whose duty it is to watch over them for several months; these women first lead them to a neighbouring stream, send them into the water, and sprinkle them. They then hide them separately in the turns and bends of the river, and telling them to cover their heads, inform them that they will be visited by a large serpent. Thus, these poor daughters of Eve have not forgotten the form taken by the arch enemy to deceive their mother. Their limbs are then plastered over with white clay, and over the face is put a little straw mask, an emblem of the modesty which must henceforward rule their actions. Covered with this veil, and singing melancholy airs, they daily follow each other in procession to the fields, in order to become accustomed to the

labours of agriculture, which in that country devolve especially on their sex; in the evening they bring back a small fagot of wood. Neither blows nor hard treatment are spared, in the vain hope of better fitting them for the accomplishment of the duties of life. They frequently indulge in grotesque dances, and at those times wear, as a sort of petticoat, long bands composed of a series of rushes artistically strung together. The natives probably find that the rattling of this fantastic costume forms no disagreeable accompaniment to the songs and clapping of hands in which they indulge.

CHAPTER XIV.

AMULETS — SUPERSTITIOUS PRACTICES.

It is evident that, if the ideas and practices which have furnished the subject-matter of the preceding chapter do not present, as a whole, enough of what is homogeneous and clearly spiritual to merit the name of religion, they belong, at least, to the department of religious feeling, and must have contributed, in some measure, to perpetuate those instincts and requirements of the soul which she could not entirely shake off without denying herself. I am aware that to this day it is, to some degree, conventional to turn away without examination from these incoherent rites, and only to regard them as so many more obstacles to the introduction of Christianity. For my own part, I cannot help feeling a certain respect for these traditions, incomplete and barbarous as they may be. I see in them a dyke resisting the invasion of absolute materialism, and therefore an element of success which God has in His wisdom reserved for His word. Chapters without end might be written upon the superstitions in which Africa abounds. It is well known to be the classic land of charms and amulets.

Will the reader be courageous enough to follow me into the region of the absurd and the monstrous? The repugnance with which I undertake the task of conducting him thither will serve as a guarantee that our excursion shall be as short as possible, and that we will content ourselves with one glance into the abyss of credulity into which man may fall when he is not upheld by any satisfactory faith.

Look at those strange objects hanging from the necks of our little black friends. There is a kite's foot, in order that the poor child may escape misfortune with the swiftness of the kite in its flight. Another has the claw of a lion, in order that his life may be as firmly secured against all danger as that of the lion; a third is adorned with the tarsus bone of a sheep, or an iron ring, that he may oppose to evil a resistance as firm as iron, or as that little compact bone without marrow, which could not be crushed between two stones without difficulty.

What is the use of that shard, so carefully rounded off, and bored through the middle, suspended by a cord, on which are strung a few glass beads? The girl who wears it used to take her food in a vessel of clay made on purpose for her; the vessel was broken, and the imagination of the mother saw in this accident the presage of a greater misfortune, and, lest a similar fate should befall the child, she made her an impenetrable shield of one of the broken pieces.

You are astonished to see on the chest of a full-grown man a poor insect, which might be taken for

dead, but for the slight quivering of its mutilated legs. Alas, it has been there a long time, and its sufferings will not soon be at an end! The poor creature cannot die, and it is this inexplicable vitality which is the cause of its torture; it must, *nolens volens*, communicate its immortality to its tormentor!

There is a warrior, who has mixed the hair of an ox among the hair of his own head, and fastened to his mantle the skin of a frog. You must know that the ox from which these hairs have been taken has no horns, and is on that account very difficult to catch; as to the frog, it is needless to remind you how agile and slippery are its movements! Our hero is therefore sure to escape all the inconveniences of his dangerous profession.

In this privileged country there is a remedy for every imaginable evil, an infinity of means to obtain all that the heart can wish.

The traveller, exhausted by days of fatigue and abstinence, sees in the distance the smoke of the village where the friend resides whom he is going to visit. A discouraging idea crosses his mind: Who knows whether his friend, being more hungry than usual, will not before his arrival empty all the dishes which the housewife had carefully kept in reserve? Our traveller advances uneasily, looking from one side of the road to the other: but soon his countenance brightens; he sees by the roadside a heap of stones, the signification of which is well known to him. He picks up a pebble, spits upon it, and throws it on the heap. The danger is past, his host is hungry no longer.

A chief who wishes to preserve the friendship of an ally with whom he has just had a conference, sends religiously to have the grass cut upon which this ally sat during the interview. This grass is deposited in a hole in the centre of the court where public affairs are discussed. Another, who has the misfortune to govern a town which is almost depopulated, causes the tufts of grass and bushes, which grow where the roads cross each other, to be pulled up.

The famous Moselekatsi, during an interview with the English naturalist, Dr. A. Smith, took the traveller's snuffbox, and, under pretence of feeling the polished surface, he passed it slowly between his hands, hoping by that means to appropriate some of the vital particles of the doctor and arm himself against all injurious influence.

Every hunter who fears he may return home empty-handed should scarify his feet, and rub them with certain magical drugs, to enable him to catch the game. The same operation performed on the arms will give him a true and steady aim.

If the skin of the boa-constrictor is burnt, a smoke is obtained which causes the cattle to produce fine heifers, and ensures the ripening of the wheat.

But more than enough has been said on these unqualifiable absurdities; it now remains to speak of superstitions of a far more serious nature, which, by their terrible effects, would alone be sufficient to justify the epithet of *unhappy*, which is generally applied to the land of Ham. The belief in witchcraft is spread over all

the country, but nowhere productive of more disastrous effects than among the tribes occupying the southern extremity of this vast continent.

The Basutos say that the introduction of this fatal art is attributable to a powerful queen of antiquity. She possessed two wands, which enabled her to do whatever she pleased. Weary of indulging in these criminal pastimes alone, she took her daughter-in-law with her one evening to a retired spot. The sorceress made some mysterious signs, which were immediately followed by the appearance of wolves, monkeys, and a number of people torn from their beds by an all-powerful charm. A scene of confusion ensued which baffles all description. Furious dances were performed, monstrous transformations took place, till the queen, feeling tired, approached her daughter-in-law, and giving her the two wands, said:—"We have need of rest, make a sign with this wand and we shall go to sleep; when we have rested sufficiently, wave the other and we shall awake." The princess made the appointed signal, and every creature, not excepting the wolves and the monkeys, was immediately buried in the deepest sleep. Then, being frightened at the scenes she had witnessed, she hastened back to her own dwelling. The next morning the queen was nowhere to be found; she was sought for in the different parts of the town, but the messengers of the king were astonished to find that searches of a similar nature were being made in every direction. In one house the husband was missing, in another the wife; in others, both husband and wife were absent. At length, it was agreed

to call a council, to deliberate upon this inexplicable event. The princess herself soon appeared, and related what had happened. The king, preserving the *sang-froid* inherent to his dignity, said to his daughter-in-law: —"You have forgotten to use the second wand. Lead us, without delay, to the spot where you have left the queen." All the town followed the sovereign. The princess waved the awakening wand, and immediately the wolves fled, the monkeys climbed up the trees, and the sleepers went back to their dwellings. The terror produced by this event did not deter a multitude of wicked people from following in the steps of the queen, and sorcery soon became universal.

I do not believe there is a single Caffre or Mochuana who has to this day been able to get rid of the fear of this imaginary power. The most advanced would readily agree with a chief who once held forth in my presence on the matter:—"Sorcery only exists in the mouths of those who speak of it. It is no more in the power of man to kill his fellow by the mere effect of his will, than it would be to raise him from the dead. This is my opinion. Nevertheless, you sorcerers who hear me speak, use moderation."

Those of my readers who have not yet forgotten the old tales of their nurses will have found out that they are in a well-known region. In the remote wilds of South Africa they recognise their were-wolves, their witches' dance upon the desert heath, their magic wand, or, if they prefer it, the famous broomstick. To complete the list of the animals in league with wizards and witches, we

must, however, add to wolves and monkeys the unclean raven, the owl, mangy dogs that have no masters, and certain antelopes, capricious in their manners, that come stealthily wandering about the dwellings of men, and when the master of the house puts out his head utter a plaintive cry, and vanish in a most mysterious manner.

It must also be observed, that according to what the natives say, witchcraft is attended with far more serious consequences in these countries than those which are generally attributed to it in our own.

The natives do not do things by halves, and if they bewitch any one, it is with the intention of killing them.

More than this, if the grave of their victim is not carefully watched until the corpse has fallen entirely to decay, the sorcerers raise it again, and send it by night to torment the living, amuse themselves with it at their leisure, or employ it in servile occupations. The horrors of the vampires of Illyria and Hungary are thus added to the malice of witchcraft.

Every injurious agency of a supernatural character, which has ever been conjured up by the most frenzied imagination, is known and dreaded by these poor people.

The evil eye, the sinister threat, the suspicious gesture, go hand in hand with the use of bewitched substances, mixed in the food, or merely deposited in the dwelling, the garden, or at the spring mostly frequented by the person who is the object of hatred or vengeance.

The blood of the antelope caama is the most powerful ingredient in the pharmacy of these miscreants. Anything, however, serves their turn; a few hairs from the

beard, a lock of hair, some nail-parings, a drop of blood from the nose which has fallen to the ground, and which has not been rendered impalpable by effacing it with the foot. Sometimes the sorcerer does no more than ride over the hut on a wolf's back, or send a monkey to perch upon the top.

These superstitious ideas have the most disastrous effects. In a multitude of cases, a mere indisposition becomes under their influence a fatal malady. Setting out from the principle that it is absolutely necessary to withdraw the patient from the influence of the person who has cast the spell upon him, they immediately banish him far from all human habitation, often under a rock which hardly affords him a sufficient shelter. There, reduced to the society of one or two persons, and deprived of all the comforts and conveniences to which he was before accustomed, the patient soon falls into a state of the deepest melancholy. He covers himself with miserable rags, ceases to wash himself and to take care of his person, takes coarse food, and never opens his mouth but to curse the supposed author of his misery.

Manaïle, the wife of Moshesh, was attacked with a serious indisposition, and was removed to a distance of four leagues from her usual place of abode. At the request of her husband I went to see her, and found she had all the symptoms of the commencement of dropsy.

I was convinced that it would be impossible for me to do her the slightest good at such a distance, and therefore requested that she might return to Thaba-Bosio.

"What!" cried she in terror, "into the midst of my murderers? Never! . . . . I will die under this rock."

A month was spent in parleying on the matter. The relatives of the patient were furious against me for having made so rash a proposal.

At length, however, my arguments overcame the ridiculous opposition in the mind of the chief.

Manaïle was brought back; she arrived in the night, in order that no one might see her, and was concealed in a room in my dwelling. The next day was devoted to finding her a hut; and it was no easy matter to find one in which there was no cause for fear. One was spacious and airy, but some one in the neighbourhood was just dead. Another faced the public road. A third belonged to a friend of the supposed sorcerer. It was getting late, and we did not yet know where to lodge poor Manaïle.

Towards evening, one of her cousins offered to receive her in his abode. It was quite a new hut, and there was nothing to fear from the neighbours, as most of them were in my service and under my direct influence; and my patient was conveyed there under cover of the night. With the help of good books, I then began a course of treatment which soon produced a visible improvement; but being convinced that a perfect cure could only be effected by means of a great deal of exercise and a generous diet, I endeavoured to persuade Manaïle to resume some of her habitual occupations, and to partake of dry and nourishing food.

All my entreaties were useless. The idea of leaving

the hut made her shudder, and she entirely lost her appetite from want of exercise.

"Manaïle," I said to her one day, "I see that you have no confidence in me!"

"Oh! do not speak so," she replied, hastily; "my heart says, Thank you! thank you! Even though I am silent, my heart says, Thank you!"—"This hut is killing you. Why do you refuse to go out of it?" —"The Basutos are very wicked; they have put a *fountain* in my body!"—"How so?" "When I returned from the fields one day, some of the chiefs' wives offered me some beer to drink. Death was in the vessel!"—"Why do you think so? What reason had they to hate you?" Here the brother of Manaïle, who was present, answered for her:—"Manaïle," he said, "was beautiful; now she is thin and disfigured . . . . . but then she was beautiful; and very industrious also. Her curdled milk and her butter were always so white and fresh! Her field had such fine wheat! Moshesh loved Manaïle; this is why they have killed her." —"My friends," said I, to these unhappy victims of superstition, "believe me, God alone can cause life or death. Unless there was poison in the vessel, the beer given her by the wives of Moshesh has done Manaïle no harm."—"No," replied she; "there was no poison, but the vessel was bewitched! Yesterday, when I was resting outside the hut, a raven perched upon me!" . . . . . "Well! and the raven?"—"It was sent! . . . They do not wait till I am dead!" . . .

Possessed by these sinister ideas, Manaïle refused

to follow my advice, and my efforts were useless. However, I still had some hope, when her relations took her from under my care, and placed her in a cavern, where, after a few months of severe suffering, she expired in the arms of her mother, the only person who had remained near her.

This poor woman could only account for her dropsy by supposing that a spring of water had been put inside her. The profound ignorance in which most of the natives are as to the natural causes and symptoms of the various morbid affections, generally causes them to imagine that their diseases arise from the introduction of some foreign substance. Sometimes they fancy there is something inside them crawling, writhing, or running from one part to another. I once knew a patient who affirmed that he had a swarm of black drones in his stomach. Another, from whom a fatty tumour had been removed, triumphantly showed the fat that had been put between the skin and the muscles. This error is greatly to the advantage of certain impostors, who pretend to draw out, by *suction*, the innumerable articles which the sorcerers are clever enough to introduce into the poor human body.

The efforts that have been made to this day to prove to the natives the folly of these imaginary terrors have been almost entirely without result, because their exclusive object has been to influence the minds of the victims of this prejudice. It has been too much forgotten, while we exhaust the resources of argument on the one hand, and of ridicule on the

other, that there really exist evil-disposed persons, who pretend to the power of witchcraft, and in this manner spread terror and sow the seeds of the most serious maladies by their abominable practices. When God commanded the Israelites not to suffer a sorcerer to live, there is no doubt but that the command applied to wretches of this description. There are also many cases when the individual said to be bewitched has really been poisoned. The English Government receives under its protection all the fugitives who are prosecuted by the chiefs for crimes of witchcraft. Pakati, who governs one of the tribes on the coast of Natal, not long ago sent a remarkable message on this subject to the British authorities:—"Pakati begs his English lords not to treat the question lightly. His lords say they do not believe that the sorcerers can cause the death of any one. There are certain people who are rejoiced to hear this, and who intend to take advantage of it to execute the most fatal designs. Let Government beware lest it protect murderers at the expense of the lives of innocent people."

I once had occasion to exercise church discipline upon a woman, a member of my flock, who had lost her only son in rather a sudden manner, and who obstinately persisted in attributing this misfortune to a neighbour, who had deposited a bewitched bone in the ground where the wheat grew, which furnished the food of her child. A year afterwards the unhappy mother, while digging up the same field, found the fragment of a rib, all covered with blood, and wrapped

up in a piece of skin. I was immediately informed of the circumstance, and I ascertained that some one had taken a cruel pleasure in tormenting this unhappy woman.

For want of a wise law, which would tend to put down this kind of offence, the belief in witchcraft is handed down from generation to generation, and gives rise to crimes and acts of vengeance of the most atrocious kind. The Caffre chiefs sometimes turn it to political account. In order to get rid of a vassal who has offended them, or to seize upon the riches of an opulent subject, it is sufficient to cry out that he is a wizard, and all the population, roused by this execrable name, sacrifice the most innocent victim, without the slightest remorse.

Mokoko, a petty chief among the Amakosas, had established himself under the protection of the Basutos, near the spot where the station of Hebron is now situated. Shortly afterwards, his elder brother, who possessed numerous flocks and herds, came to join him. I saw them both at Moriah, where they were endeavouring to procure some wheat. Mokoko, who knew me already, introduced the new-comer to me, that I might, as he said, form the friendship of a great man. But the traitor was, in the bottom of his heart, nurturing the most diabolical designs. He coveted the wealth, and meditated the ruin, of him who, to use his own expression, had been fed from the same breast as himself. An attack of gout furnished the necessary pretext. N—— was accused, and on the same day condemned and dragged to execution. The most frightful death had

been prepared for him. Two fragments of rock, situated very near to each other, suggested to his tormentors the idea of roasting him alive. They lighted a large fire round these two masses of rock, and, when they were nearly red hot, they fastened the pretended sorcerer to a post in the narrow space between them. Armed men then began to torment him, and every movement that he made to escape, the points of their javelins caused him horrible agony. His body soon became one large wound; but death, on whom the unhappy man called loudly for release, came but slowly to his aid, and his sufferings lasted several hours.

The Bechuanas are, generally speaking, too gentle in their dispositions for such scenes to take place among them; still this kind of judicial murder is not unknown to them. We can only say that they are seldom guilty of it, and that they take no pleasure in torturing their victims.

Divining Doctors.

The vague persuasions and superstitions of the natives offer to cupidity a field too rich to be left uncultivated. There exists among these people a crowd of clever and cunning men, who, under the generic name of *engakas*, or learned men, perform the functions of priests, prophets, diviners, and doctors, and enrich themselves at the public expense. The chiefs favour them, and find in them powerful auxiliaries. They more especially seek the society of those who pretend to foretell the future, or to keep up direct communication with the

world of spirits. These impostors are distinguished from the rest of their brotherhood by the title of *noges*, which would seem to trace back the origin of their pretensions to the time when the spirit of Python acted as guide to mankind. *Noge* is a substantive, formed from the verb *noga*, which signifies *to divine supernaturally*, and which is identical with the root *noga*, serpent. I had frequent intercourse with the private diviner of the sovereign of the Basutos. He was a man evidently superior to the mass of his fellow-citizens. Always affable and polite towards me, he knew how to elude, with perfect tact, those contests which would have proved highly unfavourable to himself. At a time when he had no idea of the inflexibility of Christian principles, he seriously proposed to me to make common cause with him. He saw no end to the advantages which would result, to both himself and me, from this alliance. "I cannot lie," I answered; "and lying is your trade."—"We do not lie," he replied; "but we are mistaken. When my predictions are not realised, I say that all days are not alike, and they believe me again."

Anticipating, in the most skilful manner, the will or the desires of his master, Chapi makes it his business to sanction their realisation. If, for instance, the chief is contemplating a military expedition, long before the plan is known to the public the wily diviner spends whole nights in wandering round the town: he is heard to groan, and give vent to piercing cries; he spends the days succeeding these night-watches in gloomy silence; at times, he is seen to approach the chief in a wild and

disturbed manner — he is about to speak — all those present cease their conversation, but his tongue is still bound — he looks sorrowfully around him, breaks out into violent sobs, and withdraws. At length the oracle declares itself, and the torments of divination are about to cease. Chapi returns from his nocturnal walks, his shoulders striped with white — the gods themselves have made these marks upon the person of their faithful interpreter, in order that no one may doubt the truth of his words. He then predicts, to the sovereign of the tribe, imminent dangers and secret plots, which render it necessary that great preparations should immediately be made. He announces certain victory, and specifies the colour and the age of the victim the gods demand as the reward of their kind intervention. It may easily be imagined who feasts upon it.

Chapi has made many revelations of this kind since I have known him. The first time it was the deceased queen Mamohato, who had appeared to him not far from the town. She did not seem at all disposed to make any mystery of her visit, for she ended by bestriding the shoulders of the diviner, who afterwards affirmed he had never felt such a weight in his life.

On another occasion Pete, the chief's grandfather, took the trouble to come himself to inform us that a neighbouring tribe were preparing to attack us. It must be observed that Pete had had the misfortune to be devoured by cannibals, a circumstance worthy of being noticed to the honour of our magician. It is clear that if he does not shrink from such notorious imposture,

neither does he shrink from the inevitable consequences of sound metaphysics, but believes that a person whose flesh and bones have been digested by anthropophagi and their dogs, is as capable of existing and acting as one whose ashes repose in peace in the grave.

In 1851, a diviner named Omlangene caused the Caffres to fly to arms, by predicting certain victory on their side, and assuring them that the bullets of the English would be entirely without effect, and that the sea would swallow up their vessels with all their soldiers. He pretended that he had come back from the spirit world, and many of the Basutos firmly believed him to be a second incarnation of their ancient chief Motlumi, who was renowned for his benevolence, and whose name is often invoked in times of public calamity.

The credit of these prophets is maintained, thanks to the extreme credulity of those by whom they are surrounded, and to some strange coincidences which seem to justify their pretensions. During our long sojourn in Africa we have known many predictions which had not the smallest result, but we once witnessed a fact which, in the minds of the natives, would certainly compensate for an endless number of subsequent disappointments. In 1851 war had become inevitable; the only question was, whether it would be more advantageous to await the approach of the enemy or to commence the attack. Manchupa, a woman till then unknown, informed the chief that she had fallen into a trance, and that a being whom she designated in no other way than by the words *He, Him,* had charged her to tell the whole

tribe to stand upon the defensive, that the enemy would come, and would be almost destroyed in a contest so sharp, and of such short duration, that it would be called the *Battle of Hail*, and that after that there would be a long interval of repose, the rains would be abundant, and that the seed might be sown and the harvest gathered in without fear. We were informed of this message at the time it was sent, and three weeks after the predicted combat took place. The enemy made the assault; but not being acquainted with the localities, they suffered themselves to be driven towards frightful precipices, from the tops of which hundreds of men fell pell-mell, so that a few moments sufficed to decide the battle.

As the defeated party was favoured by the colonists, every one expected speedy retribution of a most serious nature. But according to the prediction of Manchupa, the Basutos enjoyed a respite long enough to permit them to sow their fields and gather in their harvest. The rains were very regular, and the crops abundant.

The Amakosas and the Tembukis, in spite of their defeat, have not forgotten the wreck of the *Birkenhead*, laden with troops sent out to reduce them to subjugation. The fact of three hundred men being swallowed up at once, will always appear to them a sufficient confirmation of the words of Omlangene, when he assured them the sea would fight for them.

At the time of this impostor's appearance, a striking instance occurred of the docility with which these superstitious people submit to the sacrifices imposed on them, by the deceptions of which they are the victims. It was

necessary, in order to obtain the triumph promised by Omlangene, to follow his prescriptions to the letter. He enjoined these people to give up immediately all the amulets, preservatives, charms, and medicines they had in their possession, and to slay without mercy all the oxen, cows, calves, sheep, and goats of a tawny or yellow colour. Knowing the almost idolatrous attachment of the Bechuanas to their cattle, we believed that this latter demand would ruin the credit of the diviner: however, nothing of the sort occurred; the enthusiasm became universal; thousands of animals in the finest condition, and of great value, were sacrificed without hesitation. Some of the members of our Churches, who had for years given proof of their sincerity, did not escape the contagion. Since that time I have better been able to understand the eagerness with which the Israelites gave up their golden ornaments to make themselves a visible god.

To indicate the direction taken by strayed animals, to say if they are still living, and whether there is any chance of finding them again, is one of the most important branches of the art of the African diviners. There is, in fact, no manner of question which they do not undertake to answer. If your wife or child is ill, they will tell you if they will recover. If you have a friend in a foreign land or engaged in war, you may at once ascertain whether he is still living, if he is returning, or if, on the contrary, he is going further away from you. It is not necessary for this purpose to have recourse to the mysteries of the magic art. A little necklace of bones

and thin sheets of ivory is all that is required. The bones represent animals; the pieces of ivory, human beings: male and female are known by certain distinguishing marks. It is agreed that a certain part of the bone represents the head, another the back, and so on. . . . The consultation begins. The magician takes off the bones he generally wears round his neck, unstrings them, and places them in the palm of his hand. You wish to know in what direction your horses have strayed? in what condition they are? Very well. . . . The bones are now in the ground! . . . The magician examines them and mutters certain technical phrases, which are in the Caffre language, if he is himself a Mochuana; for in that country, as elsewhere, it is necessary to speak in an unknown tongue, to inspire the vulgar with awe. All at once you see hesitation yielding to certainty, and fear giving place to hope. Sometimes he appears dismayed at his discoveries; but he remarks something which had at first escaped his observation, which in some measure removes his fears. If another member of the fraternity happens to come up, the two enter into a grave discussion in a low voice. At length they come to a decision. "Your horses are gone towards the sun-rising; one is ill or wounded, the others are returning; and if you seek them in the direction specified, you will soon find them." You are surprised at such clearness of perception? Reserve your astonishment till there is more cause for it! . . . When a well-timed present has gained you the honour of initiation, you will discover that the whole matter is a mere

game of chance. Your horses are gone towards the east, for the bones fell in that direction! They are returning; see, the heads of most of the bones are turned towards the diviner. One of your horses is sick or wounded; mark, one bone is lying on one side: if it were lying on its back it would be much worse—your horse would be dead.

If you had wished to know how your child's indisposition would terminate, a thin plate of ivory would have been consulted. If this object had fallen on its back, then adieu to hope; if it had fallen on its face, it would have foretold a long and serious illness. Has it fallen on its side? Then there is no cause for fear, as it is in this position that man sleeps when in health. These, and others of the same nature, are the little secrets of this jugglery, which has its dupes even among the colonists of European origin. We must not forget to observe, that if the divining art reduced to these proportions does not seem to require any long study, it is also lost with the greatest facility. It is unanimously asserted by all the wearers of bones, that if they inadvertently neglected to spit before eating, they would become exactly like other mortals.

The diviners who are most criminal in their pretensions are those who give themselves out as called upon to discover sorcerers. They enjoy great reputation among the Caffres, and find but too much occupation in their unhappy country. The process by which these "scenters" (as they are called) pretend to discover the guilty would be very amusing, if it were not followed by

such terrible consequences. It might be turned into a very pretty game for children. In reality, it consists in nothing more than giving the form of a very solemn decision to conclusions already settled in the minds of the complainants, and which the diviner has a thousand means of learning beforehand.

Let the reader picture to himself a long procession of black men, almost in a state of nudity, driving an ox before them, advancing towards a spot of rising ground, on which are a number of huts surrounded with reeds A fierce-looking man, his body plastered over with ochre, his head shaded by long feathers, his left shoulder covered with a panther's skin, and having a javelin in his hand, springs forwards, seizes the animal, and, after shutting it up in a safe place, places himself at the head of the troop, who still continue their march. He commences the song of divination, and every voice joins in the cry, "Death! Death to the base sorcerer who has stolen into our midst like a shadow! We will find him, and he shall pay with his head! Death! Death to the sorcerer!" The diviner then brandishes his javelin, and strikes it into the ground as if he were already piercing his victim. Then raising his head proudly, he executes a dance, accompanied with leaps of the most extraordinary kind, passing under his feet the handle of his lance, which he holds with both hands. On reaching his abode he again disappears, and shuts himself up in a hut, into which no one dare enter. The consultors then stop, and squat down side by side, forming a complete circle. Each one has in his hand a short club. Loud

acclamations soon burst forth: the formidable *noge* comes forth from his sanctuary, where he has been occupied in preparing the sacred draught, of which he has just imbibed a dose sufficient to enable him to discover the secrets of all hearts. He springs with one bound into the midst of the assembly; all arms are raised at once, and the ground trembles with the blows of the clubs. If this dismal noise does not awake the infernal gods, whom he calls to council, it serves at least to strike terror into the souls of those wretches who are still harbouring sinister designs. The diviner recites, with great volubility, some verses in celebration of his own praise, and then proceeds to discover of what the ornament consists which he expects, in addition to the ox he has already received, and in whose hands this present will be found. This first trial of his clairvoyance is destined to banish every doubt.

One quick glance at a few confederates, dispersed throughout the assembly, apprises them of their duty.

"There are," cries the black charlatan, "many objects which man may use in the adornment of his person. Shall I speak of those perforated balls of iron which we get from the Barolongs?"

The assembly strike the ground with their clubs, but the confederates do it gently.

"Shall I speak of those little beads, of various colours, which the white men, as we are told, pick up by the sea-side?"

All strike with equal violence.

"I might have said, rather, that you had brought me one of those brilliant rings of copper."

The blows this time are unequal.

"But no; I see your present — I distinguish it perfectly well . . . . . It is the necklace of the white men!"

The whole assembly strike on the ground violently. The diviner is not mistaken.

But he has disappeared: he is gone to drink a second dose of the prepared beverage.

Now he comes again. During the first act his practised eye has not failed to observe an individual who seemed to be more absorbed than the rest, and who betrayed some curiosity, and a considerable degree of embarrassment. He knows, therefore, who is in possession of the present; but, in order to add a little interest to the proceedings, he amuses himself for an instant — turns on his heel, advances now to one, now to the other, and then, with the certainty of a sudden inspiration, rushes to the right one, and lifts up his mantle.

"Now," he says, "let us seek out the offender. Your community is composed of men of various tribes. You have among you Bechuanas? (unequal blows on the ground); Batlokoas? (blows still unequal); Basias? (all strike with equal violence); Bataungs? (blows unequal). For my own part, I hate none of those tribes. The inhabitants of the same country ought all to love one another, without any distinction of origin. Nevertheless,

I must speak. Strike—strike! The sorcerer belongs to the *Basias!*"

Violent and prolonged blows.

The diviner goes again to drink from the vessel containing his wisdom. He has now only to occupy himself with a very small fraction of the criminated population.

On his return, he carefully goes over the names of the individuals belonging to this fraction. This is very easy in a country where almost all the proper names are borrowed from one or other of the kingdoms of nature. The different degrees of violence with which the clubs fall upon the ground give him to understand in what order he must proceed in his investigation, and the farce continues thus to the end. The reader sees that the profession is by no means a difficult one, and that if he had no more conscience than the *noges*, he might gain oxen with equal ease.

Before leaving this mournful subject, I must point out two other means of discovering sorcerers, which are far more expeditious, and again remind us of those trials by ordeal which were so in vogue among our ancestors.

One consists in dressing an ox whole, and inviting all the persons in the neighbourhood to come and partake of it. If any one happens, during the repast, to swallow a piece which is disproportionate to the capacity of his throat—or, as schoolboys say, to choke—this unfortunate person is sure to be the offender.

The other method does not even offer the consolation of a good meal, and is of a very brutal character. A number of suspected persons are shut up, without ceremony, in a hut, where there is scarcely room to move: a pitiless magician places himself at the door, having his mouth full of a fat liquid, and a piece of lighted wood in his hand; he blows with all his might—the fat, coming into contact with the burning stick, takes fire, and, following the impulse given it by lungs worthy of Æolus, falls where it can—*where it ought*, say the Basutos: they have not the smallest doubt that he who is most severely burnt is the delinquent.

The reader, justly alarmed at a new paragraph, will, perhaps, ask if it is possible for even dark-skinned magicians to surpass the absurdities we have just enumerated. Alas! it is, indeed. We have not yet touched upon the most sublime of all their pretensions. What would the burning clime of Africa do without *rain-makers?* Let not this ridiculous title provoke a smile—it ought rather to remind the privileged inhabitants of Europe that there are under other skies sufferings of which they can form no idea, and that there He who is a refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat is unknown. Moses, in enumerating the curses which should fall upon the Israelites if they did not obey the voice of the Lord, uttered these terrible words: "The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust; from heaven shall it come down upon thee, until thou be destroyed!" It is only in Africa that these words can be rightly understood. When, after a long drought, the whole

creation seems to have reached that state of hopeless prostration which follows the delirium of thirst, large clouds appear on the horizon, panting nature seems ready to utter a cry of distress; the plants that are not entirely burnt up by the sun, and which make a last effort to lift up their shrivelled stems—the cracked soil, which the gathering shadow now hides from the parching heat—the bird which, from the dried-up bed of the torrent, alights on the greyish thorn of the mimosa—the antelope, which rises, panting, from beneath a screen of rushes, and looks towards the horizon with dilated nostrils—all seem to cry out, "Descend! descend! oh, gentle and refreshing drops!" The clouds advance; but soon their reddish tint, and the earthy odour that pervades the atmosphere, announce a new scourge. Clouds of sand and dust have shot up from the desert, in eddying columns, to the sky, and a furious wind drives before it these burning particles, scattering them everywhere without mercy. The aërial torrent rolls on, uninterruptedly, for hours, and sometimes for whole days. The best-closed habitations are not proof against its invasion. Even in his safest retreats man finds himself assailed by imperceptible atoms, which obscure his sight, stop up his ears and nostrils, adhere to his skin, and even cause the food he eats to crackle between his teeth.

Set up altars for a people subject to such visitations! In their ignorance they apply to the most powerful beings they know. They flock around their chief and cry, "Give us rain! Give us rain!" as Egypt demanded

bread of Pharaoh. The chiefs, in order not to appear indifferent to these cruel sufferings, call the diviners to their aid and load them with presents.

The rain-makers are in no great repute among the Basutos and Caffrés, who do not suffer from drought.

Medicine is entirely in the hands of the Engakas. We have already observed that disease is universally attributed to the direct influence of ancestors, or to that of witchcraft. Hence it necessarily arises, that the cure should be entrusted to the men who have access to the sources whence the evil proceeds. These quack-doctors are not unacquainted with a few simples which produce beneficial effects. They have their emetics, their purgatives, their sudorifics, and their composing draughts. The quantity of medicine they make their patients drink exceeds all belief. These infusions sometimes owe their principal virtues to the most singular combinations.

I remember once to have incurred the displeasure of a famous doctor by taking liberties with the pot in which a certain mixture of herbs and roots was boiling at a furious rate. I had, in my simplicity, taken an especial fancy to a cock's feather, which from time to time appeared on the surface. "What are you going to do?" cried this African Hippocrates; "my decoction will be good for nothing without that feather." These practitioners are unacquainted with phlebotomy, but they often have recourse to a process which is equivalent to the application of leeches. They make a tolerably deep incision in the skin, then placing over the cut a

small antelope-horn open at both ends, which serves as a cupping-glass, they exhaust the air by using their lungs pretty freely, and with a little patience manage to extract a considerable quantity of blood. They also know the use of the clyster, and often have recourse to it, especially for children. Not possessing the smallest notion of anatomy, they are very timid as regards surgical operations. Instead of removing tumours and wens, they merely scarify them, and endeavour to reduce them by detersive external applications. In extreme cases, where life is in danger, they venture to sew together the edges of a wound, and to set a fractured limb as well as they can. But, generally speaking, surgical cases are entrusted to certain individuals known in the community for their skill and courage, rather than to the *healers* by profession.

Like their brethren in all countries, the Bechuana and Caffre doctors speculate advantageously upon the terrors inspired by death. While the malady lasts they order frequent sacrifices, and appropriate to themselves the prime pieces of the victims offered to the infernal gods. Later, whatever may have been the termination of the disease, they are entitled to receive living offerings, which serve to increase their already numerous flocks. In addition to this, they are well paid, and still better served by young apprentices, who accompany them everywhere. These candidates for the medical profession, witnessing the rapid growth of the fortune of their patrons, bear with patience the tedium of a long apprenticeship. They may often be seen bending under the

weight of an enormous quarter of an ox, which they are carrying from a dying man's dwelling. They are also employed in carrying from one village to another the medicines of their masters, inclosed in a number of little horns, which answer the same purpose as our phials.

CHAPTER XV.

MORAL IDEAS.

THE same faithful and compassionate God who sustains the physical existence of the vilest idolaters, has watched with no less solicitude that moral life should not become entirely extinct among them. As He sends His sun and rain to fertilise the fields placed under the protection of false gods, in like manner His finger finds a corner in their benighted hearts, to trace His law in indelible characters. The only grand point of difference which exists upon this subject between these people and those who enjoy the light of revelation is, that to the former the perception of good and evil is an inexplicable phenomenon as to its origin and its final results. It is true that this one point implies a very great difference, not only in the practice, but also in the appreciation of morality itself. Thus the Caffre or Mochuana who has an evil thought knows perfectly well that the thought is evil, but I do not think it causes him the least uneasiness, as long as it does not manifest itself openly. It may even be doubted whether they feel any great compunction in consequence of an act of immorality, which is in no way injurious to their interest or their reputation.

They do not hide from themselves that they have done wrong, that the thing in itself is condemnable, but the uneasiness resulting from it is of no very definite character; for, as we know, man very easily forgives himself. To expect more than this would be to suppose them under the influence of secret terror, inspired by the idea of superhuman justice. Now we have seen that their creed implies nothing of the kind. They have consciences, their thoughts excuse or accuse each other, but as long as the God of the Bible is unknown to them, this conscience is nothing more than an importunate voice, to which they only attend when compelled by their temporal interests to do so.

Providence has employed, for the protection of moral feeling, another instinct, which is fully developed among these people—that of sociability. A person living in their midst, and discovering the extreme weakness of all repressive measures, the facility with which crime leagues with power, would question whether he could without temerity remain a day longer among a people, in a measure left to themselves, who have neither prison nor gallows to fear. But experience soon calms this feeling of uneasiness. On recapitulating his impressions and recollections at the end of a certain time, he is surprised to find that cases of murder have been very rare, that perfect safety has been enjoyed on roads, where the traveller might have been robbed a hundred times over without the least hope of aid, and in houses where the doors and windows have neither bolts nor bars. In these comparatively small communities, which are con-

stantly exposed to breaking up, each one feels himself inwardly called upon to watch over the maintenance of a certain exterior morality. The heart is deeply corrupt, but the language is generally decent; vice reigns, but it is more hidden than might be supposed. The liberty these people enjoy, the facility with which they can secretly satisfy their natural inclinations, their total ignorance of factitious wants, the charm they find in the conversation, the recitals, and the lively sallies which constitute the basis of their social life, all prompt them to a much greater observance of decorum than we might have expected to find where vice is not attended with infamy. Living in closer intercourse with nature than we do, they have also learnt better than we have how to submit their will to hers. They will endure acute suffering without a groan or a murmur. Hunger, thirst, fatigue, when they are inevitable, do not alter their serenity. The overflowing of a river detains them captives for whole weeks, and their patience does not give way. This severe and daily discipline is not without its effect on the character. It subdues the will, accustoms man to bend, to wait, and to restrain his animal passions. I have seen very dissolute young men completely changed after entering our service, and, apparently almost without effort, lead the most regular life for years. Persons who have long been accustomed to the use of tobacco or fermented liquors are frequently seen to renounce these habits at once, and without seeming to find any difficulty in so doing.

Morality among these people depends so entirely

upon social order, that all political disorganisation is immediately followed by a state of degeneracy, which the re-establishment of order alone can rectify. Thus, in the mountains of Lesuto and Natal we have seen tribes, of gentle and humane habits, plunge into all the horrors of cannibalism during a season of universal confusion; and simultaneously, and almost spontaneously, abandon this kind of life as soon as a good and wise chief sets about reconstructing the social edifice. The sudden and premature introduction of new laws and customs, and the imposition of a strange authority, are, for the same reason, equally fatal to their moral character. They rob the native of the only motive he can have for moderating his passions, which is the desire to maintain entire the order of things, in which are summed up all his ideas of prosperity and decency. Christianity alone can venture safely to pull down the ancient scaffolding. It erects the everlasting columns of truth in the place of the feeble props it destroys.

The external appearances of moderation and decency constitute in the eyes of the natives what they call *botu*, the *title* or *dignity of man*, in opposition to *bopofolo*, the *brute life;* a name they apply to every immoral act of an excessively scandalous nature.

The nomenclature of the vices which afflict humanity is quite as complete in the languages spoken in Africa as in our own. That of the virtues is much less so. To assert the existence of evil, and to stigmatise it by distinct appellations, was a great step for a people deprived of the light of revelation. It will not be a matter of

astonishment, that the impressions produced by moral defeat have been stronger and more various than those resulting from the triumphs which, alas! so rarely occurred.

The idea of moral evil is represented in Sesuto by 1. that of *ugliness* (bobe, mashoe); 2. of *damage*, or *deterioration* (sebe); 3. of a *fault*, or a *debt* (molatu); 4. of *incapacity* (tsito). These definitions complete each other admirably. The first shows the essence of evil; and condemns it: it is *ugly*, *disagreeable*, *odious* in itself. The second and third show its natural and certain effects: it *spoils*, *destroys*; it is a *debt*, a *failure*; it demands reparation. The fourth explains its cause, the *weakness* of man left to his own resources. Any one of these terms is sufficient to express the idea of evil; but persons who study to speak well are careful to observe the shade of meaning which is peculiar to each of them.

The idea of *theft* is expressed by a generic word which refers to the violation of right, much more than to the damage caused. Thus, however frequent this evil may be among the natives, it is unnecessary to prove to them that a man is guilty, although he steals an object of but small value.

Their language does not make a very marked difference between *fornication* and *adultery*. All illegal connexion between the two sexes is generally expressed by the same word.

However, in all that relates to this kind of vice, the Bechuanas prefer having recourse to circumlocutions.

The Sechuana word that we translate by *lie* may

equally signify *involuntary error*, or *premeditated falsehood;* although the latter is the predominant signification. The language also possesses another word, which applies exclusively to the intention of deceiving.

Calumny, slander, invectives, and oaths, have their proper and distinguishing names. The frequency of these sins, and the facility with which man falls into them, have suggested to the natives two excellent proverbs:—"There are bonds for everything except the tongue."—"The tongue cannot be corrected."

Oaths only appear to them to be deserving of censure when used in confirming a falsehood. All the natives are great swearers; but it must be observed that the forms they use rarely bear the character of imprecation: they are generally oaths uttered lightly, and without reflection. The native generally swears by his *chief* (ka morena), by his *father* or *mother*, by the person to whom he speaks, or by the truth. The chief of the Basutos, on important occasions, swears by his eldest sister, *Mamila.* It is a delicate homage to the rights which were hers by birth, but which her sex did not allow her to enjoy.

Imprecation is an almost unpardonable offence: it is looked upon as the presage, if not the direct cause, of the greatest misfortunes. The dreadful consequences that the curse of Noah has had for Ham and his descendants, appear quite natural to these people.

Pride is expressed by two words: one of which signifies to be puffed up, to *swell;* and the other *to make one's self bright.* These terms only refer to the

outward manifestation of the fault. It does not appear that the disapproval of the natives extends to the principle.

Covetousness has its distinct designation. These people fully acknowledge its dreadful power, and seem to have instituted an axiom that it is impossible to impose silence upon the unruly desires of the heart. I remember, a short time after our arrival in Lesuto, a chief, trying to enumerate the Ten Commandments, could only find nine. We reminded him of the tenth: "Thou shalt not covet." "That is not a separate commandment," replied he; "I have already reckoned it in saying 'thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not commit adultery.'" Thus the conscience of a heathen revealed to him what Jesus Christ was obliged to explain to the scribes and pharisees of old.

Among all the virtues, that which the natives most appreciate is *kindness*. They had words to express *liberality, gratitude, courage, prudence, veracity, patience;* but their vocabulary offered but very vague terms to express the ideas of self-denial, temperance, and humility. We were obliged to dive into the depths of their language for precise denominations for these virtues, where we found them without difficulty.

The proverb, being a spontaneous production of public reason and conscience, is of inestimable value, as it enables us to judge in what manner, and to what degree, barbarous races have occupied themselves with moral principles. The Basutos have been particularly successful in this kind of composition. They have in

daily use concise maxims, easy of comprehension and of undisputed authority. The language, from its energetic precision, is admirably adapted to the sententious style, and the element of metaphor has entered so abundantly into its composition, that one can hardly speak it without unconsciously acquiring the habit of expressing one's thoughts in a figurative manner.

The following are some of the proverbs in most frequent use:—

1. "Cunning devours its master." Solomon has said, "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein."

2. "There is blood in the dregs." A lesson of temperance. The Bechuanas are passionately fond of a kind of beer, of their own making, which they serve up in vessels without clarifying it. The proverb implies that "those who drink immoderately, and empty the vessel to the dregs, will certainly become intoxicated, and their orgies will end in bloody quarrels." Solomon says, "Strong drink is raging."

3. "One falls with one's shadow." A lesson for vain persons, who, while they admire their shadow, forget to look to their feet, and fall into a pit.

4. "The point of the needle must pass first." Be straightforward in your discourse; do not disguise truth by evasive words.

5. "All countries are frontiers." A warning to discontented people, who are never satisfied wherever they are. The frontiers being those parts of the country that are most exposed to danger, this proverb implies:

" Wherever you go, you will be surrounded by dangers and disagreeables."

6. " Water is never weary of flowing." A reproof to chatterers.

7. " To-morrow will give birth to the day after to-morrow." An admonition to those who defer the performance of a duty.

8. " The knife and the meat cannot be long together." A precept against adultery. Solomon says in the same sense, " Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?"

9. " Hunger is hidden under the sacks." A censure addressed to those who are proud of their abundance, and who insult the poverty of others.

10. " Scoffing and destruction go hand in hand."

11. " The hare browses by the side of the dog."

12. " One may be drowned in a river, the water of which does not appear knee-deep." Do not be deceived by fine appearances. Distrust is salutary.

13. " One cannot play with a serpent with impunity." The danger of temptation to evil.

14. " Lions growl over their food." Words applied to persons of fretful temper, who enjoy nothing themselves, and leave no one in peace.

15. " Harness is never tired." There is no end to travelling.

16. " The old bowl always smells of the milk." We say in English, " What is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh."

17. "The trap catches the large bird as well as the small one." All are exposed to the vicissitudes of fortune."

18. "As one goes, so one returns." The character does not change. Horace has said, "*Cœlum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt.*"

19. "The thief catches himself." The power of conscience is so great that it forces the thief to accuse himself and incur the punishment due to his crime.

20. "Stolen goods do not cause to increase."

21. "The ungrateful child is death to the bowels of his father."

22. "The fat of ill-gotten wealth causes death."

23. "Hunger brings the crocodile out of the water." We say, "Hunger will break through stone walls."

24. "Human blood is heavy, it prevents him who has shed it from running away."

25. "The murderer says, 'I have only killed a beast; but the smooth-skinned animal does not perish without being avenged."

26. "If a man has been killed secretly, the straws of the field will tell it."

27. "Anger is stubble which kindles spontaneously."

28. "Reason has no age."

29. "Quails make their nests in the garden of the slothful."

30. "Seed-time is the time of head-ache." The slothful man saith, "There is a lion in the way."

31. "One does not skin one's game without showing

it to one's friends." When we have been successful in our undertakings it becomes us to be generous.

32. "The knife that is lent does not return alone to its master." A kindness is never thrown away.

33. "Death does not know kings." "*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres.*" (Horace.)

34. "New waters drive the old waters before them." The generations of mankind succeed each other without interruption.

35. "The most abundant springs may dry up." A warning to the rich.

36. "Want dwells in the house of the wrangler."

37. "The flatterer deceives his master while he tickles his neck."

38. "A good prince lights the fire for his people."

39. "Two dogs do not let a fox escape." Union is strength.

40. "Two mouths strike (correct) each other." Truth springs from the clashing of opinions.

41. "Wealth is a fog which is soon dispersed."

42. "The thief eats thunder-bolts." The criminal means he employs for his support will draw down upon him certain vengeance.

43. "Perseverance always triumphs." "*Labor omnia vincit improbus.*" (Horace.)

44. "The miser is a thief."

45. "He is not pitied who brings the evil upon himself."

46. "A good name causes one to sleep well."

47. " The young of man is slow of growth."

48. " The road is king." Travellers are not be molested.

49. " One should-not lean over a gulf." It is wrong to expose one's self to great dangers.

50. " You have let a mouse grow in your calabash." Your kindness has been repaid with ingratitude.

51. " One link only sounds because of another." The natives wear little chains, which act as bells. This proverb implies, that we cannot do without the help of our fellow-creatures.

These excellent maxims are not always confined to mere theory. But in all that concerns the moral condition of these people we must beware of the irresistible impulse to generalise, which, in this age of strife and action, has taken possession of us, to a degree which was unknown to the more patient reasoning of our fathers. Some touching incident reaches our ears from the heart of the desert. One or two anecdotes are related, which serve to bring out whatever there may be of a *naïve*, graceful, or poetical nature in the manners and customs of these tribes, who are still in their infancy, and the imagination of the reader takes fire, and immediately conjures up scenes of the golden age, in regions which are justly said by the inspired word to be *the dark places of the earth.* Happy will be the narrator, if some disciple of Rousseau, some neighbour sick of civilisation, or some extravagant Socialist who dreams of a new Arcadia, do not take hold of his words, and find in them conclusive evidence that nations,

who are called heathen or savage, are a thousand times better than ourselves. This conclusion is as far from being just as that to which cupidity leads some colonists, who, always armed with their carbines, only look upon these tribes, whose lands they covet as a number of brigands, from which the world cannot be too soon delivered.

In all that relates to the human heart, whether it beats under a white or a black skin, we must acknowledge the truth of the declaration of the Sovereign Judge concerning it. He has pronounced it to be *desperately wicked, inexplicable, incomprehensible.* Everywhere fallen, everywhere the slave of his passions, man is also capable of performing, under certain influences, acts worthy of the praise and admiration of his fellow-creatures. In like manner a vessel, the rudder of which has been carried away by the storm, may appear, in a moment of calm, and impelled by a favourable breeze, to be nearing the haven amid the acclamations of numerous spectators, who will soon be sadly employed in gathering up the fragments of its wreck.

CHAPTER XVI.

LANGUAGE.

It is not our intention to enter into the details of grammar, which would have little interest for the greater part of our readers; but we should consider our work incomplete, if we did not give a general idea of the structure of the languages spoken by the people whose manners we have described.

These languages seem to prove that, at a more or less remote period of their history, the Bechuanas and the Caffres were more enlightened than they now are, and possessed institutions superior to those observed among them at the present day. We find nothing of a savage nature, when we seek the reflection of their thoughts and feeling in the vocabulary and grammar of their respective idioms; which, if they do not display a degree of civilisation similar to our own, may, without hesitation, be said to reproduce that of the patriarchal era.

1. The language of the Basutos, and of all the other branches of the large family of the Bechuanas, is gene-

rally known under the name of *Sechuana.** It is identical with the Caffre in its origin and its structure. The differences in the words are considerable; at least, quite as great as those existing between French and Spanish. But an attentive study soon shows that these dissimilarities are very often the result of certain changes of letters, subject to strict rules, and only caused by the greater or less degree of favour enjoyed by certain sounds on one side or the other of the Quatlambas. If *to love* is rendered by "*rata*" on the western side of these mountains, and by "*tanda*" on the eastern side, it is because the Caffre cannot bear the *r*, and invariably replaces it by *t* or *d*. The Bechuanas prefer the consonants *l* and *r* to *z*, of which their neighbours are passionately fond; hence *lipuli*, goats, instead of *zipuzi*, &c.

2. We find Sechuana and Caffre words in nearly all the languages spoken between the tropic of Capricorn and the Equator. The reader will be able to judge of the nature of the affinity by the comparative table here adjoined.

The inspection of an unedited dictionary of the language of Anzouan authorises us to assert, that one-tenth of the words in daily use among the Comoro islanders are either Sechuana or Caffre.

* There is a considerable difference in the dialect of the tribes of the north and those of the south.

ENGLISH.	SECHUANA.	CAFFRE.	DELAGOA. 26° S. lat. 30° E. long.	MAKOAS. 15° S. lat. 35° E. long.	ANZOUAN (Comoro Isles). 13° S. lat. 45° E. long.	SOUAELI. 5° S. lat. 36° E. long.	CONGO. 8° S. lat. 12° E. long.
Meat.	Nama.	Nyama.	Inyamo.	Inama.	Nyama.	Yamo.	Niyama,
Serpent.	Noga.	Nyonga.	..	..	Ngoa.	..	..
Water.	Metsi.	Amanzi.	Amati.	Mazi.	Mazi.	..	Masa.
Eye.	Matlo.	Amehlo.	Tihlo.	Meto.	Dzitso.	Matsho.	Mesao.
Man.	Motu.	Umtu.	..	..	Montu.	..	Muntu.
Bird.	Nonyane.	Nyoni.	Yonyano.	Noni.	Nioni.	Nioni.	Nouni.
Cattle.	Khomo.	Inkomo.	Komo.	..	..	..	..
Rain.	Pula.	Infula.	..	..	Vua.	..	Fula.
Boar.	Kolube.	Ingolube.	Golua.	Kolua.	..	..	Gulubu.
To sleep.	Lala.	Lala.	..	..	Lala.	Lale.	Lele.
Teeth.	Meno.	Amenyo.	Matinyo.	..	Manyo.	..	Meno.
Tongue.	Loleme.	Oloeme.	..	Ovureme.	Olima.	..	..
To bite.	Luma.	Luma.	Lum.	..	..	..	..
Breath.	Pefumuluo.	Umpefumlo.	Ifemula.	..	..	..	..
Silver.	Mali.	..	..	..	Mali.	..	..
River.	Noka.	..	..	..	Nyonga.	..	..
Two.	Peli.	Bini.	Bizi.	Pele.	Bili.	Bizi.	..
Three.	Tharu.	Thatu.	Raru.	Tharu.	Raru.	Raru or Datu.	Thatu.
Four.	'Ne.	Ne.	..	..	'Na.	..	M'na.
Five.	Tlanu.	Tlanu.	..	..	Tsanu.	..	Tanu.
Ten.	Shume.	Tshumi.	Kumi.	..	Kumi.	Kone.	Cugni.
To die.	Foa.	Fa.	Fa.	..	Fa.	..	Mfoa.
Town.	Motse.	Umze.	..	..	Mutsa.	..	..
Rat.	Puhu.	..	..	..	Puhu.	..	..
Dog.	Mpia.	..	..	..	Mbua.	..	Mboa.

3. We meet with words in the Sechuana tongue which seem to be of Hebrew origin. The following are of this class:—

English.	Sechuana.	Hebrew. English Pronunciation.
Antelope.	Tsepe.	צבי Tsebi.
Truth.	Amanite.	אמן Amen.
Children.	Bana.	בני Bene.
Father.	Hara.	הורה (*Genitor*) Horeh.
Voice.	Kolou.	קול Kol.
Marrow.	Mokho.	מח Moach.
Wool.	Romo.	רמה Romah.
To execrate.	Rora.	ארר Arar.
Who.	Mang.	מן Man.
To swear, to attest.	Ana.	ענה Anah.
To see.	Bona.	בון (*Cernere*) Boun.
To shut.	Kuala.	כלא Kala.
Serpent.	Noha	נחש Nahash.
To weep, to cry.	Lela	ילל Jalal.
To cook.	Apea.	אפא Apa.
To repent.	Baka.	בכה (*Flere de*) Bakah.
To fall.	Oua.	הוה (*Casus*) Ouah.
High place.	Pahama.	במה Bamah.
Riches, abundance.	Nala.	נלה (*Acquirere*) Nalah.
To cross.	Tsela.	צלה Tsalah.
To hope.	Tsepa.	צפה Tsapah.
To flow.	Palala.	בלל (*Fudit*) Balal.
To return, to come in.	Boea.	בוא (*Intrare domum*) Bo.
To withdraw.	Suta.	שוט Sout.
To laugh.	Tseha.	צחק Tsahak.

English.	Sechuana.	Hebrew. English Pronunciation.
To warm one's self.–	Ora.	אור (*Flamma*) Our.
To brood, to cover.	Alama.	עלם (*Cacher*) Alam.
Help.	Thuso.	תושיה Thusiah.
To absorb.	Metsa.	מצה Matsah.
Horn.	Naka.	נכה (*Transfodere*) Nakah.
To disapprove.	Niatsa.	נצה (*Rixari*) Natsa.
Me.	'Na.	אנא Ana.
To burn.	Hisha.	אש (*Ignis*) Esch.
To be roused.	Tsuha.	זוע Zouah.
To desist.	Khatala.	חדל Khadal.
To sink (*in the water*).	Teba.	טבע Tabah.
To cut in two.	Khaotsa.	הצה Khatsah.

We might further notice, as bearing resemblance to the Hebrew, the forms of the verbs, the suffixing pronouns, the frequent use of the noun as adjective, and of the verb as adverb, the manner in which the comparative and superlative are formed, and several interesting idioms: except in these points of resemblance, the Sechuana language has very little affinity with the Semitic languages.

4. It is extremely rich in onomatopœia. The idea of violent separation is represented by a very guttural G: *gagoga,* torn; *gela, sega,* to cut.

The movements of aërial bodies are represented by F: *fofa,* to fly; *foka,* to blow; *fefola,* to carry away, in speaking of the wind.

S and *ts* remind us of the noise of the legs and arms

in walking and swimming; *tsamaea,* to walk; *tsela,* to cross; *tsisinya,* to shake; *sesa,* to swim.

The movement of the lips in speaking is expressed by *b* and *p: Bua,* to speak; *puo,* discourse; *bobola,* to complain in suffering; *bala,* to count; *bina,* to sing; *botsa,* to ask.

T, th, and *k,* express *hardness, strength,* and *violence: thata,* hard; *tua,* to pound; *tea,* to strike; *tao,* lion; *kokota,* to nail.

L and *r* abound in the words which express the idea of fluidity: *elela,* to flow; *rothela,* to fall drop by drop; *lela,* to weep; *leseli,* light; *relela,* to glide, &c.

5. Metaphor has greatly contributed to enrich this language. Some of the figures in daily use among the Basutos are as remarkable for their delicacy as for their novelty; while we are agreeably surprised to meet with others somewhat similar to those of our European languages, showing that the human mind, everywhere the same, is guided in its operations by a natural logic, the principles of which are unchanged by the varieties of race and climate. The following table will not, perhaps, be found altogether devoid of interest:—

Sechuana Words.	Literal Meaning.	Figurative Meaning.
Tsela.	To cross over.	To live.
Falla.	To change one's abode.	To die.
Shua.	To be broken.	Id.
Oroga.	To return home.	Id.
Emèla.	To rise for.	To defend the cause of.
Lesika.	Thread.	Family.

Sechuana Words.	Literal Meaning.	Figurative Meaning.
Bofifi.	Darkness.	Mourning.
Khopo.	Crooked.	Unjust.
Luka.	To be straight.	To be just.
Tekanyo.	Measure.	Sobriety.
Bogale.	Sharp, cutting.	Anger.
Selemo.	Seed-time.	Year.
Metlala.	Footsteps.	Example.
Rekologa.	To unbend.	To have compassion.
Fatloa.	To have dust in the eye.	To take offence.
Tlong.	Hedgehog.	Shame.
Tlola.	To leap over.	To transgress.
Omella.	To be dried up.	To be reduced to extremity.
Metsa mathe.	To swallow one's saliva.	To take courage.
Khaoga.	To be torn.	To have pity.
Tlogo e mouneng.	Thick-head.	Fool.
Ntsintsi.	Fly.	Parasite.
Tsie.	Locust.	Intruder.
Litlasi.	Sparks.	Contagion.
Tsetlo.	Thorn.	Unlucky man.
Pelu e tsetla.	Yellow heart.	Jealousy.
Busa.	To bring back.	To govern.
Nepa.	To hit the object.	To reason rightly.
Bapa.	To be parallel.	To agree.
Letlokoa.	A straw.	Vanity.
Moea.	Wind.	Universal enthusiasm.
Tella.	To slip.	To commit a fault.
Kocha.	To stumble.	Id.
Inyeka.	To lick one's self.	To speak advantageously of [one's self.
Pelu ea ithata.	My heart loves itself.	I am happy.

This last figure, perhaps the most striking of all, is founded upon the very philosophical idea that the secret approbation of the conscience is an essential element of true happiness. The reader will also have remarked *tsela*—which means literally, to pass over a river, a

naïve and, at the same time, striking image of life—and *oroga*, to return home; *falla*, to depart, to emigrate: synonymous metaphors, signifying to die; which prove how familiar these people were with the idea of immortality.

6. The Sechuana vocabulary is rich in individual names. The Mosuto has ten words at his disposal to signify a horned animal; he has appropriated a distinct word to each of the different combinations of colour which he may have remarked in his motley flocks and herds. He has one word to express the generic idea of man (*homo*), and another to express that of man considered with regard to his sex (*vir*). He also distinguishes between the earth taken as a whole, a globe (*terra*), and the earth considered as matter (*humus*). He has five different words to express the word day, considered as a period of twelve hours, or as an interval of light, or as an epoch, &c.

Among the words denoting abstract ideas of the mind, those which express the qualities of objects or actions, as considered in themselves, are very familiar to the Bechuanas. They have the words *greatness*, *ease*, *beauty*, *goodness*, &c. It is easily understood, that as these words express the qualities of material and sensible objects, they would be the necessary result of the observation of the objects themselves in their primitive condition, or in the modifications and accidents to which they are liable.

Those words which express the sensations and actions of the soul, exist chiefly in the form of verbs. Never-

theless, in cases of necessity, the verb changes into a substantive in the easiest manner, and by a very logical process. As the idea assumes more substance and becomes condensed, so the sound, by which it is to be represented in its new form, becomes harder and more accentuated: *hopola*, to think; *khopolo*, thought; *bala*, to reflect; *palo*, reflection; *utlua*, to understand; *kutluo*, intelligence.

As regards metaphysical and religious expressions, the language of the Basutos has furnished all those required in the literal translation of the New Testament. They were already in existence, or have been easily found in the groundwork of the language. The idea of *holiness*, distinct from *purity*, was more difficult to render than any other.

7. The Sechuana and Caffre languages present an interesting peculiarity, and one so highly characteristic, that it may serve as a method of classification for these languages, and all those which are allied with them. Every substantive is composed of an invariable root and a prefix, which is subject to variation: thus in *mosali*, woman, we have the prefix *mo* and the root *sali;* in *lebitso*, name, the prefix *le* and the root *bitso*, &c.

These prefixes in the Sechuana are eight in number; there are more of them in the Caffre.

The change of the prefix, which is subject to certain rules, serves to distinguish the plural from the singular. *Mo* changes to *ba*, *le* to *ma*, &c. Thus *mo*sali, woman, becomes *ba*sali in the plural, and *le*bitso, *ma*bitso, &c.

These cause all the parts of a phrase to harmonise in

a manner which is agreeable to the ear and very favourable to perspicuity. The prefix of the subject attaches itself to all the words which are connected with it; it is like a little cockade, which distinguishes the principal noun, and which it gives as a badge of distinction to all its dependants. Thus, in translating the phrase, "All the virtuous men in the world are loved," the subject is BAtu, men; and we shall have BAtu, BAotle, BAmolemo, BA lefatse, BA ratoa. The prefix *ba* of BATU, has passed on to the adjectives *otle*, all, *molemo*, good, to the preposition *oa*, of, which it has changed to *ba*, and, lastly, to the pronoun *they*, which, for the same reason, has become *ba* also.

It appears that this peculiarity also exists in the languages of Congo, in those of the Comoro Isles, and in Suaeli. I see that in Mogialoa (one of the dialects of Congo), twenty is rendered by *macugni maiari;* fifty by *macugni matano:* these are real phrases, in which the influence of the prefix is felt as it is in the corresponding expressions in Sechuana: *mashume a maberi; mashume a matlano.* In reality, *macugni matano* literally signifies *ten-fives; cugni*, ten, being the subject, and *tano*, five, the attribute: and therefore the prefix *ma* of *cugni* has passed on to *tano.*

A third property of these prefixes, and that which is the most remarkable, is to modify and extend the meaning of the roots. Thus, by adding by turns to the root *tu*, which represents the general idea of man, the prefixes *mo, bo, se, le*, we get *motu*, the man (the individual); *botu*, humanity, the quality, the title of

man; *setu*, human language; *letu*, the habitation of men, the world. Proceed in the same manner with the word *suto*, which represents the people whom we have introduced to our readers, and you will have Mosuto, a *Mosuto* (plural, Basutǫ); *bosuto*, the character, the quality of a Mosuto; *Lesuto*, the land of the Mosuto; *Sesuto*, the language of the Mosuto.

9. In no other language does the verb merit the name of word *par excellence*, as it does in the Sechuana. It is there presented to us in a variety of forms and a richness of development which are really surprising.

Almost all the roots of verbs are capable of passing through four distinct forms, each of which has five voices. Let us take, for instance, the word *Rata*, to love:—

FIRST SPECIES, STYLED EFFICIENT.

Active voice.	Rata.	To love.
Passive voice.	Ratoa.	To be loved.
Reflective voice.	Ithata.	To love one's self.
Reciprocal voice.	Ratana.	To love one another.
Superlative, or Intensitive voice.	Ratisisa.	To love very much.

SECOND SPECIES, STYLED CAUSATIVE.

Active voice.	Ratisa.	To cause to love.
Passive voice.	Ratisoa.	To be induced to love.
Reflective voice.	Ithatisa.	To make one's self love.
Reciprocal voice.	Ratisana.	To be induced to love one another.

THIRD SPECIES, STYLED RELATIVE.

Active voice.	Ratela.	To love for, or for the purpose of.
Passive voice.	Rateloa.	To be loved for.
Reflective voice.	Ithatela.	To love for one's self.
Reciprocal voice.	Ratelana.	To love each other for.

FOURTH SPECIES, STYLED QUALIFICATIVE.

Neuter voice.	Ratega.	To be lovable; or, to be universally beloved.

These forms generally give rise to as many corresponding substantives, and thus become a mine of valuable words. Thus, in addition to *thato*, love, the Basutos have *boithato*, self-love; *thatano*, reciprocal or fraternal love; *thatiso*, the act of making one's self love, or the attraction; *boithatelo*, the act of loving for one's self, or independent and optional love; *thatego*, amability; *thatisiso*, a great degree of love.

If the Sechuana and Caffre verbs bear some resemblance to those of the Semitic languages as regards the voices, they are far removed from them in their mode of conjugation. This is performed by the help of pronouns: the change of persons does not cause any change of termination. The present and the perfect of the indicative, the present of the subjunctive, and the participle, are formed by the change of the last vowel of the root (kia rat*a*, I love; ki rat*ile*, I have loved; ki rat*e*, that I may love; ratat*ang*, loving). The future is composed of the root and of the verb *thla*, to come, employed as auxiliary, as *shall* and *will* in the English language (ki *thla* rata, I shall love). The infinitive is a compound mood: it is formed with the help of a participle corresponding to *to*, *te*, *zu* of the Germanic languages—*go rata* (to love). The simplicity of the process by which the passive is formed from the active is worthy of remark. This change is effected in all the

moods and tenses by placing an *o* before the final vowel—*rata*, to love; *ratoa*, to be loved, &c.

10. The Sechuana tongue is richer in conjunctions than might be expected in an uncultivated language.

There are two distinct copulatives: one (*me*) serves to connect phrases, and the other (*le*) to connect words. The conjunctions *but, if, through, although, nevertheless, when, as, because, so that, in short, whilst, then, therefore, still, also, even,* are as familiar to the Bechuanas as they are to ourselves.

The infinitive of the verb substantive, *to be,* supplies the place of our conjunction, *that,* in discourse. Ex.: *Kia lumela goba oa'nthata,* "I believe to be (that) he loves me;" *Oa gopola goba ki mo pumile,* "He thinks to be (that) I have deceived him." It is easy to account for this peculiarity, which may, at first sight, appear singular: the *that,* which we use to connect one verb with another, informs the mind of the existence of a fact not yet expressed, but which will be expressed immediately; does not the verb substantive seem to be more adapted to such a purpose than a conjunction, the value of which is purely conventional?

It has been said of *that,* that from the time it entered into his discourse the child-man became adult. Perhaps, by slightly extending this observation, we might say that we can, to a certain degree, judge of the intellectual condition of a people by the conjunctions of their language. As they serve to express the different shades of thought, their number must necessarily be in proportion to the degree of development that

thought has attained. If this principle is applied to the Bechuanas, we shall find that they easily bear comparison with nations that are far from being designated as savages.

The Basutos, and, in general, all the natives of South Africa, speak their languages in a correct manner. They never fail to reprove their children when they express themselves badly. Their rules are very precise, and the exceptions are rare.

In concluding this rapid sketch, we will transcribe a few verses from the New Testament, which have been translated into Sesuto, in order to give the reader an idea of the sounds of the language, and of the way in which the phrases are formed:—

GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK,

CHAP. XIV. 34–38.

Me a ba yoela a re: Moïa oa me o choeroe
And he to them spake saying: Soul of me it is seized
ki masoabi; lulang mo, le lebele. Amorao a ea
by sadness; abide here, you watch. Then he went
huyana le bona; a itiela fatsi;
a little further from them; he cast himself on the ground;
a rapela a re: hoba ho ka . etsoa, nako e
he prayed saying: that if it might be done, hour it
mo fetele morao. A na bolela a re: Abba
to him might pass behind. He spake saying: Abba

Entate, lilo kaofela li ka etsoa ki uena; tlosa
Father, things all they can be done by thee; take away
senoelo seo, se ee ka morao 'na; empa, leha ki bolela
cup this, it go by behind me; but, though I say
yualo, ho si ke ha etsoa thato eame, ho etsoe ho
thus, it not be not done will of me, it be done the
ratoang ki uena. Me a boela ho barutoa
to be willed by thee. And he returned towards disciples
ba hae; a ba fumana ba robetse, me a yoela
of him; he then found they were asleep, and he said to
Petero, a re: Simone, ha u robetse na? Na
Peter, saying: Simon, is it that thou sleepest? Is it
ha ua ka ua lebela nako e le engoe? Lebelang,
that not thou canst thou watch hour it is one? Watch,
le rapele, le si kene lilekong, hobane
you pray, you not would enter into temptation, because
moĭa o mafulufulu; nama ena e butsua.
spirit it willing; flesh it it is weak.

CHAPTER XVII.

INTELLECTUAL PRODUCTIONS—POETRY.

If there are in our country men who speak prose without being aware of the fact, the Basutos are often poets unknown to themselves, both in their actions and their language. The reader will already have remarked this, and therefore he will be inclined to treat us with the indulgence we so much need for having dared to head, as we have done, this section of a book devoted to the history of a people who never knew how to read or write.

During the early part of our sojourn among them we often heard them recite, with very dramatic gestures, certain pieces, which were not easy of comprehension, and which appeared to be distinguished from the ordinary discourse, by the elevation of the sentiment, powerful ellipses, daring metaphors, and very accentuated rhythm. The natives called these recitations *praises*. We soon discovered that they were real poetical effusions, inspired by the emotions of war or of the chase.

The hero of the piece is almost always the author of it. On his return from war he cleanses himself in

the neighbouring river, and then places his lance and his shield in safety in his hut. His friends surround him, and beg him to relate his exploits. He recounts them in a high-flown manner. He is carried away by the ardour of his feelings, and his expressions become poetical. The memory of the young takes hold of the most striking points: they are repeated to the delighted author, who ponders over them, and connects them in his mind during his leisure hours.

These productions offer but little variety, because the subject is almost always the same. The poetry of the tender passions is still almost unknown among the Basutos.

WAR-SONG OF GOLOANE.

Goloane is going to fight,
He departs with Letsie;*
He runs to the enemy—
Him against whom they murmur,
Him whom they will never obey.
They insult his little red shield,
And yet it is the old shield
Of the ox of Tane.
What! has not Moshesh just said,
"Cease to defy Goloane the veteran?"
However this may be, there are horses coming.
Goloane brings back from the battle
A grey horse with a red one.
These will return no more to their masters;
The ox without horns will not be restored.
To-day war has broken out
More fiercely than ever . . . .

* Eldest son of Moshesh.

It is the war of Putsani and the Masetelis,
The servant of Mohato.*
Goloane has hurled a piece of rock—
He has hit the warrior with the tawny shield!
Do you see the cowardly companions of this overthrown warrior
Standing motionless near the rock?
Why can their brother not go, and take away
The plumes with which they have adorned their heads? . . . .
Goloane, thy praises are like the thick haze
Which precedes the rain!
Thy songs of triumph are heard in the mountains,
They go down to the valleys,
Where the enemy knelt before thee!
The cowardly warriors! . . . . They pray! . . . .
They beg that food may be given them—
They will see who will give them any!
Give to our allies,
To the warriors of Makaba;
To those whom we never see come to attack us.
Goloane returns lame from the strife—
He returns, and his leg is streaming:
A torrent of dark blood
Escapes from the leg of the hero!
The companion of Rantsoafi
Seizes an heifer by the shoulder!
It is Goloane, the son of Makao,
Descendant of Molise.
Let no one utter any more insolence! . . . .
Ramakamane complains—
He groans—he says that his heifer
Has broken his white shoulder!
The companion of the brave
Goloane has contended with Empapang and Kabane.
The javelin is flung:
Goloane avoids it skilfully!
And the dart of Rabane
Is buried in the earth!

* Beloved son of Moshesh.

Goloane is the name of one of the most valiant warriors of Moshesh. His brow is adorned with the laurels of poetry as well as with those of victory. He celebrates in this song two combats from which he returned triumphant; one against the Masetelis or Griquas, the other against the troops of Moselekatsi.

It appears that the warriors whom Moshesh placed under his command at first refused to obey his authority.

They insult, &c.—The shield of the Bechuanas is made of ox-hide. When the ceremonies connected with circumcision are over, the young men receive this piece of armour from the hand of their chief. Goloane was attached to his little red shield. It reminded him of Tane, his old general. He loved it, also, on account of its age; and considered it no jesting matter if any insult were offered to this favourite weapon of defence, the battered condition of which attested so many glorious combats.

Goloane brings back from the strife a horse, &c.—Goloane had to try his strength with the Griquas; and he was fortunate enough to dismount several of them, and take possession of their horses. In a previous contest with the same enemy, Moshesh had succeeded in taking some of these extraordinary animals; but he had restored them to their masters, hoping to induce them, by this act of generosity, to leave his people unmolested. This had not the slightest effect upon

the Griquas; therefore, Goloane declares that the *ox without horns* shall not be restored.

Do you see the cowards, &c.?—Goloane almost forgets the honour he has acquired in overthrowing the warrior with the tawny shield, so indignant is he to see the companions of his conquered enemy standing motionless at a distance, not daring to come to his help. He wishes the wounded man would go and snatch off the ornaments they wear on their heads, of which their cowardice renders them unworthy.

The companion . . . . seizes a heifer, &c.—On his return from the combat, Goloane, the victor, presents himself before his chief. In one hand he holds his arms, which are still covered with blood, and with the other he leans proudly on the shoulder of the animal that he has just taken from his enemy. This is a glorious moment for him: he waits in this posture for a look from his chief, to reward him for the dangers and fatigues of the war.

Ramakamane complains, &c.—Pride is always satirical. Goloane, full of his own exploits, amuses himself at the expense of Ramakamane, who apologises for having nothing to offer to his sovereign by saying, that the cow he had taken had not only escaped from him, but wounded him also. But, poor Ramakamane! why is thy shoulder not *black?* Why wast thou not born in the land of the *blowers of the fire?* Thy white arm might have been strong enough to manage a musket!

WAR-SONG OF CUCUTLE.

I am Cucutle.
The warriors have passed singing—
The hymn of battle has passed by me:
It has passed, despising my childhood,
And has stopped before the door of Bonkuku.
I am the black warrior,
My mother is Boseleso. . . . .
I will rush as a lion—
Like him that devours the virgins
Near the forests of Fubasekoa!
Mapatsa is with me—
Mapatsa, the son of Tele.
We set off, singing the song of the trot.
Ramakoala, my uncle, exclaims,
"Cucutle, where shall we fight?"
We will fight before the fires of Makose!
We arrive! . . . .
The warriors of the enemy, ranged in a line,
Fling their javelins together.
They fatigue themselves in vain!
The father of Moatla rushes into their midst—
He wounds a man in the arm,
Before the eyes of his mother,
Who sees him fall!
Ask, Where is the head of the son of Sebegoane?
It has rolled to the middle of his native town!
I entered victorious into his dwelling,
And purified myself in the midst of his sheepfold—
My eye is still surrounded with the clay of the victory!
The shield of Cucutle has been pierced:
Those of his enemies are intact,
For they are the shields of cowards!
I am the white thunder
Which growls after the rain,
Ready to return to my children.
I roar: I must have prey.

I see flocks and herds escaping
Across the tufted grass of the plain:
I take them from the shepherd with the white and yellow shield.
Go up on the high rocks of Macate,
See the white cow run into the midst of the herd;
Makose will no longer despise my club!
The grass grows in his deserted pens;
The wind sweeps the thatch
From his ruined huts!
The humming of the gnats is the only noise that is heard
In his town, once so gay.
Tired, and dying with thirst, I went to the dwelling of Entele;
His wife was churning delicious milk,
The foam of which was white and frothy,
Like the saliva of a little child.
I picked up a piece of a broken pot,
To drink out of the vessel,
Which I soon left empty.
The white cow that I conquered
Has a black head,
Her breast is high and open:
It was the nurse of the son of Matayane.
I will go and offer it to my prince:
The name of my chief is Makao—
And Makao is Makao!
I swear it by the striped ox
Of Mamasike!

It has stopped before, &c.—Military evolutions are generally accompanied by singing—it is considered as indispensable to the march. The ordinary step, the quick step, the run, the attack, all have airs peculiar to themselves. In advancing to meet the enemy, the troops, as they go through the hamlets of their own tribe, stop before the doors of personages renowned for their bravery, and execute a Pyrrhic dance. This is an

appeal to the valour of those whom they honour in this way—an invitation to join them. While the dance is being performed the master of the house rushes into the midst of the noisy circle, completely armed, and flourishing his javelin, as if he were already on the battle-field. A savage hurrah bursts forth on all sides—the horrible shout resounds in the distance like a menace of death. All at once there is a profound silence, the line is again formed, and the troop files off, singing a grave and melancholy air.

Cucutle—who, though young, is eager for the contest—is indignant that the door of his rival has been judged more worthy than his own for the honour of such a serenade.

Like him who devours, &c.—It was doubtless impossible to give a more incontestable proof of the ferocity of the lion, than by accusing him of devouring the maidens of Fubasekoa. Cucutle did not know that this song would appear in England, and that in this happy country, where claws and a mane excite a good deal of interest, thanks to their rarity, the king of beasts enjoys a reputation for generosity which ought to be respected.

Before the eyes of his mother, &c.—This particularity is not noticed without design. The author will not allow the women of Makose to boast that they have never seen the camp of an enemy.

Surrounded with clay, &c.—The warrior who kills an

enemy, distinguishes himself from his companions by a circular mark traced round the right eye with red clay. In the times of their simplicity, the Romans formed an obsidional crown of a few blades of grass, which they thought worthy of the ambition of the greatest generals.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ENIGMAS AND TALES.

HAVING given an example of the war-songs, we have only now to notice, as intellectual productions, the riddle and the tale.

These two elements enter largely into the education of the children. The tale is captivating, and keeps them quiet at their mothers' side. The riddle exercises their minds, and, as it is usually proposed to several at once, it establishes a kind of rivalry among them, which is not without its effect in their general development. Imagine how a dozen little black foreheads must contract at the proposal of a puzzling question like the following:— "Do you know what it is which throws itself from the top of mountains without being broken?" There will be, doubtless, a good deal of whispering and scratchings of the head, before a little voice replies, "It is the water of a cataract." The interlocutor continues:—

"There is a thing which has neither legs nor wings, and which nevertheless travels very fast, and its pro-

gress is not stopped by precipices, rivers, or walls." Some one answers, "It is the voice."

"Name the ten trees, at the tops of which there are ten flat rocks?" Answer, "The *fingers*, tipped by the *nails*."

"Do you know a perpendicular mountain situated above a ravine?" Answer, "The nose, placed above the mouth."

"What is that which is continually coming and going in the same direction?" Answer, "A door."

"Do you know a little boy, motionless and dumb, who is warmly clothed in the daytime, and left naked at night?" Answer, "The peg on which the Basutos hang their coverings during the day."

"Do you know a thing which neither walks on the ground, flies in the air, nor swims in the water, and which nevertheless walks, ascends, and descends?" Answer, "The spider in its web."

It would be easy to collect a considerable number of riddles of this kind; but they will, probably, possess no further interest to the reader than that of proving that these people are not insensible to the pleasure of *jeux d'esprit*.

They have an endless variety of tales, which are for the most part very long. They are called *chumos*, or surprises, a title admirably suited to them, whether applied to the substance or the form. If I may judge of them by those which have come under my observation, they are composed of an incoherent mixture of extraordinary adventures and descriptions of fabulous ani-

mals, of the nature of our harpies and hippogriffs; in short, the grotesque and the monstrous enter largely into their composition. Nevertheless, here and there we find valuable moral lessons, proving that evil never remains unpunished. Perhaps, in compiling a large number of these stories, we might even find more than one allusion to facts of sacred history. The style is very animated, and generally adapted to the subject; in parts of a pathetic nature, it requires a vehemence which would appear extravagant anywhere but in a country where people give expression to all they feel.

I. The Murder of Maciloniane.

Two brothers left the hut of their father, one day, to go and get rich. The eldest was called Macilo, and the youngest Maciloniane. After a few sleeps they came to a place where two roads lay before them, one leading to the east and the other to the west. The road in the direction of the rising sun was covered with traces of cattle; while upon the other nothing was seen but innumerable foot-prints of dogs. Macilo chose the latter, while his brother took the opposite direction. After a few days, Maciloniane came to a hill which had once been inhabited, and was much surprised to find there a number of pots turned upside down. It came into his head to turn them up again, to see if any treasure were hidden beneath them. He had already turned up a great many, when he came to a pot of immense size. Maciloniane pushed it violently, but

the pot remained immovable; the young traveller redoubled his efforts, but without success. Twice he was obliged to desist to fasten his girdle, which had broken; the pot seemed to have taken root in the ground. All at once it yielded, as if by magic, to a very slight impulse, and a monstrous man presented himself to the view of Maciloniane, who shrunk back with terror. "Why dost thou trouble me," demanded this unknown being in a hoarse voice, "while I am busy pounding my ochre?" Maciloniane looked at him attentively, and saw with horror that one of his legs was as large as the trunk of a tree, while the other was of the right size. "For thy punishment thou art condemned to carry me," continued the unknown. At the same instant he sprang upon the back of the poor boy, who tottered, then went on a few steps, and tottered and fell again, feeling his strength give way under the weight of the horrible monster. Nevertheless, the sight of some deer that appeared in the distance suggested to him a way of escape. "My father," said he, in a trembling voice, "sit down on the ground for a moment. I cannot carry thee, for want of something to fasten thee to my back. I will go and kill a caama, and we will make thongs of its skin." His request was granted, and he disappeared with his dogs. After having run a great distance, he hid himself at the bottom of a cavern. Big-leg, tired of waiting for the return of Maciloniane, set out in pursuit of him, carefully following the track of the fugitive in the sand. He took one step, saying: "There is the little foot of

Maciloniane, there is the little foot of my child." He took another step, and said: "There is the little foot of Maciloniane, there is the little foot of my child." As he went on, he constantly repeated the same words, which were carried on by the wind. Maciloniane heard him coming, he felt the earth tremble under his weight. In despair he came out of the cavern, called his dogs, and set them on his enemy, saying: "Kill him, devour him whole; but leave his great leg for me." The dogs obeyed, and their master soon approached the extraordinary limb without fear. He cut it up with his axe, and there came out an immense herd of cows, beautiful to behold. There was one among them as white as a hill covered with snow. Maciloniane, in a transport of joy, drove the cattle before him, and took the road leading to his father's hut.

Macilo, on his side, returned with a pack of dogs, the fruit of his expedition. The two brothers met at the place where they had separated. The younger, considering himself the most fortunate, said to the elder, "Take as many of my cattle as thou likest; only know that the white cow can belong to no other person but myself." Macilo coveted it passionately; he asked repeatedly that it might be given him; but his entreaties were useless. The travellers slept twice, and the third day they came to a spring. "Let us stop," said Macilo, "I am devoured with thirst: let us dig a deep hole, and turn a little stream of water into it, so that it may become cold." When this labour was completed he went to the neighbouring

mountain to fetch a large, flat stone, which he put over the hole to preserve the water from the rays of the sun. When the water was cool enough Macilo drank; and, seeing his brother leaning over the hole to quench his thirst in his turn, seized him by the hair, and held his head under water until he was dead. This done, he emptied the pit, buried the corpse in it, and covered it up with the stone. Being master of all the herd, the murderer set off, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground. He had hardly taken a few steps when a little bird, with a timid and plaintive voice, came and perched on the horn of the white cow, and said, "Tsiri! tsiri! Macilo has killed Maciloniane, because of his white cow, of which he was so fond!" The murderer, much surprised, flung a stone, killed the bird, and threw it away; but he had no sooner resumed his march than he again perceived the little singer on the horn of the white cow, and heard it say again, "Tsiri! tsiri! Macilo has killed Maciloniane, because of his white cow, of which he was so fond!" Another stone was thrown, and the bird killed a second time, and crushed with a club till there remained no vestige of it. At some distance, however, it reappeared upon the horn, and again repeated, "Tsiri! tsiri! Macilo has killed Maciloniane, because of his white cow, of which he was so fond!" "Sorcerer!" cried the criminal, full of rage, "wilt thou hold thy peace?" He knocked down the bird with a side-blow of his stick, lighted a fire, burnt the bird, and threw the ashes to the winds. Hoping that the prodigy

would not appear again, Macilo proudly entered his native village, and all the inhabitants gathered together to look at the rich booty he brought with him. They cry to him from all sides, "Where is Maciloniane?" He answered, "I do not know: we did not go the same way." The curious multitude surround the white cow. "Oh, how beautiful she is!" they say; "how fine her coat is!—how pure her colour! Happy is the man who possesses her!" All at once there is a profound silence. A little bird has perched on the horn of the animal they are admiring, and it has spoken! "What!" they ask with terror, "can it have spoken? Impossible! Let us listen again!" "Tsiri! tsiri! Macilo has killed Maciloniane, because of his white cow, of which he was so fond!" "What! Macilo has killed his brother!" The crowd disperse, struck with horror, and unable to account for what they have heard and seen. During this moment of confusion the little bird finds the sister of the victim, and says to her, "I am the heart of Maciloniane; Macilo has murdered me: my corpse is near the fountain in the desert."

This tale is one of the best of those which have hitherto come to my knowledge. The existence of the soul, its immortality, and the vengeance which pursues the murderer wherever he goes, are clearly shown here. It reminds us, as we read it, of the bird the ancient Arabs called *manah*, and which, as they imagined, escaped from the brain at the moment the person expired.

II. The Metamorphosis of a Maiden.

A young girl, having gone into the fields one day, gathered a melon, which she intended to carry to her mother. She had some admirers, who, knowing that she was gone out, seated themselves by the roadside to wait for her. When she came near them they praised her beauty; she was pleased with what they said, and gave them the melon. Her mother, on being informed of what had happened, reproached her with what she had done. Instead of keeping silence, the girl raised her eyes to heaven, and addressing herself to a favourite star, began to sing: "Star, little star! my friends of Mabiela waited for me yonder by the roadside. I took some fruit and gave it them. Star, little star! my mother curses me; she says I have green eyes, as green as those of the crocodile; oh, my star! my little star!"

Moderato.
3
Na-le, na-le - tsa-na! Na-le, na - le - tsa-na! Ba-
3 3
thlan-ka-na, ba-na-ba, Ma-bi-e-la. Na-le, na-le - tsa-na!
3 3
Na-le, na-le - tsa-na! Ba-ne-ba-ntu-le-la-tse-leug

mo - na. Na - le, na - le - tsa - na!
Na-le, na-le - tsa-na! Ka-nka'ha-pu-la me ka-ba ne-a.
Na-le, na-le - tsa-na! Na-le, na-le - tsa-na!
Man - gua - na oa - nthoa - ka. Na - le, na - le -
tsa-na! na - le - tsa-na! A re-ki ma-thloa-na ma-ta-la-na-
ta - la - na, e - kang a Ba - kue na - ba he sou!
Na-le, na-le - tsa-na! Na-le, na-le - tsa-na!

The mother, irritated by this song, beat the un-

fortunate child to death, and reduced her body to powder.

The wind of the desert arose and carried away this dust, and threw it into a lake. A crocodile collected it, and made of it a very beautiful woman, who lived with him at the bottom of the water. From time to time she appeared on the surface of the lake to call her sister, Mosibutsane, and relate to her her misfortunes, by singing, in a plaintive voice:—

"Thy mother, O Mosibutsane, reduced me to dust, and cast me to the winds; the crocodile gathered me up; he has given me a human form again, and has made me what I am."

Moderato.
Mao, Mao éo Mo - si - bu - tsa - ne, A ntsitla -
tsi - tla Mo - si - bu - tsa - ne, 'ro - le la nku - ka Mo -
si - bu - tsa - ne. La nku - ka ho kuena Mo - si - bu -
tsa - ne! Kuena ea kha ka le - tsa Mo - si - bu-tsa - ne

III. Kammapa and Litaolane.

We are told that once all men perished. A prodigious animal, called Kammapa, devoured them all, large and small. It was a horrible beast; it was such a distance from one end of his body to the other, that the sharpest eyes could hardly see it all at once. There remained but one woman on the earth who escaped the ferocity of Kammapa, by carefully hiding herself from him. This woman conceived, and brought forth a son in an old stable. She was very much surprised, on looking closely at it, to find its neck adorned with a little necklace of divining charms. "As this is the case," said she, "his name shall be Litaolane, or the Diviner. Poor child! at what a time is he born! How will he escape from Kammapa? Of what use will his charms be?" As she spoke thus, she picked up a little straw to make a bed for her infant. On entering the stable again, she was struck with surprise and terror; the child had already reached the stature of a full-grown man, and was uttering words full of wisdom. He soon went out, and

was astonished at the solitude which reigned around him. "My mother," said he, "where are the men? Is there no one else but you and myself on the earth?"

"My child," replied the woman, trembling, "not long ago the valleys and mountains were covered with men; but the beast, whose voice makes the rocks tremble, has devoured them all."—"Where is this beast?"—"There he is, close to us." Litaolane took a knife, and, deaf to his mother's entreaties, went to attack the devourer of the world. Kammapa opened his frightful jaws, and swallowed him up; but the child of the woman was not dead; he entered, armed with his knife, into the stomach of the monster, and tore his entrails. Kammapa gave a terrible roar, and fell. Litaolane immediately set about opening his way out; but the point of his knife made thousands of human beings to cry out, who were buried alive with him. Voices without number were heard crying to him on every side: "Take care, thou art piercing us." He contrived, however, to make an opening, by which the nations of the earth came out with him from the belly of Kammapa. The men delivered from death said, one to another: "Who is this who is born of woman, and who has never known the sports of childhood? Whence does he come? He is a monster, and not a man. He cannot share with us; let us cause him to disappear from the earth." With these words they dug a deep pit, and covered it over at the top with a little turf, and put a seat upon it: then a messenger ran to Litaolane, and said to him, "The elders of thy people are assembled,

and desire thee to come and sit in the midst of them." The child of the woman went, but when he was near the seat he cleverly pushed one of his adversaries into it, who instantly disappeared for ever. Then the men said to each other: "Litaolane is accustomed to rest in the sunshine near a heap of rushes. Let us hide an armed warrior in the rushes." This plot succeeded no better than the former. Litaolane knew everything; and his wisdom always confounded the malice of his persecutors. Several of them, while endeavouring to cast him into a great fire, fell into it themselves. One day, when he was hotly pursued, he came to the shores of a deep river, and changed himself into a stone. His enemy, surprised at not finding him, seized the stone, and flung it to the opposite side, saying: "That is how I would break his head, if I saw him on the other side." The stone turned into a man again; and Litaolane smiled fearlessly upon his adversary, who, not being able to reach him, gave vent to his fury in cries and menacing gestures.

Can this tale be a confused tradition of the redemption of man wrought out by Jesus Christ? I certainly should not venture to affirm that it is so; but Kammapa might, without much difficulty, be supposed to represent Satan. In all ages the imagination has delighted to clothe this spirit in the most hideous forms, and the evils he has caused have often been compared to the ravages of a wild beast. The supernatural conception of Litaolane, his birth in a stable, his quality of a prophet, his premature wisdom, the

victory he gained over Kammapa by becoming his victim, and the persecutions he suffered, seem to be so many points of resemblance to the history of our Saviour. I must add that the natives declare themselves incapable of giving the explanation of this extraordinary legend.

IV. The Little Hare.

A woman longed to eat the liver of the niamatsane.* Her husband said to her, "Wife, thou art mad! the flesh of the niamatsane is not good to eat; and the animal is difficult to catch, for it leaps three sleeps at one bound!" The woman persisted, and her husband, fearing she would fall ill if he did not satisfy her, went out a-hunting. He saw in the distance a herd of niamatsanes: the back and the legs of these animals were like a live coal. He pursued them for several days, and at last succeeded in surprising them as they slept in the sunshine. He drew near, cast a powerful spell upon them, killed the finest, took out the liver, and carried this wished-for morsel to his wife. She ate it with great pleasure, but soon afterwards felt her inside devoured by a burning fire. Nothing could quench her thirst. She ran to the great lake in the desert, drank all the water, and then lay stretched on the ground, unable to move. The next day the elephant, the king of the beasts, was informed that his lake was dry. He called the hare, and said to him—

* A fabulous animal.

"Thou, who art a swift runner, go and see who has drunk my water." The hare set off as swift as the wind, and soon returned to tell the king that a woman had drunk his water. The king assembled the animals together—the lion, the hyena, the leopard, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, the antelopes—all the animals, great and small, came to the council. They ran, they leaped, they gambolled about their prince, and made the desert tremble. All repeated together: "They have drunk the water of the king! they have drunk the water of the king!" The elephant called the hyena, and said to him: "Thou, who hast such good teeth, go and pierce the stomach of the woman!" The hyena answered: "No; thou knowest that I am not accustomed to attack people openly." Then the king called the lion, and said to him: "Thou, who hast such sharp claws, go and tear the stomach of the woman." The lion replied: "No; thou knowest that I only injure those who attack me." The animals again began to run, leap, and sport around their prince. They made the desert tremble. All repeated together: "No one will go and fetch the water of the king! The elephant then called the ostrich, and said to her: "Thou who kickest so violently, go and fetch my water." The ostrich set off and came near to where the woman was; it turned—leaning on one side, spreading its wings to the wind—it turned, and made the dust fly; at length it approached the woman, and gave her such a violent kick that the water spouted up into the air and rushed in torrents into the lake. All the animals again

began to sport around their prince, repeating: "The water of the king is found!" They had now slept three times without drinking; in the evening they lay down near the lake, without daring to touch the water of the king. The hare, however, rose in the night and drank; and then took some mud and besmeared the lips and the knees of the jerboa that was sleeping at his side. In the morning the animals perceived that the water had diminished, and exclaimed altogether: "Who has drunk the water of the king?" The hare said: "Do you not see that it is the jerboa? Its knees are covered with mud, because it knelt down to reach the water, and it has drunk so much that the mire of the lake has stuck to its lips." All the animals arose, and sported around their prince, saying: "The jerboa deserves to die, it has drunk the water of the king!" A few days after the execution of the jerboa, the hare having made a flute of the shin-bone of the victim, began to play it and sing, "Tuh! tuh! tuh! see the little flute of the leg of the jerboa! Little hare, how clever thou art, and how silly was the jerboa!"

The animals heard him, and set out in pursuit of him: but he escaped and hid himself. After some time he went to the lion and said: "Friend, thou art thin; the animals fear thee, and thou succeedest rarely to kill any of them; make an alliance with me, and I will provide thee with game." The alliance was formed, and following the directions of the hare, the lion surrounded a large space of ground with a strong paling, and dug a tolerably deep hole in the centre of the enclosure; this being done, the hare placed the lion in the hole, and covered him up so that only his teeth appeared; then he went and cried in the desert, "Animals, animals! come, I will show you a prodigy—come and see a jaw that has grown up in the earth!" The credulous animals

came from every side. First came the gnus rushing into the enclosure, turning on their heels, and repeating in chorus, "Oh, wonder! oh, wonder! teeth have sprung up in the earth!" Then came the quaggas, a stupid race of animals; and, lastly, the timid antelopes were persuaded to enter. Meanwhile the monkey came, carrying his young one on his back; he went straight to the hole, took a pointed stick, and gently moving the earth away said, "What is this dead body? Child, hold fast to my back—this dead body is still formidable." With these words he climbed to the top of the paling, and escaped as fast as possible. At the same instant the lion came out of the hole, the hare shut the door of the enclosure, and all the animals were killed. The friendship of the hare and the lion did not last long. The latter took advantage of his superior strength, and his little friend resolved to be revenged. "My father," said he to the lion, "we are exposed to the rain and hail—let us build a hut." The lion, too lazy to work, left it to the hare to do, and the wily runner took his tail, and interwove it so cleverly into the stakes and reeds of the hut that it remained there confined for ever, and the hare had the pleasure of seeing his rival die of hunger and rage. Then he stripped off his skin, and disguised himself in it. The animals came trembling from all sides to bring him presents—they knelt before him, and loaded him with honours. The hare became proud, and ended by forgetting his disguise, and boasting of his tricks. Since then, he was pursued and hunted on every side, and detested and cursed by all quadrupeds;

as soon as he appeared they exclaimed, "There is the murderer of the jerboa; the inventor of the pit with the teeth; the cruel servant who caused his master to die of hunger!" In order to enjoy a little repose in his old age, the unfortunate creature, the object of universal detestation, was reduced to the necessity of cutting off one of his ears; and only after this painful amputation could he venture to appear among his fellow-citizens, without fear of being recognized.

THE END.

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